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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

A Home and Colonial Periodical for the General Reader.

VOLUME III.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1888.

The London and North-Western Railway.*

"THE North Western Territory extends from London in the south to Carlisle in the north, and from Cambridge in the east to Pembroke and Holyhead in the west—a distance of 300 miles in length by 200 miles in breadth. The seat of the Government is at present in London, but the capital is Crewe, a town of 35,000 inhabitants consisting entirely of the employés of the Government and their families. The total number of the civil service does not fall far short of 60,000. The head of the Executive, who is known by the title of General Manager, is George Findlay. The annual budget amounts to £10,000,000, while the funded debt is upwards of a hundred million pounds sterling." It will be, we are persuaded, in some such words as these, that, once the conservative mind of the British schoolmaster has awakened to the fact that counties and Lord Lieutenants are anachronisms, and that the United Kingdom has been divided

* It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the following pages make no claim to describe the North-Western Railway as a whole. The author has only attempted to pick out such salient points—each in his belief a sample of railway working in its most highly-developed form—as are most likely to interest non-technical readers, and to be within the comprehension of a non-technical writer. He has to express his grateful thanks to very many members of the North-Western staff, more especially to Mr. Findlay, the General Manager, and Mr. Webb, the Chief Mechanical Engineer, but for whose kindness this paper never could have been written. To them and to their colleagues is due whatever interest it may have for its readers.—W. M. A.

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and given to the great railway companies, the Board School pupil of the future will be taught his geography.

With Crewe then it is only right that this sketch of the North-Western Railway should begin. That Crewe is the heart of the system was perhaps never more clearly shown than in July last, when, in celebration of the Jubilee—not only of Her Majesty, but of the Grand Junction Railway—officials and servants assembled there from all parts of the country for a ceremony, at which Sir Richard Moon, as Chairman of the North-Western Railway, presented to the citizens a public park as the gift of the Company, and the gift was received by the Company's chief mechanical engineer as the mayor of the town. On that occasion a pedestal was erected on either side of the entrance gateway. On each pedestal was a Crewe-built engine; the one was "No. 1," the other "No. 3000." The duties of the mayor, apart from his municipal functions, can hardly be a sinecure. At Crewe itself in the "shops" there are 6000 hands under his charge, while in the carriage works at Wolverton and the waggon works at Earlstown there are not far short of as many more. The 2500 engines on the line with, let us say, three to four men apiece as cleaners, fitters, firemen and drivers, must also, one would think, need some supervision; to say nothing of the signals, the pumping gear, the hydraulic capstans and lifts in every warehouse and goods yard all over the line.

But Mr. Webb rises above mere routine like this. Of his most important invention, the compound locomotive, we shall have more to say anon. Meanwhile we must just notice that as we pass through the station he points to a buffer of his design. If a train runs into what railway men term a "dead end," the injury is usually caused not by the first shock, but by the subsequent recoil. To meet this these buffers are designed, which press, not against springs as in the case of ordinary buffers, but against a column of soapy water stored in a cylinder under huge pressure. A shock which forces back the buffers drives the water through minute holes into an outer jacket, and thence into an air-vessel under pressure, and there is then nothing left to cause them to spring back as the pressure of the blow gradually relaxes. A patent railway carriage handle of his invention, enabling the door to be opened from the inside and yet avoiding the risk that it may be opened unintentionally by children, was exhibited by Mr. Webb at the recent Manchester

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Exhibition. The handle is fixed almost at the top of the door-frame, and when pulled downwards presses upon the spring latch of the ordinary handle and forces it back. When Mr. Webb has settled the affairs of the North-Western Locomotive Department and the municipal business of his borough, he devotes his leisure to agriculture and speaks on the subject before the Cheshire Agricultural Society, of which he was the president for the year 1887.

From Crewe Station to Crewe Works, we journey in what is termed a "cab." To an outsider there is nothing more bewildering than the habit railway men have of taking an ordinary English word and giving it some special technical sense. Most of us think we know what a bank is. To a railway man, a "bank" is, in the first place, an incline, whether it be through a tunnel or over an embankment it matters not, and secondly, a platform when used not for passengers but for goods. The "shipping" office at Broad Street Station dispatches goods, not to India and China, but to Manchester and Leeds and Birmingham. Similarly a "cab" is primarily the screen and half-roof that protects the men on an engine from the weather. Secondly, and that is its sense here, it denotes a truck on low wheels, open at the sides but closed at the ends and roofed over, which conveys passengers backwards and forwards along the two miles of line that intervene between Crewe Station and the furthest shop. Of these cabs there are two: the one runs at fixed times up and down again and accommodates all comers, the other runs "special" when required by any one of the principal officials Through the shops themselves there is laid in all directions a miniature railway with a gauge of 16 inches, along which tiny engines, scarcely bigger than a large model, the "Topsy," the "Pet," and the "Midge," dart incessantly hither and thither with their mimic loads.

To describe Crewe Works in detail is an obvious impossibility. The North-Western Railway is a kingdom in itself, dependent on the outside world for but few of the necessaries of life. The Manager can think of nothing of importance that is imported in a manufactured state, except copper tubes for locomotive boilers. As we pass from shop to shop, here may be seen a steel canal-boat in process of construction (for the Company, it must be remembered, is a great canal proprietor); there, a lattice-work bridge is being fitted together. Further on, hydraulic pumps, cranes and capstans crowd a huge shed. In another place chains of all sorts and sizes, from cables to harness traces, are

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being forged by the ton ; close by, coal-scuttles and lamps are being turned out by the hundred. In all the works there is no stranger sight than a corner in the carpenter's shop, where two men are constantly employed making artificial limbs. Some eighteen months back the Company embarked on this branch of manufacture, and undertook to supply a leg or an arm of the most finished workmanship to any man who was injured in their service. The limbs turned out would do credit to one of the great London instrument-makers. Fortunately, thanks to greater care and better appliances, shunting-poles more especially, accidents are far less frequent than they used to be, and the artificers are chiefly occupied in keeping up repairs. As corporations are commonly reputed to have no souls, it may perhaps be mentioned that, though of course there is no legal obligation on them to do so, the leading railway companies at least make it a rule to find or to create a permanent post in their employ for every man who has had the misfortune to be disabled in their service.

But we must not linger longer over *hors d'œuvres* such as bridges and cables, but must get on to the *pièces de resistance.* Let us go first into the rail-mill. The North-Western alone among English companies rolls its own rails, and not a little hostility it incurs (especially in times of slack trade) among the private manufacturers by doing so. As we enter, the Bessemer converter has just been charged, and we can watch how, in the fierce blast, the iron is turned to steel, with a storm of sound and a splendour of flame that must surely have suggested to Mr. Rider Haggard the weird transformation scene of "She." After the lapse of a few minutes the steel is poured out into moulds, each mould containing an ingot some three feet long and ten inches square. Beside the converters stands a machine which breaks up old rails in the same manner as a man snaps a stick across his knee, and with as little apparent effort. As soon as the ingot has cooled sufficiently to leave the mould, it is taken to a furnace and re-heated. It is then passed rapidly backwards and forwards through a series of swiftly-revolving rollers, each successive pair of rollers being closer together than the preceding pair. After two or three passages in each direction the ingot has become a bar. The process continues, the bar becomes longer and thinner ; the rollers are now no longer plain but grooved ; the top and bottom of the bar flatten out, the sides simultaneously belly in, and in forty seconds, during which the blinding

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white of the metal has faded to a dull red, the rolling is complete and the rail finished. Before, however, it is finally laid aside to cool, it is dragged to a saw which cuts it off to the standard length of thirty feet, next to a plane which trims up and squares the ends, and lastly to a third machine which, with a nudge here and a push there, straightens out even the most imperceptible bend.

Alongside, steel sleepers, one of the latest and not the least ingenious of Mr. Webb's numerous patents, are being rolled out by somewhat similar machinery, and steel chairs are being stamped out of the "crop ends" of the rails, under the blows of a Nasmyth's hammer. The chairs are formed of three pieces, riveted to one another and to the sleeper with six rivets apiece, which are forced through the holes and pressed out into heads by hydraulic power as easily and quickly as a dairymaid presses out pats of butter. The system is completed by steel springs, which take the place of the ordinary oak wedge or "key" which fixes the rail tight into the chair. About 60,000 of these sleepers have so far been made, and about thirty miles of the North-Western line are laid with them. It is too soon yet to speak of results, but so far at least they seem to be successful. It is commonly supposed that steel sleepers would make the road less elastic and the vibration and jar of the carriages more perceptible, but the present writer can say from personal experience that neither in the carriage nor indeed on the engine of an express train could he perceive any difference, even though he knew he was passing over them. Experienced officials, however, say that they believe they can detect it when their attention is specially directed to the matter. We shall have occasion shortly to notice the marvellous capacity of trained railway men to feel their way along the road, so to speak, by sound. The question involved in the conflict between steel and wooden sleepers is literally one of gigantic magnitude. A rough calculation shows that to replace the wooden sleepers on existing lines in Great Britain would require about 4,000,000 tons of steel, without reckoning the weight of the chairs and keys. And Great Britain has only one-fifteenth of the railway mileage of the world. The adoption of steel sleepers might well postpone the destruction of the American forests for another generation.

The Crewe locomotive shops have to keep in repair a stock of engines that is worth £5,000,000 sterling, and that while it does not indeed put a girdle round the earth every forty minutes,

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literally does so every four hours. In maintaining this stock, every five days a worn-out engine is withdrawn and replaced by a new one. But the locomotive shops have been described often enough. Of the boiler-shop, where he noticed one man at work riveting inside a fire-box, while two lusty mates hammered outside, Sir Francis Head in 1849 wrote as follows: "We could not help thinking that if there should happen to exist on earth any man ungallant enough to complain of the occasional admonition of a female tongue, if he will only go by rail to Crewe and sit in that boiler-shop for half an hour, he will most surely never again complain of the chirping of that 'cricket on the hearth,' the whispering curtain lectures of his *dulce domum*." We saw (and heard) no reason to suppose that the boiler-shop had become more silent since the date of Sir Francis Head's visit.

But Sir Francis saw nothing of what is nowadays perhaps the most interesting thing at Crewe, the compound locomotive. Still, it was only the year after his visit, long before the compound marine engine had ever been dreamed of, that an engine-driver on the Great Eastern Railway, Mr. John Nicholson by name, suggested a form of compound locomotive. Two engines were built on his design, and yielded highly satisfactory results. We shall hope to trace the descent of Mr. Nicholson's idea in a subsequent article; meanwhile we must confine ourselves to Mr. Webb, who in 1881 struck out a new line of his own, and patented a form of engine with two small high-pressure cylinders and a third low-pressure one, twenty-six inches in diameter, placed between the front wheels. The engine was appropriately named the "Experiment." The result Mr. Webb must tell in his own words. "Before it was painted he hooked it on [at Crewe] to assist a heavy express from Liverpool with nineteen coaches. He tried it with steam shut off from the other engine for some distance along the Trent Valley. They ran without trouble from Crewe to London. When the engine arrived in London it was all right, and he had it turned round and hooked it to the morning mail which it took to Holyhead. When the engine arrived at Holyhead it was still all right, and he then gave the men something to eat, turned the engine round and hooked it to the boat express which it took to Crewe. The engine thus did 528 miles as a christening trip." The "Experiment" was so successful that it was followed by the "Economist" and numerous others. The "Compound," a more powerful engine with larger cylinders and slightly smaller wheels, began its career by drawing

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the 10 o'clock Scotch express with a heavy load straight away from London to Carlisle. At the foot of Shap Fell, with its gradient of 1 in 75 for five miles, it paused for one moment disdainfully to refuse the assistance of the "bank" engine that was in waiting according to custom to help the train up the incline, and then pursued unaided its victorious career.

Since that time the Crewe shops have turned out upwards of seventy compounds. One of the latest and largest, belonging to what is known to the officials as the "Dreadnought" class and to drivers as "Jumbos," took Her Majesty to Scotland last summer, and drew the fifteen saloons of the royal train up Shap without assistance. Another, the "Marchioness of Stafford," which was exhibited in a conspicuous position in the "Inventories" in 1885, and gained for its inventor a gold medal, ran through to Carlisle one night in July with no less than "twenty-one coaches on the Limited Mail," and even with this load was going fifteen miles an hour when "she" reached Shap Summit. A "Jubilee" engine, "No. 3000," which in size and power eclipsed even the "Jumbos," which, moreover, is to work with steam at a pressure of 180 lbs., was, as we have already mentioned, built last summer. But the type may now be taken as settled. It has lately been adopted also for goods engines, and a specimen of this latter kind was in view in the recent Manchester Exhibition. Engines constructed on the Webb principle are already working on numerous foreign and Colonial lines, and one is now ordered for the United States, to undergo a series of trials on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The advantages claimed for the invention,—and rightly claimed, to judge by the experience of some seven or eight million miles running on the North-Western—are twofold. On the one hand, the compound engine is considerably more powerful than the ordinary engine of the same weight. As we have seen, it can take up steep inclines loads that had never hitherto been attempted without a second or "pilot" engine. Secondly, there is a marked economy of fuel, amounting to about 6 lbs. per mile. This to lay ears may sound a trifle, but when we learn that the North-Western Railway runs 40,000,000 miles per annum and pays a yearly coal bill of not far short of £300,000, we may perceive that a reduction of the consumption of coal from 36 to 30 lbs. per mile would be to the shareholders by no means a trifle. It ought to be mentioned that compound engines are not without their detractors, who number amongst

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them some of the foremost engineers in the country. The opposition argument takes two forms. There is a theoretic objection which says that a locomotive has no time to use its steam expansively in the quarter of a second which elapses between one stroke of the piston and the next. The practical objection says, the compound engine has more parts and is more complicated. It is, therefore, more costly to build and to keep in repair, more liable to get out of order, and in any case more extravagant in the consumption of oil and tallow. Further, the heavier pressure of steam that the compound system implies means greater wear and tear of boilers, and more rapid destruction of the fire-box and the boiler tubes. All these extra expenses more than overbalance the value of the alleged saving in coal. In such a contest it would obviously be absurd for outsiders to intervene. Mr. Webb would no doubt answer, "*solvitur ambulando*," or rather "*currendo*."

There are three methods of getting to Crewe, all of them more interesting than the usual method of travelling in an ordinary compartment. These are, to ride on the engine, in the sorting-vans of the newspaper train, or in the Post Office vans of the special mail that leaves Euston every night at 8.30 P.M. At the same time it must be confessed that even the unfailing courtesy of the North-Western officials would not enable them to place any one of these three modes of travelling at the disposal of any considerable section of the public at large, so perhaps it may be worth while to describe them in somewhat more detail.

Fifty years ago, a place on the foot-plate of an engine was looked upon much like the box seat of a stage coach. A well-known passenger could have it for the asking, and half-a-crown would probably secure it for a stranger at any time. A veteran driver, familiarly known as "Billy" Smith, who from 1836 till April, 1887, drove an engine in the service of what is now the North-Eastern Company, recorded a month or two back in the columns of a railway newspaper that "when he first got married it was no unusual thing for his wife to go with him on the engine to Shields for marketing purposes." But nowadays, the driver who admitted any person on to the engine, without the written authority of the locomotive superintendent, would think himself very lucky, and would need to have a very irreproachable character, to escape with nothing worse than a fine of a sovereign. Nor can it be denied that the rule is rightly

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made stringent. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, on the foot-plate at least three is an awkward number. But this is by no means the only objection. An accident is at any moment within the bounds of possibility, and the engine-driver who, if he was in fault, refrained from asserting that the most innocent of passengers had distracted his attention, would be more than human. Nor could his statement be disproved. "Ask me anything but that," has been the answer of more than one General Manager to our request to be allowed to travel on the engine of some famous express. "We don't like to be told by the papers," added one of these gentlemen, "that we are coolly indifferent to human life."

This charge indeed, though often made, is not more cruelly unjust than it is foolish. There is no need to see the shudder with which an undemonstrative, hard-headed railway official will speak of some accident, that happened years ago perhaps, in order to realize that the man who has actually seen the mangled bodies of the dead and heard the groans of the dying is likely to be at least as much affected as the gentleman who, sitting at home at ease, reads the account in his morning's *Times*. Granted, however, that the railway profession were (as Macaulay describes Charles's Court) a "paradise of cold hearts," it can hardly be said also to be one of "narrow minds." And the Manager who does not know that an accident is enormously costly, not only in the damage it causes and the compensation it implies (the Hexthorpe collision is said to be likely to cost the Sheffield Company £100,000), but still more in the loss of the traffic which it frightens away—that Manager must undeniably know less of his own business than the meanest porter's boy. But we have waited an unconscionable time to join the engine for which we have been fortunate enough to secure a pass.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes us, after we have got over the sensation of being as much too hot on the one side as we are too cold on the other, and have ceased to notice the hardness and still more the greasiness of our seat, is that the North-Western Railway runs across a desert. Sitting in a carriage and looking out of the window on either side, one seems to be travelling through green fields and pleasant parks and pastures. But rushing through the air fifty miles an hour on the engine, one is forced by an irresistible fascination to strain one's eyes gazing forward through the windows of the "cab";

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and through them nothing is visible but the great broad gravel highway with its eight gleaming lines of polished steel stretching onward and ever onward before us. It is true that here we overtake a caravan toiling northwards on the "slow" line, there we meet a second wending its way south, but they are only seen one moment to be lost sight of the next. Anon we dash with a roar and a rattle through a station, or scatter before our rush a group of platelayers; but these points are only rare oases along our track.

An hour after leaving Willesden we speed through Wolverton, a station that has fallen from its high estate of forty years ago, when every train, from the Birmingham express and the York mail to the humble Parliamentary, stopped for ten minutes at the famous refreshment-rooms. Gone are the "seven very young ladies to wait upon the passengers" in whose praise Sir Francis Head waxed so eloquent; gone the "eighty-five pigs and piglings, impartially promoted one after another by seniority into an infinite number of pork pies"; eaten the last of the 182,500 Banbury cakes, the 56,940 Queen's cakes, the 29,200 pâtés—though on this latter point we are not quite so sure, as we saw what may have been a survival of the eocene epoch of railway travel on a station buffet not long since.* But this matters little to us at this moment; a touch of the driver's whistle and the station disappears in the distance before we have had time to more than catch a glimpse of the great carriage works. A minute or so later the driver makes signs to us—the noise of the train and the fury of the wind as we hurry through the air at the rate of 50 miles an hour render speech impossible—to move from the right-hand side, where we have been standing out of the way of the fireman's busily-plied shovel, to the left. The engine is about to take in water. The driver lowers the scoop down from the tender into the troughs between the rails, the fireman stands ready to turn on the tap into the water-tank, we hear a hollow sound as the iron of the trough rings beneath our feet, then a rush of water, ten seconds more the water is splashing up against the top of the tank, the tap is turned off even more hastily than

* It is worth mention as a proof of the change of social habits, that Sir Francis gives a table of the consumption of seven different kinds of alcoholic drink, ranging in quantity from 45,000 bottles of stout to 464 bottles of rum. Whiskey is not so much as mentioned. It was, we believe, practically unknown in England, while even in Scotland, at least in the Lowlands, its use was entirely confined to the lower orders.

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it was turned on, the scoop is drawn up, and we are speeding on our way with the water-troughs lying far behind us. The fireman does well to be prompt; cases have been known where he has neglected or failed to lift up the scoop in time, and the water has overflowed the tanks, flooded the tender, set pick and shovel and coals all afloat, and surging up against the fire-box door, gone near to putting the fire out altogether.

At Roade we part company with the "slow" lines, which turn off to the right, round through Northampton and skirting Althorpe Park. A few minutes later we are in the famous Kilsby Tunnel, and hurrying onward through the deafening roar and the gloom, weirdly illuminated with spasmodic gleams from our engine chimney. Before us—miles away it looks—lies a spot of blinding light, but when we reach it, it is nothing but the bottom of a ventilating shaft that opens right up to the sky above. A minute or two more, and passing under the down "slow" line that, regardless of cost, has been carried over our heads to avoid any risk of collision at the junction, passing too a signal-box, perhaps the largest in the world, 100 feet in length and containing nearly 200 levers, we slacken speed through the maze of signals into Rugby Station, and draw up at the platform, 89 minutes after leaving Willesden 77¼ miles distant.

Perhaps to a stranger on an engine nothing is so remarkable as the signalling and the organization of the trains. A moment ago, that signal before us was, we know, at danger, a moment hence it will be at danger again, but at the present instant it gives "line clear," and through we dash unchecked; and so it will be mile after mile and hour after hour. Not many months since the present writer came up from Manchester to London on the eve of a Bank Holiday. There were a hundred and fifty-nine separate block sections to be crossed, each with its distant and its home signal. But of the whole three hundred and eighteen signals, only one was at danger, and that but for an instant. Even this struck the driver as something very unusual; such a thing, he said, had not happened to him for months as to have an express stopped by a signal against it.

From the Saturday afternoon before a Bank Holiday to the half-awakened solitude of Euston at 5 A.M., the transition is abrupt. But the silence and solitude does not last long. A rumbling of heavy wheels driven at speed is heard, and big spring vans dash up, piled with papers reeking hot from the

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press. Bundle after bundle is tossed into the foremost of the sorting vans, of which there are three joined together with gangways opening between. Of passenger carriages on the train there are two, but the passengers might be counted on one's fingers. The clock points to twelve minutes past the hour, the papers are all in the train, but the chief sorting clerk looks anxiously at the clock, and then out into the station yard. The *Times*, we learn, does not come with the other papers from the office in the Strand, but is sent direct from Printing House Square, and it has not yet arrived. The minute hand reaches the quarter, time waits for no man, not even for the Editor of the *Times*; the guard blows his whistle, we step in, and the train moves off. At the same moment is heard a "rushing of horse hoofs from the east," the train is stopped before it has gone twenty yards, the van gallops into the yard, and every official in the place, from the inspector and the sorting clerks to the lamp-man, precipitates himself upon it, before there has been time to pull the horses on to their haunches. In less time than it takes to describe, the bundles of papers are transferred, and by 5.17 we are again under weigh, having been lucky enough to see a sight that we are assured has never before been seen by mortal eyes.

No sooner are we started than folding counters are fixed up along the sides of the vans and the sorting begins. In the front van the bundles are reduced to manageable size, the reams of *Standards* or *Telegraphs* split up into quires or dozens. In the second van the parcels are made up for each place, so many *Times*, *News*, or *Post*, so many odds and ends, weeklies, evening papers of the night before, and so on till the whole of the requisitions of each list are complied with. Then the finished parcel is handed on into the third van, where are two servants of the Company who receive it, weigh it, enter it in a way bill, and debit the cost of carriage to Messrs. W. H. Smith's account.

We took down with us in the sorting vans in all between thirty and forty thousand copies of the morning papers, and as our journey was on a Tuesday morning we took little else. The work gets heavier as the week gets older. Monday, when no weeklies are published, is the lightest of all. Tuesday, the society papers begin with the *World*. Wednesday come *Truth* and *Punch*, and the rest of the comic journals; till finally on Saturday the multitude is almost overwhelming. The sorting vans go no

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further north than Stafford,* and long before this point is reached, huge bundles have been turned out at Northampton and at Rugby, for Leamington, Coventry, Birmingham and its neighbourhood. If at Stafford the work is still unfinished, the Shrewsbury train has to wait till the sorting of the newspapers for the Welsh lines has been completed in a siding. But on this particular morning the work was accomplished well within the time, and we were able to study the political leanings of the different towns at our leisure.

When, thirty-eight years ago, Sir Francis Head wrote the description of the North-Western Railway from which we have already quoted, among the things that especially impressed him, he mentioned the large and spacious carriage and waggon shops that occupied what was then known as "The Field" at Euston. The shops have long disappeared, crowded out by the ever-increasing traffic, which is now so far in excess of the accommodation, that in the height of summer there is no room even to marshal and make up the trains, or to wash and sweep out the carriages, and, in spite of the fact that one of what should be the four running lines out of the station has been taken possession of as a siding, trains have to run the eleven miles to Willesden Junction and back to perform their toilette. In the first week of August, when the daily number of saloons on the Scotch trains may be counted by the dozen and the number of sleeping-berths by the hundred, this toilette is no small matter, and the laundry at Willesden, where sheets and towels and so forth are washed, has to work double tides.

The Company have lately bought enough ground adjoining Euston to enable them to double the area of the present station. A considerable portion of the site was formerly a churchyard, which was used for burials from the year 1620 down to as recently as 1859. The whole of this cemetery to a depth of fifteen feet has now been bodily (we have no wish to jest on such a subject, but the word is indispensable) removed to Finchley. All the time this operation was being carried on by the contractor, a doctor and an inspector were constantly present at either end on behalf of the Company, to see that nothing was done which might offend against either due reverence for the dead or due regard for the health of the living.

Meanwhile the traffic has to be worked as best it may with the

* Since the above was written, the newspaper vans have commenced running through to Crewe, instead of stopping at Stafford.

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existing accommodation, and however severe the strain may be, probably there are not many even of the most experienced travellers who could truthfully assert that they ever saw the station staff at Euston in a flurry, or ever knew a train steam away from the platform a moment after time. At 6.30 P.M. the work of the evening commences with the Dublin North Wall boat train. Five minutes later it is followed by a special horse and carriage train which picks up *en route* saloons and engaged carriages for the Highlands, and so relieves the later trains. From 6.35 to 7.55 there is a lull, interrupted only by the Birmingham express at 7 and a local train at 7.10. But then the rush comes fast and furious. The 7.55 runs through unbroken, and with its occupants undisturbed by a single passenger getting out or in all the way from London to Stirling. Eight o'clock sees another Scotch express off, this time for Glasgow, Greenock and Stranraer, as well as for the Highlands. Then, after twenty minutes' breathing space, goes the "Wild Irishman" for Holyhead, and Kingstown. And now our own time is running short, for we are going down by the 8.30 postal train, the only mail train pure and simple in the world as far as we are aware. But we have time to notice the 8.40, known as the "Old Limited," another special for the Highlands only, whose passengers, *sua si bona norint*, would be even more numerous than they are. For in the working instructions in reference to this train is a welcome order: "Perfect quiet must be kept at all stations where this train stops." At 8.50 goes the "Limited," shorn now of its former greatness, since it admits an unlimited number of third-class passengers, but making up in quantity what it lacks in quality, as it is probably nowadays one of the heaviest expresses in the world, and runs between Preston and Carstairs with somewhere about 20 coaches each morning. At nine o'clock follows the Birmingham express, with parcel vans in addition for Manchester, Liverpool and Carlisle. At ten comes the last of the true Scotch expresses, bringing the supplementary mails for Aberdeen, and carrying in addition parcel-sorting vans for Holyhead and Merthyr, and so serving off this train almost the whole of Wales.

But long ere this we have betaken ourselves from the glare and bustle of the departure platforms to "No. 1 arrival," where beneath the dim light of the half turned-down gas, huge red post-office vans are disgorging their contents in sacks and hampers into the yet huger sorting tenders of the postal train.

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Entrusting our bag to the guard, who is not a little startled at the sight of a mere passenger, we step on board and present to the travelling superintendent a permit with a dignified seal attached that authorizes our audacious invasion of his domains. The vans have no sooner discharged their contents than they move off, and by the time we are due to start and the guard blows his whistle, the platform is well-nigh deserted; the *nonchalance* with which the few officials who remain turn their backs on us as we steam out, forming an amusing contrast to the *empressement* of the porters and ticket-collectors, and the frantic shaking of hands and waving of handkerchiefs of which we had just been witnesses on the further side. We had expected (remembering that till quite recently the mails were run on a passenger train) to find the postal train a small one. But this was far from being the case, as it consisted of nine vehicles (reckoned in the guard's journal as 12½) with a total length of fully 150 yards. The Company sent a parcel van for Manchester and a break at either end, but the rest of the train was composed of post-office vehicles through which there ran a continuous passage.

In front were two parcel vans, the one for Edinburgh, the other for Aberdeen, in which men were sorting from and into huge hampers the parcels that had been roughly grouped by districts at the London receiving offices. In the rear of the train was a similar van for the Glasgow parcels. In all we had "on board" about 3000 parcels in 100 hampers and packages. On the whole the parcel sorters had a comparatively easy time of it. It is true that occasionally a parcel would give a good deal of trouble. We had one, for instance, for Port Hamilton that caused great searchings of heart, as it was only stamped at the inland rate. One man thought Port Hamilton was in Newfoundland, a second was almost sure it was in the Baltic, at least he knew there had been some talk about it recently in which the Russians were mixed up. Finally the superintendent decided that the parcel should go to Liverpool, and that the authorities there should adjudicate upon its ultimate fate. But the train only stopped at Rugby and at Tamworth all the way from Euston to Crewe, so the parcels to be dealt with were a finite quantity, and if those to go out at Rugby were ready by the time the train reached Blisworth, the sorters could sit down and rest for twenty minutes.

The labour of the letter sorters, on the other hand, was like

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that of the Danaids, as the letters poured in and out all the way in a never-ending stream. In the middle of the train were three letter vans. In the centre one was worked the "apparatus" which took in and put out the letters. On either side was a sorting van, the one going through to Aberdeen, the other to Glasgow. Hardly had we got clear of London, when at Harrow we received our first consignment of letters. As we approached the station the official in charge of the apparatus drew back a sliding panel on the left hand side of the carriage. Then with a lever (not unlike a signal lever) placed lengthways of the train, he thrusts out at right angles an arm with a net attached that had hitherto been lying tight folded against the side. The motion of the lever sets an electric gong ringing furiously, and warns all concerned that the net is out and it is not safe to attempt to pass across the opening till the letters have been received. Crash! a shower of sparks flies from the iron arm, the train seems for a second to reel from the shock. Bang! and a great leathern bundle, or "pouch" as it is technically termed, falls with a dull thud upon the floor. Formerly the pouch remained in the net and had to be pulled in: no easy task, if, as is sometimes the case, four or five were taken in at one station. Latterly, by a recent improvement in the apparatus (which, after forty years' progress towards perfection, now seems to leave little further to be desired), the net catches the pouches obliquely, and then the force of the collision causes them to rebound off it straight into the carriage. The present writer was standing and watching the operation within a few feet of the opening. "You had better," said the official, "move a little further forward; it was only a week or two back that a pouch flew up and broke the lamp glass just over your head." We obeyed without discussion.

Certainly if any one wishes, without experiencing one, to know what a collision at fifty miles an hour means, he should feel the shock caused by four pouches weighing perhaps two-hundredweight, and then imagine what it would be if that were multiplied by 2000 to arrive at the weight of an ordinary train. The pouches are of the thickest and toughest hide, bound round with straps hardly slighter than the traces of a set of carriage-harness, and they are suspended to the post whence the net sweeps them off with fastenings of iron as thick as a man's finger. And yet scarcely a night passes in which three or four pouches are not crippled, the iron snapt short off, or the buckles

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of the straps torn right out of the stitching. Mails are put out much the same way as they are taken in. They are wrapped up in a pouch and hung out from an arm on a level with the footboard of the carriage and caught by a net only a foot or two above the level of the ground. At many stations bags are put out and taken in simultaneously.

"But how," we asked—and our readers will, we fancy, be inclined to ask the same question—"do you know in a pitch-dark night, possibly in a dense fog, when it is time to let down your apparatus?" The answer was that everything was done not by sight but by sound. With a thorough knowledge of the ground and of the speed of the train, a practised ear can tell at any moment what point has been reached. The hollow reverberation of the water-troughs between Pinner and Bushey no one could fail to recognize. North of Watford a tunnel forms the "mark" for Tring; approaching Nuneaton the "mark" is unmistakeable. We have hardly passed through an arch under a wide road-way, when a bridge over the canal rings under our wheels, then comes the echo of another arch above us. Down goes the net, and in come tumbling the Leicester and Coventry and Nuneaton bags. Not long since these same Coventry bags caused no small trouble to the Post Office authorities. The Coventry watch-makers send watches all over the country in registered letters, and the rough shock of the apparatus was found somewhat trying to their tender constitutions. The rule has accordingly now been established that no packet marked "fragile" shall be sent in mails picked up by the travelling offices.

The pouches are no sooner on board than they are hastily opened, the bags extracted and unsealed, and their contents transferred to the sorters in the adjoining carriages. A travelling sorter, besides the quickness of hand and eye and the knowledge of geography that the ordinary sorter needs, requires to have a special knowledge of the working of the train. Otherwise he would be apt to be puzzled if, as he was hurrying northwards fifty miles an hour between Rugby and Stafford, he was presented with a batch of letters just taken on board for stations lying south of Rugby. Or, again, he might well ask why he was troubled with Dublin and Belfast letters, when the Irish mail was careering along seven or eight miles in front over the same metals. Or he might wonder how letters for Norwich or Bristol came his way. But all his difficulties would be got over when he came to learn how the service fitted together and inter-

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changed with other mails, till he would gradually find that the superintendent's boast was a true one, and that there was hardly a place in England north of the Thames that could not be served off this single train.

We reach Tamworth at 10.56, and there from the Midland line, which at this point passes over our heads, we take in hamper after hamper of parcels, and sack after sack of mails, which Midland trains have brought from Plymouth and Bristol on the one side, and from Lincolnshire and the Eastern Counties on the other. "What about the Birmingham mails?" we ask, as half an hour later we whiz through Stafford without slackening speed. At Crewe we learn the answer. The "Irishman" has picked up the Birmingham bags, and is waiting at Crewe to transfer them to us, and to receive from us in return all the Irish and North Wales letters that we have collected and sorted on our way down. The postal train, after putting out the London letters which it has received by means of the apparatus, to be called for in an hour by the up mail, and also its Manchester mails, proceeds on its way north to Preston and Carlisle. We have then to make acquaintance with a train, which, though at present standing humbly on a siding, is undoubtedly one of the most highly-connected trains in England. Starting from Holyhead it has brought mails flowing in from every small stream in Wales, to empty them into the great reservoir at Crewe. From Crewe it will start again, not only with mails from every part of England, Wales, and Scotland, for Manchester, Sheffield, and the Yorkshire towns, but also with the proud burden of a special "sausage van from Dudley to Leeds." To trace its progress across the maze of lines, through Lancashire and the West Riding, would require an article to itself. Sufficient, that at 2.28 A.M. it finally expires at Normanton in the arms of the North Eastern, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Midland.

Next month we hope to say something of the working of the goods trains, and to sketch the scarcely less elaborate method in which the produce of the country, and indeed of the world, is concentrated on to the great highway leading from Rugby to the Metropolis.

W. M. ACWORTH

(To be continued.)

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New Year's Bells.

I.

OUT in the night
The bells are ringing,
Sweet melodies flinging
Far away, far as a dream's delight;
The frosty stars are burning bright,
The waters beneath are faintly white
And all is still,
Save the dropping sweetness of chiming bells,
Save the mellow charm of their mingling spells
Over valley and hill;
Till the wind hurries each lone sound as it floats,
Steadily fall the golden notes
And the spirit with strangest tumult fill,
That is not pain
Or joy, but the binding of a chain.

II.

How the music sweeps
With the rising blast over heathy swells!
In wooded dells
How it sinks and sleeps!
Every tower from far and near
Is pouring its melody strong and clear;
Here in the clefts of windy downs,
Here from the spires of murmurous towns;
From a thousand throats
Of metal aloft
The gathering tide of music floats
Over copse and croft,

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And over the bleak and barren wold
To the hamlets hid in the mountain's fold,
Till the air is filled with tremulous sound
And the spirits of song are all unbound.

III.

But, sudden and swift
The chimes are still;
The echo dies in the farthest clift
And silence comes with an awful thrill;
The Earth is bound
In a hush profound;
Scarce the falling streamlets plash,
Scarcely the stars in the heavens flash,—
For over the world sweeps an icy breath,
'Tis the blast of Death—
The faint year speeds to his viewless goal,
To the myriads writ on Time's long scroll,
And the heart of man beats low with dread
As he takes a last look at the face of the dead;
With heavy dole
The deep bells toll,
They mourn for the gentle spirit fled.

IV.

For the year was good.—
Though the robes he brought to the forest are shed
And all his flowers long witherèd,
Though his sighs are hushed in the leafless wood
With the pleasant song
He brought when the sunny days were long,
Though his golden eves and dewy dawns
Are quenched in the darkness, dense and strong,
That under his cold feet deeply yawns,
Yet his garnered grain
And his fruits remain,
With the words he spake to the listening heart,
Yet the music lives mute in the wild bird's breast
To break one day its charmèd rest,
When another spring into being shall start—
Oh! the year was good!

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V.

But hark! the bells
In tumultuous swells
Peal over forest and hill and dale,
From a thousand spires,
Like the quivering wires
Of Life's great harp, which the hand of Time
Sweeps in a strong heart-stirring chime;
The stars, which sail
In majesty over the heavens wide,
Shake in the music's mighty tide.
The vast sea stirs in the midnight gloom
Scarcely touched by the lustre pale,
When the young year leaps from Eternity's womb,
Lusty and fresh and full of joy,
With never a trace of sorrow or sin;
Welcome the bright, the beautiful boy,
Welcome him joyously, thankfully in!

VI.

In a deepening tide
The music is swelling, far and wide,
Over furze-grown knolls
Like a billow it rolls;
Now, like a shower of fiery gems,
It breaks as it falls through the forest stems;
It rises and rings through the murmurous street
With an eddy of voices and lingering feet;
And over the sea,
Where the fisher leans from his lonely bark,
He hears through the dark
The rush of mingling melody,
It peals round the eaves of his quiet home,
It breaks the sleep,
Secure and deep,
Of his innocent babes who wake to see
The stars look in peace from the heavenly dome.

VII.

Ring on! ring on!
Peal the birth-song far and wide!
For the Old is gone,
Is swept in the swift unresting tide

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Flowing to Lethe's waters dun,
And with him hates and scorns and fears,
Regrets and tears,
And things that darken the shining sun.
Chime, happy bells,
Fill the airs with merry madness,
Make us deaf to thoughts of sadness,
Weave us myriad airy spells,
Spirits that wait on the bright-eyed boy,
To hide the shadows that lurk behind,
The shapes that loom
Dread and dim in the distant gloom!
Ring, golden bells,
Into the soul of the pausing wind,
Ring fullest strains of passionate joy,
Till hearts are blind
To sorrow and care and all annoy!
For the New is born,
He promises fair, he is fresh and sweet,
High resolves his brow adorn,
Round him visioned glories glow,
They gild his robe of stainless snow,
Flowers are springing beneath his feet,
And he smiles in the light of a hopeful morn.

MAXWELL GRAY.

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The Royal Irish Constabulary;

THEIR ORIGIN, ORGANIZATION, AND GENERAL CHARACTER.

NOT for many years has there been greater necessity than at the present time for consistent, firm, yet cautious action in dealing with the elements of disorder which are but too evident in our midst; nor ever a time when there was more absolute necessity for all who have a stake in the country, or who have a regard for order as against disorder, to stand together to support and encourage, as every citizen more or less can do, the constitutional forces which, under whatever Government is in power, have to contend against lawlessness and crime. Every man who has home, honour, property, or relatives to lose would, if his country was invaded by a foreign enemy, risk his life in their defence, and he must also remember that there are other invasions to be feared from within quite as dangerous, which can only be met by all loyal citizens combining to give to these forces the best moral support in their power.

Yet at such a time as this the persistent manner in which our police forces have been attacked, and the forces of disorder thereby encouraged, not only by those who we may always expect to find in antagonism to every Government, but by men of high position in former Governments, English members of Parliament and others of education and standing in society, is a phenomenon in party strife as unprecedented as it is startling, and one which, if pursued as the legitimate policy of those in political opposition to the Government of the day, must prove ruinous to the best interests of this country. The different forces of the State, the army, the navy, and the police, are each and all essential to its well-being, and, irrespective of what party is in power, must and do obey the authority of every Government alike. A tacit and honourable understanding has consequently hitherto existed to exempt them from the contentions of

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party. It must be hoped that this understanding has only momentarily lapsed, and that the English love of fair play will not suffer it to be otherwise. It must, however, be observed that though the immense majority of the people in this kingdom do, as a rule, give willing support to the forces at the disposal of Governments, there is often shown too great a readiness to condemn unheard those who have failed or apparently failed to carry out what has been expected of them, too great an aptness to forget the difficulties with which they may have had to contend, and too much unmindfulness of the discouragement which such hasty and perhaps entirely undeserved blame causes to men who have at least endeavoured to perform their duty. As regards the police especially, is there not too great a tendency at certain times and in certain cases to express a hasty opinion that they have either exceeded or fallen short of their duty? Let the difficulties with which a policeman is beset, especially in times of popular excitement, not be forgotten. He is really always on duty and requires qualities which are not a necessity for the soldier or sailor, who when face to face with his enemies can scarcely go too far in exterminating them; he must have tact and good temper; and however strongly irritated, he must exercise self-control, judgment, and discretion; these qualities must be cultivated until they become a second nature, and if the strain upon his physical courage is at times great, that upon his moral courage is often greater. In dealing with mob violence for instance—and few who have not been personally opposed to such can imagine how trying it is not only to the temper but to the nerves of those who as a rule have good command over both—he must ever bear in mind that he is dealing with his fellow-citizens, that he will be held responsible for every action, and must be prepared to show that if on the one hand he has not exceeded his duty, he has on the other not fallen short of it; for in times of popular excitement it is too certain that endeavours will be made to cast blame upon him in both directions.

I now wish to speak more particularly of the police in Ireland, the force so well known as the Royal Irish Constabulary. There must be few persons in England who follow the events of the day in the newspapers who have not observed the bitter hostility lately shown towards them by the so-called National party; this hostility on their part is natural and must be expected, and their attacks need hardly be regarded as likely to injure the fair fame of the force, but it is a different matter when such

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attacks are joined in by Englishmen of high position, and by the man who of all others must know the nature of the crimes which the police in certain counties in Ireland have daily and nightly, at the risk of their lives, to contend with.

Of all men that have been in power, Mr. Gladstone must best know the character of the force and the value of the good service which it has rendered to the State; one would therefore have naturally hoped and expected him to be the very last to asperse that character unless upon the most positive evidence. Nevertheless, in a recent public speech upon an important occasion, when alluding to the moonlight outrage in Clare, on the scene of which Head Constable Whelehan was murdered, he compared him and his men, who, for the purpose of detecting the criminals in the act, had made use of an informer, to four ruffians in the last century who conspired to induce two others to commit a capital crime. They were convicted, and sentenced by the judge to be put in the pillory, but, as the speaker went on to say, the sentence of the people was a good deal stronger than that of the judge, for one of them they actually put to death, and another they beat and maltreated within an inch of his life. Mr. Gladstone explained that he was not going to justify what was done by the people, but he stated his opinion that the two cases were closely analogous, and as his words are reported in the *Times* of the 19th October, that "the police substantially conspired after the manner of these four men." Stress was laid upon the fact that this informer was a man of bad character, but is that a reason why his information should not be made use of to detect villains such as commit these midnight murders and other diabolical outrages?

It is this terrible accusation, and the more terrible suggestion which would appear to arise out of the whole comparison, together with other unsupported charges made in the same speech against the R. I. Constabulary, and also frequently made by other men on public occasions with reference to cases still untried, which leads me to suppose that many who know little or nothing of Ireland may be putting to each other such questions as, Who are those Irish Constabulary who we read are thirsting for blood, who are wantonly shooting down and bludgeoning unoffending people, tempting unwary men to commit moonlight atrocities that shock the world, who conspire with informers to lay deadly traps for a peaceful and trusting peasantry? where are they raised? where do they escape to when their service is

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completed? and I am induced by love for the force in which I am proud to have served, to put together as some answer to such inquiries a slight sketch of its origin, organization and general character, which may, I hope, be not altogether without interest at the present time.

The men who compose it are almost exclusively Irish, for the most part the sons of Irish farmers or tradesmen, drawn from all parts of the country, irrespective of creed. Catholics, Protestants and Presbyterians are equally welcome to its ranks, but perhaps the proportion of the first-named religion is about 73 per cent. of the total strength; they are all men who, before enrolment, must show that they possess a fair education, and whose character has been carefully inquired into; they enrol voluntarily and eagerly, and beyond the requirement of one month's notice, are under no obligation to remain. As a rule, they do remain for many years, marry Irish women, and when discharged settle in Ireland and possess the good will of the people. Physically, they are perhaps the finest body of men in the world; intellectually, they compare favourably with any other; as a force they are temperate in their habits, upright in their conduct, and of a kindly and generous nature. During their early training they are imbued with great *esprit de corps* and a very high sense of duty and discipline, and are consequently easily governed, but are very sensitive to any injustice or the appearance of it; and though, as has been said, they are wholly Irish, and in this sense a thoroughly national force, they have, in spite of temptation, and in spite of the threats which have been uttered against them should they ever come under the power of the present Nationalist party, remained loyal, and true to their duty.

To Mr. Drummond, Under-Secretary for Ireland, 1835–1840, is mainly due the credit of having created the force; it was first called "The Constabulary of Ireland." Previous to this there was no consolidated police force. In 1787 the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council had been empowered to establish districts, for each of which sixteen constables might be appointed by the Grand Jury, and one chief constable by the Lord Lieutenant; these were called "Barony constables," and were paid for out of the county cess. Five years later some further power was given to Grand Juries to appoint Barony constables, and in 1814 the Lord Lieutenant was empowered, with assent of the Privy Council, to proclaim any county or barony to be in a state of disturbance, upon which proclamation a very consider-

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able extra force and chief constable might be appointed to the proclaimed district, and this force, though, like the "Barony constables," paid from the local rates, were distinguished from them by the title of "Peace Preservation Police." In 1822 the right of appointing the "Barony constables" was transferred from the Grand Jury to the County Magistrates, and an inspector for each province was appointed. This organization was however found unsatisfactory and quite inefficient to cope with the faction fights which were then so much in vogue; they were powerless to quell them, and were obliged to leave these tumultuous assemblages of several hundred persons to bludgeon each other without let or hindrance; it was consequently determined in Mr. Drummond's time, and it was a matter in which he would appear to have been the ruling spirit, to consolidate the "Barony constables" and the "Peace Preservation Police" into a single force, to be called the "Constabulary of Ireland," and to be controlled by one officer, to whom was given the title of Inspector-General; this officer was placed in direct communication with the Executive Government. Mr. Drummond was singularly fitted for the work he undertook, having some years before been engaged with Captain Colley in the survey of Ireland, and taken a deep interest in the people and all connected with the country; he had moreover wonderful aptitude for grasping details and great organizing ability.

Every appointment in the force from Inspector-General to constable was vested in the Lord Lieutenant, the whole cost of it was to be advanced from the Consolidated Fund, but one moiety to be recovered from the counties according to the number stationed in each, which was defined by the Act, but might be exceeded upon a representation by seven magistrates to the Lord Lieutenant; moreover, upon a county or barony being proclaimed he might appoint an "Additional Force," which was so designated. In 1839 a "Reserve Force" was established of two district inspectors,* four head constables, and not over two hundred sergeants and constables chargeable in the same manner as the Consolidated Force; but in 1846 the provision for recovering one moiety from the counties was entirely repealed, and it was enacted that all necessary and reasonable costs, charges, and expenses of the Constabulary and Reserve should

* To prevent confusion, I allude to these ranks throughout as district inspectors, sergeants, and constables. They were, however, designated as sub-inspectors, constables, and sub-constables, until changed by Act of Parliament in 1883.

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be charged upon the Consolidated Fund, but the counties were as heretofore to repay a moiety of any "additional force" in a proclaimed district and a moiety of any part of the Reserve Force, of which the services might be called for; this concession was made by Sir R. Peel as compensation for the injury which it was supposed his commercial policy would inflict upon the agricultural interests of Ireland. At the same time the number of both the "Additional" and "Reserve" Forces was doubled; in 1847 the latter force was again increased, and its number brought up to six hundred men with the proportionate number of district inspectors and head constables, and the same Act authorized the Lord Lieutenant to appoint additional constabulary without limit to districts proclaimed under it. In 1857 the Revenue Police of Ireland, a force of one thousand two hundred men which existed under an Act of William IV., was abolished, and its duties given to the Constabulary, which was increased by four hundred men in consequence, a large pecuniary saving being effected by this arrangement. In 1865 a separate Extra Force was established for Belfast, and in 1870 a somewhat similar arrangement authorizing the addition of forty-five men was made for the city of Londonderry.

It will be observed by this statement that the total strength of the R. I. Constabulary is composed of several different forces authorized by different Acts of Parliament; this however for the most part only affects financial arrangements, and for every purpose of distribution, duty and discipline, they form but one force, subject to serve in any part of Ireland except the city of Dublin, which has its own police (the Dublin Metropolitan Police), also a Government force, composed of an exceptionally fine body of men commanded by a commissioner, who is appointed by the Lord Lieutenant; with this exception the R. I. Constabulary perform the whole police duty in Ireland. Although the Free Force, namely, that charged entirely upon the Consolidated Fund, is a fixed strength something under eleven thousand, the entire strength made up by extra forces as described is very fluctuating, chiefly dependent upon the state of the country. Not including officers and head constables, the present strength is about twelve thousand two hundred, whereas at the same period of 1882 it appears to have been about fourteen thousand two hundred; in 1848 it would appear to have been a little under twelve thousand five hundred.

The pay of a head constable ranges, according to his service,

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from £91 to £104 per annum, that of a sergeant from about £75 to £80, and of a constable after allocation, from £54 to £70; if acting-sergeant, this highest rate of pay is slightly increased. Extra pay when absent on duty from station, when employed on special duty, &c., and allowances under different heads, such as travelling, boot-money, lodging allowance to married men, &c., are on a fairly liberal scale.

The officers of the force are supplied by two methods. First, selection from the rank of head constable, and where merit has been early conspicuous and has won early promotion to that rank, such men, being still young and unencumbered by large families, are among some of the best officers in the force. Secondly, and these form very considerably the larger proportion, are sons of gentlemen nominated by the Chief Secretary, or, the sons of officers serving or who have served in the force nominated by the Inspector-General. After nomination these candidates are obliged to pass a pretty severe Civil Service competitive examination. Those who succeed enter the force as cadets, and afterwards, if approved, are appointed to the rank of 3rd Class District Inspector,—and I may here say that officers of this class are called upon to perform duties as trying and responsible as if they were in the 1st Class of the rank, and that when allocated to their duties they have, as a rule, shown themselves fully deserving of the honourable position which they have succeeded in obtaining, and of the almost unlimited confidence which it is necessary to repose in their honour, discretion, and firmness of purpose, situated as they often are, in charge of the peace and with immediate command of the police, in some remote and troublesome district—charged also with large pecuniary responsibility. I know no position that a young man can hold in our public services where these qualities are more required, nor in which I honestly believe they have been more frequently or conspicuously shown than among the District Inspectors of the R.I. Constabulary. I have dwelt upon this because they are the men to whom we must look for the future of the force, the honour and discipline of which has to the present time been so well preserved by their seniors in the higher, but hardly more responsible, rank of County Inspector. The stricter system of selection now in force brings quicker promotion than formerly to that rank; and to those fortunate enough to obtain it, every higher position in the Force is open.

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The present Inspector-General, Mr. Andrew Reed, was first appointed to the Force as District Inspector in 1859, County Inspector in 1879, Assistant Inspector-General in 1883, and having filled the office of Divisional Magistrate from 1883 to 1885 was appointed Inspector-General in that year. There is perhaps no officer who has been more thorough in his work in each grade, or who has so large a personal knowledge of the officers and men, or who is so entirely cognizant of its working in every branch. He graduated in the Dublin University, and is LL.D. and a Barrister-at-Law. Many of the young officers now in the force are also graduates of Dublin, Oxford and Cambridge Universities. The office of Inspector-General has hitherto, with one exception, been filled by military officers, amongst whom the two who were, I think, longest in the position and most identified with it, were the late General Sir Duncan McGregor, K.C.B., who filled it for twenty years, and the late Colonel Sir John Stewart Wood, K.C.B., for about eleven years. Sir Henry Brownrigg, C.B., a very able constabulary officer, who filled the position from 1858 to 1865, is the exception.

I must now say a few words about the R. I. Constabulary Depôt, which in 1843 superseded the separate Provincial Depôts which had previously existed. It is established in a handsome barrack well situated in the Phœnix Park. The staff consists of the Commandant, who is an Assistant Inspector-General of the force, a surgeon, veterinary surgeon, barrack master, adjutant, instructor of musketry, and police instructor; also a head constable, major, and the necessary staff of head constables, sergeants, drills, &c. The Depôt force is composed of such of the Reserve and mounted men as are not serving in counties, and of such men and officers as may be brought in for duty or instruction. There is altogether a force of about two hundred and thirty-six mounted men in the R. I. Constabulary. They perform escort, orderly, and patrol duties, and are very valuable in time of disturbance or riot in the larger towns. Some of them are stationed in these towns, and some, more or less as required, attached to every county headquarters. They are an exceedingly smart, well-mounted and well-equipped force.

The strength at the depôt is variable according to circumstances, but is always told off in four companies, to each of which a District Inspector is attached in charge. The mounted men form a troop in charge of the riding-master, who has the rank of District Inspector. An excellent band, the instruments provided

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by subscriptions in the force, is also attached. Every recruit or newly-appointed officer remains on the strength of the depôt until he is certified as fit to take his duty in the country, or longer if necessary. The average time may be about six months. While at the depôt the greatest pains are taken with both young officers and recruits to instruct them in every branch of police duty, in drill and in the use of the arms (short-rifled, breech-loading Snider carbine with sword-bayonet), with which, in addition to the police truncheon, the whole force, except the mounted men, is armed. It would appear that from the time Peace Preservation Police first existed in Ireland, it has been considered necessary to arm them, not only for their own safety and that of their barracks and prisoners, but also to enable a small force to cope with, deter, and hold in fear the turbulent; it is not, however, the practice to perform ordinary duties under arms; nor even when sent in numbers to preserve the peace do the whole party go armed, the larger proportion carry the truncheon alone.

At the depôt, while all due attention is paid to their comfort, every recruit has constantly instilled into him habits of tidiness, personal cleanliness, good order, discipline and self-respect; the daily duties, messing, &c., both as regards officers and men are carried out with the same regularity as in the barracks of any of our best regiments, and the barrack rooms are kept in the same scrupulously clean and tidy manner. It is to the excellent physical and moral training there carried out that I attribute to a great extent the high character which the force indisputably bears. Habits of good order and self-respect are there formed which afterwards, when the men are scattered all over the country, often far from effective supervision, are never lost.

The distribution of the force is as follows:—At the head-quarters in Dublin the Inspector-General, Deputy Inspector-General and one Assistant Inspector-General, assisted by a very able and efficient, but not too large, Civil Service clerical staff, carry on the exceedingly heavy financial and administrative work of the central office.

One County Inspector is placed in charge of each county, and of each of the two ridings in the counties of Cork, Galway and Tipperary; each county or riding is divided into so many police districts, varying from three to ten according to size, to each of which a District Inspector is appointed who has charge of the police force stationed in it, and is, under the County Inspector,

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responsible for their discipline and for the peace of the district; to each district headquarters a head constable is attached, who, in the absence of the D. I. is responsible. One Town Inspector and five District Inspectors are in charge of the force in Belfast. Two District Inspectors are appointed to the city of Cork, and one each to the cities of Galway, Kilkenny, Limerick and Londonderry.

Besides these there are two District Inspectors of the Crime Department attached to each of the five divisions into which the country is at present divided, under Divisional Magistrates ordering all matters connected with Prevention of Crime and the Preservation of the Peace in their respective divisions. This system was commenced in very disturbed parts of the country as a tentative measure at the close of 1881; it has since been extended to the whole country, but has never been put upon a thoroughly sound footing. Two of the present Divisional Magistrates are members (one an Assistant Inspector-General, the other a County Inspector) of the force. The three others are taken from the Resident magistracy and are not members of the force. The sergeants and constables of the force are distributed according to the requirements in each county, city and town, the general distribution being triennially subject to a careful revision by the Lord Lieutenant.

The circumstances and duties, however, vary immensely in different localities. If stationed in a quiet town or village in some northern county still uninfected to any great extent by the League—alas! how few they are—the barrack* is comfortable, provisions easily obtained, the neighbours not afraid to be openly friendly, and the duties comparatively light; whereas if in a disturbed part of the country where the League are in power, the police are at all times liable to be called upon for harassing, often dangerous, duty, such as assisting at resisted evictions, the most unpleasing of all the duties which fall to the lot of an Irish policeman, the suppression of proclaimed meetings, the protection of persons who have rendered themselves obnoxious to the League, daily and nightly patrols in the wildest parts of the country, probably over hill and bog on dark and wet nights, with the view of ambushing and preventing some anticipated so-called "moonlight" outrage, such as pulling an old man out of his bed

* In Ireland the police are distributed in parties of four or more under a head constable or sergeant, and the house, whether large or small, where they are lodged is called the "Barrack."

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and in front of his window, in spite of the entreaties of his wife and children, shooting him either in the head or legs, or beating him with sticks and stones (the punishment is proportioned according to the gravity of the offence). Frequent long journeys have also to be made for the conveyance of prisoners to gaol, and other purposes.* In disturbed parts of the country the police are in many instances lodged in iron huts placed in some wild, out-of-the-way parts, where outrages have been committed or are apprehended. The difficulty of obtaining provisions is often very great, but when the party are, as is often the case, "Boycotted," then so much the greater. I think it is proof of the good spirit pervading the force that among parties so situated, instances of want of discipline are comparatively rare, and the men turn out cheerfully and with readiness for the performance of every duty.

As an instance of the cheery manner in which, under trying circumstances, the men of the force perform their duties, one specially impressed itself upon my memory at the time. It will be remembered that in 1880 Captain Boycott, then a land agent in the County Mayo, was one of the first who, for the sins attributed to him, was visited by that cruel and savage form of punishment now so forcibly expressed by the addition of his name as a verb to the English language. We all now know what that verb means :—that while alive your neighbours are to have no communication with you, neither sell to, nor buy from, you, but to shun you as a leper; if you are sick you are to be left to die, and if dead, to be left unburied. Such, if not interfered with by the police, or by others strong enough to resist the mandates of the League, is Boycotting carried out to the bitter end. In this case a body of indignant Northerners (Orangemen they were said to be: I only know they were fine, brave fellows) determined to go to Captain Boycott's relief, get in his crops of turnips, potatoes, &c., and do for him such other work as his neighbours and former labourers dared not, if they would.

Government foresaw that this invasion of the West by those who did not understand its laws might lead to a serious breach of the peace, even a species of civil war, and though the invaders were quite ready to defend themselves, it was decided to cover

* Besides police duties proper, the constabulary are employed in many other ways, such as taking agricultural statistics, taking the Census survey, collecting notices and polling papers for the election of Poor Law Guardians, &c.

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their advance and their stay in the West with a formidable force. Accordingly about seventy cavalry, two hundred infantry, and fifty constabulary (there were already a certain number of the latter on the spot) were ordered for the expedition, which I was directed to accompany in my capacity as a magistrate.* Supplemented by an additional strength of cavalry and infantry for escort on the march, we met the Northerners at Claremorris Station on the evening of the 11th of November, 1880. Upon their appearance, about sixty strong, the inhabitants, who had assembled in large numbers, would certainly have torn them in pieces if they could; as it was, they were obliged to content themselves with savagely cursing and shrieking at them. Poor Colonel Coghill, in command of the detachment of 19th Hussars, whose horse, driven mad by the wild howls, reared and fell back, was seriously hurt, and put *hors de combat* for the campaign.

We had to proceed that night to Ballinrobe, about fourteen miles. Cars had been provided to meet us outside the town, but as the Leaguers on the spot forbade the drivers to take a Northerner on his car at the peril of their lives, they refused. Consequently, as we could not avail ourselves of them except by force, which we did not wish to use, all were obliged to march. It turned out a very wet night, but having posted police patrols along the road, we met with no impediment or resistance, and made Ballinrobe about 9.30 P.M., where the whole expedition was put up in the barracks or in tents.

The next day we went on to Captain Boycott's farm on the shores of Lough Mask; the word had evidently been passed round that no notice was to be taken of us, and instead of a scene like that at Claremorris on the former evening, we passed through Ballinrobe and along the road to the farm without a man showing his head.

Arrived at the farm the protecting force pitched their camp; the police, uneducated to this, understood nothing of tent life nor of field cooking; neither were they, like the soldiers, provided with camp equipage or cooking utensils. However, the necessary tents were obtained, pots and pans were purchased, and, assisted by their kind soldier-comrades and the hospitality of Captain Boycott, they soon settled down. The police duty was very trying, for, besides constant night patrols, they had to mount guard and sentry all day over each group of Northerners at work in the fields.

* The Inspector-General, Deputy, and each Assistant Inspector-General, is *ex officio* a magistrate for the whole of Ireland.

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The weather was at times very severe—wind, rain and snow; the whole expedition however, soldiers and Northerners, were as cheerful as possible, and I believe all well behaved; but I think that owing to the circumstances explained, the police had to contend with greater discomforts; nevertheless during the sixteen days that they remained there was not a grumble, and their behaviour was exemplary. I should say that, being lodged with Resident Magistrates and others in the inn at Ballinrobe, although constantly in the camp I had not to share its discomforts, but very frequently partook of Captain Boycott's wide hospitality.

I have already said that the Force are temperate in their habits. I may cite as some proof of this that *every report of drunkenness* on or off duty is forwarded, with the evidence and a full statement, to the Inspector-General, and is dealt with only by him or by the Deputy, or Assistant Inspector-General at headquarters, and I am safe in saying that such reports never amount to a daily average of 1 in 1500 of the strength of the force. In all cases where an offence of drunkenness, or other, is denied, and the evidence on the face of the report itself is not conclusive, it is referred to a court of enquiry of two or more officers, who take the evidence on oath on the spot, and forward it, with their own opinion of guilty or not guilty, for the Inspector-General to deal with. The punishments in his power are fines, which may be levied to the amount of £3 on a man's pay, though except in an extreme case, so heavy a fine is never exacted, or transfer to another station or county at the offender's own expense. Of course if the offence is disgraceful, or the offender incorrigible, it may be met by dismissal, and if of higher rank than a constable by reduction or dismissal.

As regards promotion, and records or rewards for good service, the system, as regards the former—a very difficult matter to deal with in so large a force so as to bring the best men to the front—is, that, giving to seniority its full share of consideration, each District Inspector recommends to his County Inspector, in the order of merit, those whom he judges most eligible. The County Inspector then selects from these lists, or recommends to the Inspector-General from his own knowledge, those whom he thinks best; this list is carefully scanned at headquarters, and the general character of the men, so far as it may be known by favourable or unfavourable records, considered; it is also carefully checked, to see that no undue proportion of one religion

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predominates. No objection arising, the recommendations, so far as vacancies for promotion exist, are confirmed.* Any recommendation for favourable record, or reward for a special act of good police service, is first very carefully analyzed in the district it comes from, and all those who may have in any way shared in the service are afforded an opportunity of representing their claim, if they believe they have any, to be included; it is then submitted to a board of headquarter officers, who carefully consider the merits of the case, and submit their opinion with reference to it to the Inspector-General. Rewards may be granted in the shape of special promotion, or of favourable record (of which there are two classes), with pecuniary reward attached or not, or of pecuniary reward alone. A favourable record, even without pecuniary reward attached, has advantages in itself, and is much valued. As there are daily opportunities all over the country for men to distinguish themselves, either in dealing with "moonlighters" face to face, in the detection of crime, apprehension of desperate characters, in rescuing persons from drowning, fire, or other dangers, the recommendations for reward are very numerous.

I give below, without names, a sketch of one or two, which will give an idea of the general nature of them:—

One night, upon information received at the headquarters of one of the most disturbed districts in Ireland, Serjeant —— and a party of constables proceeded, by order of the District Inspector, to the outskirts of the town, where they surprised several moonlighters in the act of disguising themselves, and after a difficult chase through a network of buildings brought them to bay in an unoccupied room, where they succeeded in arresting five of them, and in obtaining with them three revolvers, a sword, several boxes of ammunition, canisters of powder and shot, masks, &c.; four of them violently resisted, but they were eventually handcuffed and taken prisoners to the barrack; other police were afterwards much engaged in this case obtaining evidence of the nature of their intentions, &c., and were very successful. The prisoners were returned for trial, found guilty, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment with hard labour. After the successful termination of the trial the names of the police engaged were submitted to the Inspector-General for special consideration; several of them, with others of the

* Every man whose name is submitted for promotion must have passed an examination in knowledge of police duties, arithmetic, &c.

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district, had, in the meantime, further distinguished themselves in most important cases, such as arresting and prosecuting to conviction and imprisonment two men for killing cattle; arresting moonlighters who fired upon the police, prosecuting them to conviction and imprisonment with hard labour; arresting and prosecuting to conviction and penal servitude a man caught in the act of posting threatening notices. I think it is interesting, as regards general character, to show the service and records of eleven members of the force recommended in one case. (See page 38.)

One case alluded to in the records was a very serious one. Two policemen were, in the execution of their duty, and after a severe fight, in which they manfully resisted their assailants, knocked down, savagely beaten, deprived of their arms, and left for dead. Four of the assailants were afterwards brought to justice, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude, the judge speaking most highly of the conduct of the men assaulted, and of those who afterwards assisted in the detection and prosecution.

There is not room in the pages of a magazine, nor have I the material before me, to enable me to add more to these cases of individual good service. I, nevertheless, know that, among the records of the force, cases would be found full of interest, of conspicuously brave conduct, and of persevering detective work on the part of members of the force sufficient to fill a volume.

The following public rewards and recognitions of good service have been awarded to the force.

In April, 1867, Parliament voted £2,000 to be distributed among those members who had rendered signal services in connection with the Fenian rising in the month previous, when many of the police barracks were attacked and bravely defended. On the 7th September in the same year the late Duke (then Marquis) of Abercorn, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, announced to a representative portion of the force paraded at the depôt for the occasion, that as a proof of Her Majesty's satisfaction at the gallant conduct of the force, and of Her confidence in their loyalty and devotion, She had been graciously pleased to command that they should in future bear the title of The Royal Irish Constabulary, and wear the Harp and Crown as their badge.

The late Lord Mayo, then Lord Naas and Chief Secretary for Ireland, who was afterwards assassinated when Governor-

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No.	Rank.	Length of Service.	Records.	
			Favourable.	Unfavourable.
		Years. M'ths.		
1	Sergeant.	7 10	I. Good service in a murder case. (Gratuity of £5 without record.) II. Detective ability and promptness in arresting cattle-stealers. (1st Class Record.)	Nil.
2	Acting-Sergeant.	16 0	I. Stopping a runaway horse. (2nd Class Record.) II. Prosecution and conviction of a moonlighter. (1st Class Record.)	One.
3	Constable.	5 9	Detective ability in procuring evidence and assisting in arresting parties who had waylaid and assaulted two constables who were on protection duty. (Approbation and £2 gratuity.)	Nil.
4	Constable.	4 3	Nil	Nil.
5	Constable.	4 3	Nil	Nil.
6	Head-Constable.	11 5	Special good service in two murder cases. (To be promoted to Head-Constable and £20 gratuity.)	Nil.
7	Constable.	5 8	I. Stopping a runaway horse. (2nd Class Record.) II. Same service and reward as No. 3.	Nil.
8	Constable.	5 7	Prompt and judicious action on night patrol. (2nd Class Record.)	Nil.
9	Constable.	5 6	Nil	Nil.
10	Constable.	7 9	I. Good service in murder case. (Gratuity £3 without record.) II. Good service in connection with arrest and conviction of three men for robbery of arms. (£1 Gratuity.)	Nil.
11	Head-Constable.	15 11	Ability and efficient service in a case of murder. (1st Class Record, and to be promoted to Head-Constable.)	Nil.

It will be observed that only one had ever received an unfavourable record.

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General of India, was present on the occasion, and made a most impressive speech, which concluded as follows: "I sincerely hope that you may never again be called upon to point your rifles at the breasts of your rebellious countrymen. But be that as it may, the country knows that it can rely on you, and whether in actual conflict with disaffection or in the performance of your ordinary service, you will act with the same faithfulness and energy which has always been the characteristic of your corps. Your duties are not to impose on a people the yoke of despotism, nor to enforce the mandates of an absolute and irresponsible ruler. You are the free servants of a free people, and your principal duty is to maintain that order without which society could not exist, and to enforce those laws which are formidable only to the evil-doer. Maintain your discipline, practise rigidly those principles of loyalty, fidelity, and truthfulness which have brought so much credit on your force, and you will always find accorded to you the loftiest reward to which a British subject can aspire, the approval of your Sovereign and the gratitude of your country." There are few who really wish for Ireland's welfare who will not admit the sense and sympathise with the feeling which prompted these words, and which would be equally applicable if spoken to-day.

In 1882, in consideration of the arduous duties cast upon the force during the Land League agitation, and the great extra expense thrown upon the men by their performance (the allowances to cover such expenses are now more liberal), a sum of £180,000 was voted by Parliament, from which special grants of three months' pay to men of over three years' service, and at the rate of two or one month's pay respectively to those of two or one year's service, were made to the head and other constables who were serving in the force on the 24th April, 1882 (£160,000 only of this grant was expended).

It has been urged from time to time that the discontent which showed itself in the ranks of the force in 1882, most conspicuously in Limerick, and which found vent in a system of anonymous and insubordinate communications by letter and telegram with headquarters and between stations in different parts of the country, was due to sympathy with the forces of anarchy outside. This is utterly untrue. The discontent was entirely due to grievances, real or supposed, in the force itself, which at the earliest opportunity were inquired into and where found to be real were redressed. It is also often stated by those

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ignorant of the facts, that the Government was at this time obliged to obtain other men to do the constabulary duty. This is equally untrue. It was a notable feature of the movement, ill-judged and injurious to their reputation as it certainly at the time was, that no part of the force at any time withdrew themselves from their regular duties, and—*parvis componere magna*—it would be as reasonable to attribute the insubordinate revolt of our sailors at Spithead and the Nore in 1797 to sympathy with England's enemies, as to say that such was the cause of this unfortunate and deplorable spasm of insubordination on the part of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

So far, happily for the country, its enemies have, in spite of threats or persuasions, been unable to draw the Force from their allegiance, or to prevent the best of Ireland's youth from gladly enrolling in its ranks. During part of last year no doubt a terrible fear pervaded all ranks, owing to the prospect which seemed to open to them of being at any moment cut adrift and handed over to the control of those who bore them no love. Imagine how bitterly discouraging to them and full of encouragement to their enemies must such a prospect have been, and how galling the later utterances from such a source as those referred to in the earlier part of this article. Neither can they easily forget the message to "Remember Mitchelstown," or the utterly unsupported statements made as to the circumstances to which it referred.

For myself I am content to rest satisfied with and to refer others to the public and responsible statement made regarding them by Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary, in his speech at Birmingham reported in the *Times* of the 5th Nov., who, when referring to his former words on the same subject in Parliament, says, "I neither regret a single word nor withdraw from a single word that I said in defence of the police;" and in the same speech, referring to the murder of Head-Constable Whelehan, he describes him as "a policeman who died, if ever man did, in the service of his country; no soldier ever perished on the field of battle more directly serving the true interests of his country."

The following case, which I find recorded, though it happened so long ago as 1831, is possibly not without its moral at the present time.

A party of one officer and thirty-six constables escorting a process server in the county of Kilkenny in connection with the then hated collection of tithes, having imprudently entered

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a narrow defile were attacked from the heights by upwards of two thousand persons variously armed, who demanded the body of the process server, but as this was refused, large stones were hurled upon the party, injuring many. The police imprudently fired all together upon the most prominent assailants, killing two; the fact of their muskets being then unloaded was at once taken advantage of, and a furious hand to hand attack made upon them with pitchforks, scythes, reaping hooks, &c. The officer and fourteen of the men were at once murdered and eight others badly wounded, including the process server, who, with two of the constables, died the next day.

If the police at Michelstown had not used their firearms, is it not probable that they too might have been overpowered with perhaps similar or more disastrous results? If they had had none to use, can it be asserted that the loss of life would have been less?

The Force deserves well of this country; they have at all times, and never more than during the last seven years, rendered willing and invaluable service to the State, and while their country is continually torn to pieces by religious and political agitation, these men, though strong in their religious feelings and no doubt more or less imbued with political opinions, learn in their disciplined life to be kindly tolerant of each other's views, and beyond reach of the intimidation which overpowers the wills of their fellow-countrymen, they remain unmoved by outside agitation. No doubt that in every large force there must be some members undeserving of confidence, but those who in this force have shown themselves improperly influenced by sympathy with rebellious agitation have been infinitesimally few; and so long as it remains the "Royal Irish Constabulary" and its members are supported in the execution of their duty, they may be relied upon in the future as in the past.

Their service during the last half century is the brightest page in Irish history, and goes far to prove what, if only permitted to show itself, is the true feeling of the Irish people.

R. BRUCE.

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The Waiting Supper.

BY THOMAS HARDY.
AUTHOR OF "THE WOODLANDERS," ETC.

I.

WHOEVER had perceived the yeoman's tall figure standing on Squire Everard's lawn in the dusk of that October evening fifty years ago, might have said at first sight that he was loitering there from idle curiosity. For a large five-light window of the manor-house in front of him was unshuttered and uncurtained, so that the illuminated room within could be scanned almost to its four corners. Obviously nobody was ever expected to be in this part of the grounds after nightfall.

The apartment thus commanded by an eye from without was occupied by two persons only; they were sitting over dessert, the tablecloth having been removed in the old-fashioned way. The fruits were local, consisting of apples, pears, nuts, and such other products of the summer as might be presumed to grow on the estate. There was strong ale and rum on the table, and but little wine. Moreover, the appointments of the dining-room were simple and homely even for the date, betokening a countrified household of the smaller gentry, without much wealth or ambition—formerly a numerous class, but now in great part ousted by the territorial landlords.

One of the two sitters was a young lady in white muslin, who listened somewhat impatiently to the remarks of her companion, an elderly, rubicund personage, whom the merest stranger could have pronounced to be her father. The watcher evinced no signs of moving, and it became evident that affairs were not so simple as they first had seemed. The tall farmer was in fact no accidental spectator, and he stood by premeditation close to the trunk of a tree, so that had any traveller passed along the

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road without the park gate, or even along the drive to the door, that person would scarce have noticed the other, notwithstanding that the gate was quite near at hand, and the park little larger than a paddock. There was still light enough in the western heaven to faintly brighten one side of the man's face, and to show against the dark mass of foliage behind the admirable cut of his profile; also to reveal that the front of the manor-house, small though it seemed, was solidly built of stone in that never-to-be-surpassed style for the English country residence—the mullioned and transomed Elizabethan.

The lawn, although neglected, was still as level as a bowling-green—which indeed it might once have served for; and the blades of grass before the window were raked by the candle-shine, which stretched over them so far as to touch faintly the yeoman's face on that side.

Within the dining-room there were also, with one of the twain, the same signs of a hidden purpose that marked the farmer. The young lady's mind was straying as clearly into the shadows as that of the loiterer was fixed upon the room—nay, it could be said that she was even cognisant of the presence of him outside. Impatience caused her little foot to beat silently on the carpet, and she more than once rose to leave the table. This proceeding was checked by her father, who would put his hand upon her shoulder, and unceremoniously press her down into her chair, till he should have concluded his observations. Her replies were brief enough, and there was factitiousness in her smiles of assent to his views. A small iron casement between two of the mullions was open, so that some occasional words of the dialogue were audible without.

"As for drains—how can I put in drains? The pipes don't cost much, that's true; but the labour in sinking the trenches is ruination. And then the gates—they should be hung to stone posts, otherwise there's no keeping them up through harvest." The Squire's voice was strongly toned with the local accent, so that he said "draïns" and "geäts" like the rustics on his estate.

The landscape without grew darker, and the young man's figure seemed to be absorbed into the trunk of the tree. The small stars filled in between the larger, the nebulæ between the small stars, the trees quite lost their voice; and if there was still a sound, it was the purl of a stream which stretched along under the trees that bounded the lawn on its northern side.

At last the young girl did get to her feet, and so secured her

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retreat. "I have something to do, papa," she said. "I shall not be in the drawing-room just yet."

"Very well," replied he. "Then I won't hurry." And closing the door behind her, he drew his decanters together, and settled down in his chair.

Three minutes after that, a female shape emerged from a little garden-door which admitted from the lawn to the entrance front, and came across the grass. She kept well clear of the dining-room window, but enough of its light fell on her to show, escaping from the long dark-hooded cloak that she wore, stray verges of the same light dress which had figured but recently at the dinner-table. The hood was contracted tight about her face with a drawing-string, making her countenance small and baby-like, and lovelier even than before.

Without hesitation she brushed across the grass to the tree under which the young man stood concealed. The moment she had reached him he enclosed her form with his arm. The meeting and embrace, though by no means formal, were yet not passionate; the whole proceeding was that of persons who had repeated the act so often as to be unconscious of its performance. She turned within his arm, and faced in the same direction with himself, which was towards the window; and thus they stood without speaking, the back of her head leaning against his shoulder. For a while each seemed to be thinking his and her diverse thoughts.

"You have kept me waiting a long time, dear Christine," he said at last. "I wanted to speak to you particularly, or I should not have stayed. How came you to be dining at this time o' night?"

"My father has been out all day, and dinner was put back till five o'clock. I know I have kept you; but Nicholas, how can I help it sometimes, if I am not to run any risk? My poor father insists upon my listening to all he has to say; since my brother left he has had nobody else to listen to him; and to-night he was particularly tedious on his usual topics—draining, and tenant-farmers, and the village people. I must take daddy to London; he gets so narrow always staying here."

"And what did you say to it all?"

"Oh, I took the part of the tenant-farmers, of course, as the beloved of one should in duty do." There followed a little break or gasp, implying a strangled sigh.

"You are sorry you have encouraged that beloving one?"

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"O no, Nicholas. . . . What is it you want to see me for particularly?"

"I know you *are* sorry, as time goes on, and everything is at a dead lock, with no prospect of change, and your rural swain loses his freshness! Only think, this secret understanding between us has lasted near three year, ever since you was a little over sixteen."

"Yes; it has been a long time."

"And I an untamed uncultivated man, who has never seen London, and who knows nothing about society at all."

"Not uncultivated, dear Nicholas. Untravelled, socially unpractised, if you will," she said smiling. "Well, I did sigh; but not because I regret being your plighted one. What I do sometimes regret is that the scheme, which my meetings with you are but a part of, has not been carried out in its entirety. You said, Nicholas, that if I consented to swear to keep faith with you, you would go away and travel, and see nations, and peoples, and cities, and take a professor with you, and study books and art, simultaneously with your study of men and manners; and then come back at the end of two years, when I should find that my father would by no means be indisposed to accept you as a son-in-law. You said your reason for wishing to get my promise before starting was that your mind would then be more at rest when you were far away, and so could give itself more completely to knowledge, than if you went as my unaccepted lover only, fuming with anxiety as to my favour when you came back. I saw how reasonable that was; and solemnly plighted myself to you in consequence. But instead of going to see the world, you stay on and on here to see me."

"And you don't want me to see you?"

"Yes—no—it is not that. It is that I have latterly felt frightened at what I am doing when not in your actual presence. It seems so wicked not to tell my father that I have a lover close at hand, within touch and view of both of us; whereas, if you were absent my conduct would not seem quite so treacherous. The realities would not stare at one so. You would be a pleasant dream to me, which I should be free to indulge in without reproach of my conscience; I should live in hopeful expectation of your returning fully qualified to boldly claim me of my father. There, I have been terribly frank, I know."

He in his turn had lapsed into gloomy breathings now. "I did plan it as you state," he answered. "I did mean to go

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away the moment I had your promise. But, dear Christine, I did not foresee two or three things. I did not know what a lot of pain it would cost to tear myself from you. And I did not know that my miserly uncle—heaven forgive me calling him so!—would so positively refuse to advance me money for my purpose—the scheme of travelling with an accomplished tutor costing a formidable sum o' money. You have no idea what it would cost!"

"But I have said that I'll find the money."

"Ah, there," he returned, "you have hit a sore place. To speak truly, dear, I would rather stay unpolished a hundred years than take your money."

"But why? Men continually use the money of the women they marry."

"Yes; but not till afterwards. No man would like to touch your money at present, and I should feel very mean if I were to do so in present circumstances. That brings me to what I was going to propose. But no—upon the whole I will not propose it now."

"Ah! I would guarantee expenses, and you won't let me! The money is my personal possession: it comes to me from my late grandfather, and not from my father at all."

He laughed forcedly and pressed her hand. "There are more reasons why I cannot tear myself away," he added. "What would become of my uncle's farming? Six hundred acres in this parish, and five hundred in the next—a constant traipsing from one farm to the other; he can't be in two places at once. Still, that might be got over if it were not for the other matters. Besides, dear, I still should be a little uneasy, even though I have your promise, lest somebody should snap you up away from me."

"Ah, you should have thought of that before. Otherwise I have committed myself for nothing."

"I should have thought of it," he answered, gravely. "But I did not. There lies my fault, I admit it freely. Ah, if you would only commit yourself a little more, I might at least get over that difficulty! But I won't ask you. You have no idea how much you are to me still; you could not argue so coolly if you had. What property belongs to you I hate the very sound of; it is you I care for. I wish you hadn't a farthing in the world but what I could earn for you!"

"I don't altogether wish that," she murmured.

"I wish it, because it would have made what I was going to

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propose much easier to do than it is now. Indeed I will not propose it, although I came on purpose, after what you have said in your frankness."

"Nonsense, Nic. Come, tell me. How can you be so touchy!"

"Look at this then, Christine dear." He drew from his breast-pocket a sheet of paper and unfolded it, when it was observable that a seal dangled from the bottom

"What is it?" She held the paper sideways, so that what there was of window-light fell on its surface. "I can only read the old-English letters—why—our names! Surely it is not a marriage-licence?"

"It is."

She trembled. "Oh, Nic; how could you do this—and without telling me!"

"Why should I have thought I must tell you? You had not spoken 'frankly' then as you have now. We have been all to each other more than these two years, and I thought I would propose that we marry privately, and that I then leave you on the instant. I would have taken my travelling-bag to church, and you would have gone home alone. I should not have started on my adventures in the brilliant manner of our original plan, but should have roughed it a little at first; my great gain would have been that the absolute possession of you would have enabled me to work with spirit and purpose, such as nothing else could do. But I dare not ask you now—so frank as you have been."

She did not answer. The document he had produced gave such unexpected substantiality to the venture with which she had so long toyed as a vague dream merely, that she was, in truth, frightened a little. "I—don't know about it!" she said.

"Perhaps not. Ah, my little lady, you are wearying of me!"

"No, Nic," responded she, creeping closer. "I am not. Upon my word, and truth, and honour, I am not, Nic."

"A mere tiller of the soil, as I should be called," he continued, without heeding her. "And you—well, a daughter of one of the—I won't say oldest families, because that's absurd, all families are the same age—one of the longest chronicled families about here, whose name is actually the name of the place."

"That's not much, I am sorry to say! My poor brother—but I won't speak of that. . . . Well," she murmured mischievously, after a pause, "you certainly would not need to be

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uneasy if I were to do this that you want me to do. You would have me safe enough in your trap then; I couldn't get away!"

"That's just it!" he said vehemently. "It *is* a trap—you feel it so, and that though you wouldn't be able to get away from me you might particularly wish to! Ah, if I had asked you two years ago you would have agreed instantly. But I thought I was bound to wait for the proposal to come from you as the superior!"

"Now you are angry, and take seriously what I meant purely in fun. You don't know me even yet! To show you that you have not been mistaken in me, I *do* propose to carry out this licence. I'll marry you, dear Nicholas, to-morrow morning."

"Ah, Christine! I am afraid I have stung you on to this, so that I cannot——"

"No, no, no!" she hastily rejoined; and there was something in her tone which suggested that she had been put upon her mettle and would not flinch. "Take me whilst I am in the humour. What church is the licence for?"

"That I've not looked to see—why our parish church here, of course. Ah, then we cannot use it! We dare not be married here."

"We do dare," said she. "And we will too, if you'll be there."

"*If* I'll be there!"

They speedily came to an agreement that he should be in the church-porch at ten minutes to eight on the following morning, awaiting her; and that, immediately after the conclusion of the service which would make them one, Nicholas should set out on his long-deferred educational tour, towards the cost of which she was resolving to bring a substantial subscription with her to church. Then, slipping from him, she went indoors by the way she had come, and Nicholas bent his steps homewards.

II.

Instead of leaving the lawn by the gate, he flung himself over the fence, and pursued a direction towards the river under the trees. And it was now, in his lonely progress, that he showed for the first time outwardly that he was not altogether unworthy of her. He wore long water-boots reaching above his knees, and, instead of making a circuit to find a bridge

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by which he might cross the Swenn—as the river aforesaid was called—he made straight for the point whence proceeded the low roar that was at this hour the only evidence of the stream's existence. He speedily stood on the verge of the waterfall which caused the noise, and stepping into the water at the top of the same, waded through with the sure tread of one who knew every inch of his footing, even though the canopy of trees rendered the darkness almost absolute, and a false step would have precipitated him into the pool beneath. Soon reaching the boundary of the grounds, he continued in the same direct line to traverse the alluvial valley, full of brooks and tributaries to the main stream—in former times quite impassable, and impassable in winter now. Sometimes he would cross a deep gulley on a plank not wider than the hand; at another time he ploughed his way through beds of spear-grass, where at a few feet to the right or left he might have been sucked down into a morass. At last he reached firm land on the other side of this watery tract, and came to his house on the rise behind—an ordinary farmstead, from the back of which rose indistinct breathings, belchings, and snortings, the rattle of halters, and other familiar features of an agriculturist's home.

While Nicholas Long was packing his bag in an upper room of this dwelling, Miss Christine Everard sat at a desk in her own chamber at Swenn-Everard manor-house, looking with pale fixed countenance at the candles.

"I ought—I must now!" she whispered to herself. "I should not have begun it if I had not meant to carry it through! It runs in the blood of us, I suppose." She alluded to a fact unknown to her lover, the clandestine marriage of an aunt under circumstances somewhat similar to the present. In a few minutes she had penned the following note:—

"October 13, 1838.

"DEAR MR. EASTMAN,—Can you make it convenient to yourself to meet me at the Church to-morrow morning at eight? I name the early hour because it would suit me better than later on in the day. You will find me in the chancel, if you can come. An answer yes or no by the bearer of this will be sufficient. "CHRISTINE EVERARD."

She sent the note to the rector immediately, waiting at a small side-door of the house till she heard the servant's footsteps returning along the lane, when she went round and met him in

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the passage. The rector had taken the trouble to write a line, and answered that he would meet her with pleasure.

A dripping fog which ushered in the next morning was highly favourable to the scheme of the pair. At that time of the century Swenn-Everard House had not been altered into a farm-homestead; the public lane passed close under its walls; and there was a door opening directly from one of the old parlours—the south parlour, as it was called—into the lane which led to the village. Christine came out this way, and after following the lane for a short distance entered upon a path within a belt of plantation, by which the church could be reached privately. She even avoided the churchyard gate, walking along to a place where the turf without the low wall rose into a mound, enabling her to mount upon the coping and spring down inside. She crossed the wet graves, and so glided round to the door. He was there, with his bag in his hand. He kissed her with a sort of surprise, as if he had expected that at the last moment her heart would fail her.

Though it had not failed her, there was, nevertheless, no great ardour in Christine's bearing—merely the momentum of an antecedent impulse. They went up the aisle together, the bottle-green glass of the old lead quarries admitting but little light at that hour, and under such an atmosphere. They stood by the altar-rail in silence, Christine's skirt visibly quivering at each beat of her heart.

Presently a quick step ground upon the gravel, and Mr. Eastman came round by the front. He was a quiet bachelor, courteous towards Christine, and not at first recognizing in Nicholas a neighbouring yeoman (for he lived in a remote part of the parish), advanced to her without revealing any surprise at her unusual request. But in truth he was surprised, the keen interest taken by many country young women at the present day in church decoration and festivals being then unknown.

"Good morning," he said; and repeated the same words to Nicholas more mechanically.

"Good morning," she replied gravely. "Mr. Eastman, I have a serious reason for asking you to meet me—us, I may say. We wish you to marry us."

The rector's gaze hardened to fixity, rather between than upon either of them, and he neither moved nor replied for some time.

"Ah!" he said at last.

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"And we are quite ready."

"I had no idea——"

"It has been kept rather private," she said calmly.

"Where are your witnesses?"

"They are outside in the meadow, sir. I can call them in a moment," said Nicholas.

"Oh—I see it is—Mr. Nicholas Long," said Mr. Eastman, and turning again to Christine, "Does your father know of this?"

"Is it necessary that I should answer that question, Mr. Eastman?"

"I am afraid it is—highly necessary."

Christine began to look concerned.

"Where is the licence?" the rector asked; "since there have been no banns."

Nicholas produced it, Mr. Eastman read it, an operation which occupied him several minutes—or at least he made it appear so; till Christine said impatiently, "We are quite ready, Mr. Eastman. Will you proceed? Mr. Long has to take a journey of a great many miles to-day."

"And you?"

"No. I remain."

Mr. Eastman assumed firmness. "There is something wrong in this," he said. "I cannot marry you without your father's presence."

"But have you a right to refuse us?" interposed Nicholas. "I believe we are in a position to demand your fulfilment of our request."

"No you are not! Is Miss Everard of age? I think not. I think she is far from being so. Eh, Miss Everard?"

"Am I bound to tell that?"

"Certainly. At any rate you are bound to write it. Meanwhile I refuse to solemnize the service. And let me entreat you two young people to do nothing so rash as this, even if by going to some strange church, you may do so without discovery. The tragedy of marriage——"

"Tragedy?"

"Certainly. It is full of crises and catastrophes, and ends with the death of one of the actors. The tragedy of marriage, as I was saying, is one I shall not be a party to your beginning with such light hearts, and I shall feel bound to put your father on his guard, Miss Everard. Think better of it, I entreat

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you! Remember the proverb, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'"

Christine grew passionate, almost stormed at him. Nicholas implored; but nothing would turn that obstinate rector. She sat down and painfully reflected. By-and-by she confronted Mr. Eastman.

"Our marriage is not to be this morning, I see," she said. "Now grant me one favour, and in return I'll promise you to do nothing rashly. Do not tell my father a word of what has happened here."

"I agree—if you undertake not to elope."

She looked at Nicholas, and he looked at her. "Do you wish me to elope, Nic?" she asked.

"No," he said.

So the compact was made, and they left the church singly, Nicholas remaining till the last, and closing the door. On his way home, carrying the well-packed bag which was just now to go no further, the two men who were mending water-carriers in the meadows approached the hedge, as if they had been on the alert all the time.

"You said you mid want us for zummat, sir?"

"All right—never mind," he answered through the hedge. "I did not require you after all."

III.

At a neighbouring manor there lived a queer and primitive couple who had lately been blessed with a son and heir. The christening took place during the week under notice, and this had been followed by a feast to the parishioners. Christine's father, one of the same generation and kind, had been asked to drive over and assist in the entertainment, and Christine, as a matter of course, accompanied him.

When they reached Eldhampton Hall, as the house was called, they found the usually quiet nook a lively spectacle. Tables had been spread in the apartment which lent its name to the whole building—the hall proper—covered with a fine open-timbered roof, whose braces, purlins and rafters made a brown thicket of oak overhead. Here tenantry of all ages sat with their wives and families, and the servants were assisted in their ministrations by the sons and daughters of the owner's friends and neighbours. Christine lent a hand among the rest.

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She was holding a plate in each hand towards a huge brown platter of baked rice-pudding, from which a footman was scooping a large spoonful, when a voice reached her ear over her shoulder: "Allow me to hold them for you."

Christine turned, and recognised in the speaker the nephew of the entertainer, a young man from London, whom she had already met on two or three occasions. She accepted the proffered help, and from that moment, whenever he passed her in their marchings to and fro during the remainder of the serving, he smiled acquaintance. When their work was done, he improved the few words into a conversation. He plainly had been attracted by her fairness.

Bellston was a self-assured young man, not particularly good-looking, with more colour in his skin than even Nicholas had. He had flushed a little in attracting her notice, though the flush had nothing of nervousness in it—the air with which it was accompanied making it curiously suggestive of a flush of anger; and even when he laughed it was difficult to banish that fancy.

The rich autumn sunlight streamed in through the window-panes upon the heads and shoulders of the venerable patriarchs of the hamlet, and upon the middle-aged, and upon the young; upon men and women who had played out, or were to play, tragedies or tragi-comedies in that nook of civilization not less great, humanly, than those which, enacted on more central arenas, fix the attention of the world. One of the party was a cousin of Nicholas Long's, who sat with her husband and children.

To make himself as locally harmonious as possible, Mr. Bellston remarked to his companion on the scene—

"It does one's heart good," he said, "to see these simple peasants enjoying themselves."

"Oh, Mr. Bellston!" exclaimed Christine; "don't be too sure about that word 'simple'! You little think what they see and meditate! Their reasonings and emotions are as complicated as ours."

She spoke with a vehemence which would have been hardly present in her words but for her own relation to Nicholas. The sense of that produced in her a nameless depression thence-forward. The young man, however, still followed her up.

"I am glad to hear you say it," he returned warmly. "I was merely attuning myself to your mood, as I thought. The real truth is that I know more of the Parthians, and Medes, and

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dwellers in Mesopotamia—almost of any people, indeed—than of the English rustics. Travel and exploration are my profession, not the study of the British peasantry."

Travel. There was sufficient coincidence between his declaration and the course she had urged upon her lover, to lend Bellston's account of himself a certain interest in Christine's ears. He might perhaps be able to tell her something that would be useful to Nicholas, if their dream were carried out. A door opened from the hall into the garden, and she somehow found herself outside, chatting with Mr. Bellston on this topic, till she thought that, upon the whole, she liked the young man. The garden being his uncle's, he took her round it with an air of proprietorship; and they went on amongst the Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums, and through a door to the fruit-garden. A green-house was open, and he went in and cut her a bunch of grapes.

"How daring of you! They are your uncle's."

"Oh, he don't mind—I do anything here. A rough old buffer, isn't he?"

She was thinking of her Nic, and felt that by comparison with her present acquaintance, the farmer more than held his own as a fine and intelligent fellow; but the harmony with her own existence in little things, which she found here, imparted an alien tinge to Nicholas just now. The latter, idealized by moonlight, or a thousand miles of distance, was altogether a more romantic object for a woman's dream than this smart new-lacquered man; but in the sun of afternoon, and amid a surrounding company, Mr. Bellston was a very tolerable companion.

When they re-entered the hall, Bellston entreated her to come with him up a spiral stair in the thickness of the wall, leading to a passage and gallery, whence they could look down upon the scene below. The people had finished their feast, the newly-christened baby had been exhibited, and a few words having been spoken to them they began, amid a racketing of forms, to make for the greensward without, Nicholas's cousin and cousin's wife and cousin's children among the rest. While they were filing out, a voice was heard calling—

"Hullo!—here, Jim; where are you?" said Bellston's uncle. The young man descended, Christine following at leisure.

"Now will ye be a good fellow," the Squire continued, "and set them going outside in some dance or other that they know?

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I'm dead tired, and I want to have a vew words with Mr. Everard before we join 'em—hey, Everard? They are shy till somebody starts 'em; afterwards they'll keep gwine brisk enough."

"Ay, that they wool," said Squire Everard.

They followed to the lawn; and here it proved that James Bellston was as shy, or rather as averse, as any of the tenantry themselves, to acting the part of fugleman. Only the parish people had been at the feast, but outlying neighbours had now strolled in for a dance.

"They want 'Speed the Plough,'" said Bellston, coming up breathless. "It must be a country dance, I suppose? Now, Miss Everard, do have pity upon me. I am supposed to lead off; but really I know no more about speeding the plough than a child just born! Would you take one of the villagers?—just to start them, my uncle says. Suppose you take that handsome young farmer over there—I don't know his name, but I dare say you do—and I'll come on with one of the dairyman's daughters as second couple."

Christine turned in the direction signified, and changed colour—though in the shade nobody noticed it. "Oh, yes—I know him," she said coolly. "He is from our own place—Mr. Nicholas Long."

"That's capital—then you can easily make him stand as first couple with you. Now I must pick up mine."

"I—I think I'll dance with you, Mr. Bellston," she said with some trepidation. "Because, you see," she explained eagerly, "I know the figure, and you don't—so that I can help you; while Nicholas Long, I know, is familiar with the figure, and that will make two couples who know it—which is necessary, at least."

Bellston showed his gratification by one of his angry-pleasant flushes—he had hardly dared to ask for what she proffered freely; and having requested Nicholas to take the dairyman's daughter, led Christine to her place, Long promptly stepping up second with his charge. There were grim silent depths in Nic's character; a small deedy spark in his eye, as it caught Christine's, was all that showed his consciousness of her. Then the fiddlers began—the celebrated Mellstock fiddlers who, given free stripping, could play from sunset to dawn without turning a hair. The couples wheeled and swung, Nicholas taking Christine's hand in the course of business with the figure,

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when she waited for him to give it a little squeeze ; but he did not.

Christine had the greatest difficulty in steering her partner through the maze, on account of his self-will, and when at last they reached the bottom of the long line, she was breathless with her hard labour. Resting here, she watched Nic and his lady ; and, though she had decidedly cooled off in these later months, began to admire him anew. Nobody knew these dances like him, after all, or could do anything of this sort so well. His performance with the dairyman's daughter so won upon her, that when "Speed the Plough" was over she contrived to speak to him.

"Nic, you are to dance with me next time."

He said he would, and presently asked her in a formal public manner, lifting his hat gallantly. She showed a little backwardness, which he quite understood, and allowed him to lead her to the top, a row of enormous length appearing below them as if by magic as soon as they had taken their places. Truly the Squire was right when he said that they only wanted starting.

"What is it to be?" whispered Nicholas.

She turned to the band. "'The Honeymoon,'" she said.

And then they trod the delightful last-century measure of that name, which if it had been ever danced better, was never danced with more zest. The perfect responsiveness which their tender acquaintance threw into the motions of Nicholas and his partner lent to their gyrations the fine adjustment of two interacting parts of a single machine. The excitement of the movement carried Christine back to the time—the unreflecting passionate time, about two years before—when she and Nic had been incipient lovers only ; and it made her forget the carking anxieties, the vision of social breakers ahead, that had begun to take the gilding off her position now. Nicholas, on his part, had never ceased to be a lover ; no personal worries had as yet made him conscious of any staleness, flatness, or unprofitableness in his admiration of Christine.

"Not quite so wildly, Nic," she whispered. "I don't object personally ; but they'll notice us. How came you here?"

"I heard that you had driven over ; and I set out—on purpose for this."

"What—you have walked?"

"Yes. If I had waited for one of uncle's horses I should have been too late."

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"Eleven miles here and eleven back—two-and-twenty miles on foot—merely to dance!"

"With you. What made you think of this old 'Honeymoon' thing?"

"Oh! it came into my head when I saw you, as what would have been a reality with us if you had not been stupid about that licence, and had got it for a distant church."

"Shall we try again?"

"No—I don't know. I'll think it over."

The villagers admired their grace and skill, as the dancers themselves perceived; but they did not know what accompanied that admiration in one spot, at least.

"People who wonder they can foot it so featly together should know what some others think," a waterman was saying to his neighbour. "Then their wonder would be less."

His comrade asked for information.

"Well—really I hardly believe it—but 'tis said they be man and wife. Yes, sure—went to church and did the job a'most afore 'twas light one morning. But mind, not a word of this; for 'twould be the loss of a winter's work to me if I had spread such a report and it were not true."

When the dance had ended she rejoined her own section of the company. Her father and Mr. Bellston the elder had now come out from the house, and were smoking in the background. Presently she found that her father was at her elbow.

"Christine, don't dance too often with young Long—as a mere matter of prudence, I mean, as volk might think it odd, he being oone of our own parish people. I should not mention this to 'ee if he were an ordinary young fellow; but being superior to the rest it behoves you to be careful."

"Exactly, papa," said Christine.

But the revived sense that she was deceiving him threw a damp over her spirits. "But, after all," she said to herself, "he is a young man of Swenn-Everard, handsome, able, and the soul of honour; and I am a young woman of that place, who have been constantly thrown into communication with him. Is it not, by nature's rule, the most proper thing in the world that I should marry him, and is it not an absurd conventional regulation which says that such a union would be wrong?"

It may be concluded that the strength of Christine's large-minded argument was rather an evidence of weakness than of strength in the passion it concerned, which had required

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neither argument nor reasoning of any kind for its maintenance: when full and flush in its early days.

When driving home in the dark with her father, she sank into pensive silence. She was thinking of Nicholas having to trudge on foot all those eleven miles after his exertions on the sward. Mr. Everard, arousing himself from a nap, said suddenly, "I have something to mention to ye, by George—so I have, Chris! You probably know what it is?"

She wondered if her father had discovered anything of her secret.

"Well, according to *him* you know. But I will tell 'ee. Perhaps you noticed young Jim Bellston walking me off down the lawn with him?—whether or no, we walked together a good while; and he informed me that he wanted to pay his addresses to 'ee. I naturally said that it depended upon yourself; and he replied that you was willing enough; you had given him particular encouragement—showing your preference for him by specially choosing him for your partner—hey? 'In that case,' says I, 'go on and conquer—settle it with her—I have no objection.' The poor fellow was very grateful, and in short, there we left the matter. He'll propose to-morrow."

She saw now to her dismay what James Bellston had read as encouragement. "He has mistaken me altogether," she said. "I had no idea of such a thing."

"What, you won't have him?"

"Indeed, I cannot!"

"Chrissy," said Mr. Everard with emphasis, "there's *noo*body whom I should so like you to marry as that young man. He's a thoroughly clever fellow, and fairly well provided for. He's travelled all over the temperate zone; but he says that directly he marries he's going to give up all that, and be a regular stay-at-home. You would be nowhere safer than in his hands."

"It is true," she answered. "He *is* a highly desirable match, and I *should* be well provided for, and probably very safe in his hands."

"Then don't be skittish, and stand-to."

She had spoken from her conscience and understanding, and not to please her father. As a reflecting woman she believed that such a marriage would be a wise one. In great things Nicholas was closest to her nature; in little things Bellston seemed immeasurably nearer than Nic; and life was made up of little things.

Altogether the firmament looked black for Nicholas Long,

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notwithstanding her half-hour's ardour for him when she saw him dancing with the dairyman's daughter. Most great passions, movements, and beliefs—individual and national—burst during their decline into a temporary irradiation, which rivals their original splendour; and then they speedily become extinct. Perhaps the dance had given the last flare-up to Christine's love. It seemed to have improvidently consumed for its immediate purpose all her ardour forwards, so that for the future there was nothing left but frigidity.

Nicholas had certainly been very foolish about that licence!

IV.

This laxity of emotional tone was further increased by an incident, when, two days later, she kept an appointment with Nicholas in the Sallows. The Sallows was an extension of shrubberies and plantations along the banks of the Swenn, accessible from the lawn of Swenn-Everard House only, except by wading through the river at the waterfall or elsewhere. Near the fall was a thicket of box in which a trunk lay prostrate; this had been once or twice their trysting-place, though it was by no means a safe one; and it was here she sat awaiting him now.

The noise of the stream muffled any sound of footsteps, and it was before she was aware of his approach that she looked up and saw him wading across at the top of the waterfall.

Noontide lights and dwarfed shadows always banished the romantic aspect of her love for Nicholas. Moreover, something new had occurred to disturb her; and if ever she had regretted giving way to a tenderness for him—which perhaps she had not done with any distinctness—she regretted it now. Yet in the bottom of their hearts those two were excellently paired, the very twin halves of a perfect whole; and their love was pure. But at this hour surfaces showed garishly, and obscured the depths. Probably her regret appeared in her face.

He walked up to her without speaking, the water running from his boots; and, taking one of her hands in each of his own, looked narrowly into her eyes.

"Have you thought it over?"

"What?"

"Whether we shall try again; you remember saying you would at the dance?"

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"Oh, I had forgotten that!"

"You are sorry we tried at all!" he said accusingly.

"I am not so sorry for the fact as for the rumours," she said.

"Ah! rumours?"

"They say we are already married."

"Who?"

"I cannot tell exactly. I heard some whispering to that effect. Somebody in the village told one of the servants, I believe. This man said that he was crossing the churchyard early on that unfortunate foggy morning, and heard voices in the chancel, and peeped through the window as well as the dim panes would let him; and there he saw you and me and Mr. Eastman, and so on; but thinking his surmises would be dangerous knowledge, he hastened on. And so the story got afloat. Then your aunt, too——"

"Good Lord!—what has she done?"

"The story was told her, and she said proudly, 'Oh yes, it is true enough. I have seen the licence. But it is not to be known yet.'"

"Seen the licence? How the——"

"Accidentally, I believe, when your coat was hanging somewhere."

The information, coupled with the infelicitous word "proudly," caused Nicholas to flush with mortification. He knew that it was in his aunt's nature to make a brag of that sort; but worse than the brag was the fact that this was the first occasion on which Christine had deigned to show her consciousness that such a marriage would be a source of pride to his relatives—the only two he had in the world.

"You are sorry, then, even to be thought my wife, much less to be it." He dropped her hand, which fell lifelessly.

"It is not sorry exactly, dear Nic. But I feel uncomfortable and vexed, that after screwing up my courage, my fidelity, to the point of going to church, you should have so muddled—managed the matter that it has ended in neither one thing nor the other. How can I meet acquaintances, when I don't know what they are thinking of me?"

"Then, dear Christine, let us mend the muddle. I'll go away for a few days and get another licence, and you can come to me."

She shrank from this perceptibly. "I cannot screw myself up to it a second time," she said. "I am sure I cannot!

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Besides, I promised Mr. Eastman. And yet how can I continue to see you after such a rumour? We shall be watched now, for certain."

"Then don't see me."

"I fear I must not for the present. Altogether——"

"What?"

"I am very depressed."

These views were not very inspiriting to Nicholas, as he construed them. It may indeed have been possible that he construed them wrongly, and should have insisted upon her making the rumour true. Unfortunately, too, he had come to her in a hurry through brambles and briars, water and weed, and the shaggy wildness which hung about his appearance at this fine and correct time of day lent an impracticability to the look of him.

"You blame me—you repent your courses—you repent that you ever, ever owned anything to me!"

"No, Nicholas, I do not repent that," she returned gently, though with firmness. "But I think that you ought not to have got that licence without asking me first; and I also think that you ought to have known how it would be if you lived on here in your present position, and made no effort to better it. I can bear whatever comes, for social ruin is not personal ruin, or even personal disgrace. But as a sensible, new-risen poet says, whom I have been reading this morning—

> 'The world and its ways have a certain worth:
> And to press a point while these oppose
> Were simple policy.'

As soon as you had got my promise, Nic, you should have gone away—yes—and made a name, and come back to claim me. That was my silly girlish dream about my hero."

"Perhaps I can do as much yet! And would you have indeed liked better to live away from me for family reasons, than to run a risk in seeing me for affection's sake? O what a cold heart it has grown! If I had been a prince, and you a dairy-maid, I'd have stood by you in the face of the world!"

She shook her head. "Ah—you don't know what society is—you don't know."

"Perhaps not. Who was that strange gentleman of about seven-and-twenty I saw at Mr. Bellston's christening feast?"

"Oh—that was his nephew James. Now he is a man who

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has seen an unusual extent of the world for his age. He is a great traveller, you know."

"Indeed."

"In fact an explorer. He is very entertaining."

"No doubt."

Nicholas received no shock of jealousy from her announcement. He knew her so well that he could see she was not in the least in love with Bellston. But he asked if Bellston were going to continue his explorations.

"Not if he settles in life. Otherwise he will, I suppose."

"Perhaps I could be a great explorer, too, if I tried."

"You could, I am sure."

They sat apart, and not together; each looking afar off at vague objects, and not in each other's eyes. Thus the sad autumn afternoon waned, while the waterfall hissed sarcastically of the inevitableness of the unpleasant. Very different this from the time when they had first met there.

The nook was most picturesque; but it looked horridly common and stupid now. Their sentiment had set a colour hardly less visible than a material one on surrounding objects, as sentiment must where life is but thought. Nicholas was as devoted as ever to the fair Christine: but unhappily he too had moods and humours; and the division between them was not closed.

She had no sooner got indoors and sat down to her work-table than her father entered the drawing-room. She handed him his newspaper; he took it without a word; went and stood on the hearthrug, and flung the paper on the floor.

"Christine, what's the meaning of this terrible story? I was just on my way to look at the register."

She looked at him without speech.

"You have married—Nicholas Long?"

"No, father."

"No? Can you say no in the face of such facts as I have been put in possession of?"

"Yes."

"But—the note you wrote to the rector—and the going to church?"

She briefly explained that their attempt had failed.

"Ah! Then this is what that dancing meant, was it? By ——, it makes me——. How long has this been going on, may I ask?"

"This what?"

"What, indeed? Why, making him your beau. Now listen

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to me. All's well that ends well; from this day, madam, this moment, he is to be nothing more to you. You are not to see him. Cut him adrift instantly! I only wish his volk were on my farm—out they should go, or I would know the reason why. However, you are to write him a letter to this effect at once."

"How can I cut him adrift?"

"Why not? You must, my good maid!"

"Well, though I have not actually married him, I have solemnly sworn to be his wife when he comes home from abroad to claim me. It would be gross perjury not to fulfil my promise. Besides, no woman can go to church with a man to deliberately solemnize matrimony, and refuse him afterwards, if he does nothing wrong meanwhile."

The uttered sound of her strong conviction seemed to kindle in Christine a livelier perception of all its bearings than she had known while it had lain unformulated in her mind. For when she had done speaking she fell down on her knees before her father, covered her face, and said, "Please, please forgive me, papa! How *could* I do it without letting you know! I don't know, I don't know!"

When she looked up she found that, in the turmoil of his mind, her father was moving about the room. "You are within an ace of ruining yourself, ruining me, ruining us all!" he said. "You are nearly as bad as your brother, begad!"

"Perhaps I am—yes—perhaps I am!"

"That I should father such a harum-scarum brood!"

"It is very bad; but Nicholas——"

"He's a scoundrel!"

"He is *not* a scoundrel!" cried she, turning quickly. "He's as good and worthy as you or I, or anybody bearing our name, or any nobleman in the kingdom, if you come to that! Only—only"—she could not continue the argument on those lines. "Now, father, listen!" she sobbed; "if you taunt me I'll go off and join him at his farm this very day, and marry him to-morrow, that's what I'll do!"

"I don't taant ye!"

"I wish to avoid unseemliness as much as you."

She went away. When she came back a quarter of an hour later, thinking to find the room empty, he was standing there as before, never having apparently moved. His manner had quite changed. He seemed to take a resigned and entirely different view of circumstances.

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"Christine, I have suffered more in this last haaf hour than I hope you may suffer all your life. But since this was to happen, I'll bear it, and not complain. All volk have crosses, and this is one of mine. Well, this is what I've got to say—I almost feel that you must carry out this attempt at marrying Nicholas Long. Faith, you must! The rumour will become a scandal if you don't—that's my view. I have tried to look at the brightest side of the case. Nicholas Long is a young man superior to most of his class, and fairly presentable. And he's not poor—at least his uncle is not. I believe the old muddler could buy me up any day. However, a farmer's wife you must be, as far as I can see. As you've made your bed, so ye must lie. Parents propose, and ungrateful children dispose. You shall marry him, and immediately."

Christine hardly knew what to make of this. "He is quite willing to wait, and so am I. We can wait for two or three years, and then he will be as worthy as——"

"You must marry him. And the sooner the better, if 'tis to be done at all. . . . And yet I did wish you could have been Jim Bellston's wife. I did wish it! But no."

"I did wish it, and do still, in one sense," she returned gently. His moderation had won her out of her defiant mood, and she was willing to reason with him.

"You do?" he said, surprised.

"I see that in a worldly sense my conduct may be considered a mistake."

"H'm—I am glad to hear that—after my death you may see it more clearly still; and you won't have long to wait, to my reckoning."

She fell into bitter repentance, and kissed him in her anguish. "Don't say that!" she cried. "Tell me what to do?"

"If you'll leave me for an hour or two I'll think. Drive to the market and back—the carriage is at the door—and I'll try to collect my senses. Dinner can be put back till you return."

In a few minutes she was dressed, and the carriag bore her up the hill which divided the village and manor from the market-town.

V.

A quarter of an hour brought her into the High Stıcet, and for want of a more important errand she called at thc harness-maker's for a dog-collar that she required.

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It happened to be market-day, and Nicholas, having postponed the engagements which called him thither to keep the appointment with her in the Sallows, rushed off at the end of the afternoon to attend to them as well as he could. Arriving thus in a great hurry on account of the lateness of the hour, he still retained the wild, amphibious appearance which had marked him when he came up from the meadows to her side—an exceptional condition of things which had scarcely ever before occurred. When she crossed the pavement from the shop door, the shopman bowing and escorting her to the carriage, Nicholas chanced to be standing at the road-waggon office, talking to the master of the waggons. There were a good many people about, and those near paused and looked at her transit, in the full stroke of the level October sun, which went under the brims of their hats, and pierced through their button-holes. From the group she heard murmured the words: "Mrs. Nicholas Long."

The unexpected remark, not without distinct satire in its tone, took her so greatly by surprise that she was confounded. Nicholas was by this time nearer, though coming against the sun he had not yet perceived her. Influenced by her father's lecture, she felt angry with him for being there and causing this awkwardness. Her notice of him was therefore slight, supercilious perhaps, slurred over; and her vexation at his presence showed distinctly in her face as she sat down in her seat. Instead of catching his waiting eye, she positively turned her head away.

A moment after she was sorry she had treated him so; but he was gone.

Reaching home she found on her dressing-table a note from her father. The statement was brief:

"I have considered and am of the same opinion. You must marry him. He can leave home at once and travel as proposed. I have written to him to this effect. I don't want any victuals, so don't wait dinner for me."

Nicholas was the wrong sort of man to be blind to his Christine's mortification, though he did not know its entire cause. He had lately foreseen something of this sort as possible.

"It serves me right," he thought, as he trotted homeward. "It was absurd—wicked of me to lead her on so. The sacrifice would have been too great—too cruel!" And yet, though he thus took her part, he flushed with indignation every time he said to himself, "She is ashamed of me!"

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On the ridge which overlooked Swenn-Everard he met a neighbour of his—a stock-dealer—in his gig, and they drew rein and exchanged a few words. A part of the dealer's conversation had much meaning for Nicholas.

"I've had occasion to call on Squire Everard," the former said; "but he couldn't see me on account of being quite knocked up at some bad news he has heard."

Nicholas rode on past Swenn-Everard to Homeston Farm, pondering. He had new and startling matter for thought as soon as he got there. The Squire's note had arrived. At first he could not credit its import; then he saw further, took in the tone of the letter, saw the writer's contempt behind the words, and understood that the letter was written as by a man hemmed into a corner. Christine was defiantly—insultingly—hurled at his head. He was accepted because he was so despised.

And yet with what respect he had treated her and hers! Now he was reminded of what an agricultural friend had said years ago, when the eyes of Nicholas were once fixed on Christine as on an angel as she passed: "Better a little fire to warm ye than a great one to burn ye. No good can come of throwing your heart there." He went into the mead, sat down, and asked himself four questions:—

1. How could she live near her acquaintance as his wife, even in his absence, without suffering martyrdom from the stings of their contempt?

2. Would not this entail total estrangement between Christine and her family also, and her own consequent misery?

3. Must not such isolation extinguish her affection for him?

4. Supposing that her father rigged them out as colonists and sent them off to America, was not the effect of such exile upon one of her gentle nurture likely to be as the last?

In short, whatever they should embark in together would be cruelty to her, and his death would be a relief. It would, indeed, in one aspect be a relief to her now, if she were so ashamed of him as she had appeared to be that day. Were he dead, this little episode with him would fade away like a dream.

Mr. Everard was a good-hearted man at bottom, but to take his enraged offer seriously was impossible. The least thing that he could do would be to go away and never trouble her more. To travel and learn and come back in two years, as mapped out in their first sanguine scheme, required a staunch heart on her side, if the necessary expenditure of time and money were to be

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afterwards justified; and it were folly to calculate on that when he had seen to-day that her heart was failing her already. To travel and disappear and not be heard of for many years would be a far more independent stroke, and it would leave her entirely unfettered. Perhaps he might rival in this kind the accomplished Mr. Bellston, of whose journeyings he had heard so much.

He sat and sat, and the fog rose out of the river, enveloping him like a fleece; first his feet and knees, then his arms and body, and finally submerging his head. When he had come to a decision he went up again into the homestead. He would be independent, if he died for it, and he would free Christine. Exile was the only course. The first step was to inform his uncle of his determination.

Two days later Nicholas was on the same spot in the mead, at almost the same hour of eve. But there was no fog now; a blusterous autumn wind had ousted the still, golden days and misty nights; and he was going, full of purpose, in the opposite direction. When he had last entered the mead he was an inhabitant of the Swenn valley; in forty-eight hours he had severed himself from that spot as completely as if he had never belonged to it. All that appertained to him in the Swenn valley now was circumscribed by the portmanteau in his hand.

In making his preparations for departure he had unconsciously held a faint, foolish hope that she would communicate with him and make up their estrangement in some soft womanly way. But she had given no signal, and it was too evident to him that her latest mood had grown to be her fixed one, proving how well-founded had been his impulse to set her free.

He entered the Sallows, found his way in the dark to the garden-door of the house, slipped under it a note to tell her of his departure, and explaining its true reason to be a consciousness of her growing feeling that he was an encumbrance and a humiliation. Of the direction of his journey and of the date of his return he said nothing.

His course now took him into the high road, which he pursued for some miles in a north-easterly direction, still spinning the thread of sad inferences, and asking himself why he should ever return. At daybreak he stood on the hill above Shottsford-Forum, and awaited a coach which passed about this time along that highway towards Salisbury and London.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

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A Purely Personal Matter.

WHEN staying in Lancashire many years ago, I used often to hear this saying, "There's nowt so queer as foak."

During my connection with the German Reed Entertainment, a period covering the whole of my professional career, I have sung at numerous private parties.

No startling events have happened, it is true—no hairbreadth escapes, no wandering in strange lands, singing to half-civilized ruffians in the Far West, or the Far East. No! life has gone fairly smoothly. Still, even in the well-ordered, well-to-do houses, where such entertainment as "Five o'Clock Teas" and "At Homes" are given, and where life is apparently smooth and pleasant, albeit somewhat monotonous, the old saying heard years ago often comes back to me, "There's nowt so queer as foak."

I have never kept a diary—whether wisely or not I cannot say—but my memory is fairly good; and in thinking over the varieties of places I have visited, houses I have sung at, and people I have met, many reminiscences crop up amusing to me; but whether they would prove so to others is a problem I am now endeavouring to solve, only hoping for forgiveness, should the pronoun "I" irritate by too frequent repetition in this "Purely Personal Matter."

In the first place, let me take this opportunity of saying that during the seventeen years of my professional career, wherever I have been, in town or country, at "Five o'Clock Teas" and "At Homes," I have experienced the greatest kindness and courtesy, and have made many personal friendships. I heard a story once, "*on the best authority*"—which *primâ facie* creates doubt—that I was once sent to dine in the Servants' Hall at a country house, and afterwards sent in what they were pleased to call my bill, with an extra charge of five guineas for my wounded

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feelings. Needless to say the story is a gross fabrication, and I am not certain that one would lose so much in some cases by dining in the Servants' Hall; but, speaking seriously, I have found nothing but kindness and courtesy.

If occasionally "things one would rather have left unsaid," or "things one would rather have left undone," have occurred, they have simply been the result of that thoughtlessness which characterizes us all at times—a thoughtlessness the perpetrator would be the first to acknowledge and—laugh at.

If I have found eccentricities in them, they have no doubt noticed the same in me. After all it is but water on the duck's back; we shake it off, and in five minutes the annoyance, if any exist, is forgotten, and we can shake hands and make merry over the recollection.

How monotonous our daily life would be without peculiarities! They are the sauces that give character and flavour.

I sometimes think that my experiences must be somewhat similar to those of waiters. They must see much the same sort of society—like myself they are "in the movement"—they look after the tea and ices; I am in the music department. But the waiter has this advantage: he entrenches himself behind an outwork of tables, and in the intervals of repose, can silently contemplate the ice-pails and the maid who is "washing up."

But I am not so lucky. I am often button-holed and put through a catechism, "How *do* you remember it all?" "Doesn't it fatigue you very much?" "Do you never catch cold?" "What do you do when you have a cold?" "Aren't you very tired of singing the same thing over and over again?"

But the person I like is the middle-aged man of blatant voice and retired-military-man appearance and manner, who comes up and says, "Um—er—that's rather good; really quite amusin'. I wonder—ah!—er—how you can remember all that nonsense!"

That class of man never pronounces the final "g." It is curious that it should be considered a sign of vulgarity to leave out the initial "h," while the "best people" take especial pains to do away with the final "g."

But who can account for the vagaries of Fashion?

For instance, who first introduced the present system of shaking hands in vogue among a certain set of "smart" London ladies? Why should the hands be lifted to the level of the shoulder, and then waggled to and fro horizontally? It is

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idiotic, but "the thing." And what does not Fashion do for music and musicians!

I think more humbug surrounds music than any other branch of art.

People are so afraid of saying what they really like, and will suffer tortures rather than confess that they hate classical music. I *did* find a lady the other day who at last spoke the truth as to the form of entertainment she liked; but even then she was half-hearted, and took shelter behind illness.

It was a question between a circus and a classical concert. The circus carried the day. "Since my recent attack of neuralgia," wrote the lady, "I am not equal to classical music." It was the truth, I am sure, but the neuralgia was used as a scapegoat.

However, far be it from me to complain. The "Five o' Clock Tea" and the "At Home" have been very good friends to me, and have provided me with much amusement, combined in many instances with instruction.

It is instructive, and a very healthy discipline, to find how little is known of many public men whose writings and doings you think a matter of world-wide interest.

I often find myself completely nonplussed in houses—both in town and country—by the fact that, when I tell the last good story I have heard at the Club about So-and-so, no one knows anything about the individual, though his novels, poems, or what-not may "lie on every drawing-room table."

It is healthy discipline to apply this ignorance to your own case, and it gives you very much the same sort of moral shock to your conceit that the traveller experiences on his return from abroad. He cannot imagine how the fellows at the Club can have got on without him; he can hear them in his imagination saying, "Where's old Dick? Why isn't he here? The Club don't seem like the same Club without old Dick." He rushes into the smoking-room, and one man notices him and says, "Oh! how are you? Have you been away?"

Then on the other hand there is the extraordinary knowledge of one's private affairs by the general public—a knowledge as minute as it is inaccurate. And I sometimes think, in my own case, if they can take the trouble to invent so much about a comic singer, how much more must they invent about an eminent statesman or Royal personage. And the public is so confident in its own infallibility, it will brook no contradictions. The

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first and original report remains in the public memory—the contradiction of it but seldom.

I was amused a season or two ago when a gentleman came up to me at an evening party and said, "You wear wonderfully well, going on singing all these years as you do. I wonder how you stand it at your time of life!" "Well," I said, "I'm not so very old; I'm only forty, and you talk of me as if I were fifty-five." "Oh, come," he said, "you're more than that; you're at least fifty-five if you're a day. Why, I've known you singing for these last twenty-five years!" I said, "I beg your pardon; I made my début May 16, 1870, at the age of twenty-five." "Oh, nonsense!" he said; "you're fifty-five if you're a day." I left him, merely remarking that I had no doubt he was right, and I *was* fifty-five; and I only hoped I should carry my years as well as he did when I reached *his* age. He was about forty-five in reality. And the funny thing is that he thought I was rather rude to him, *his* remarks having been the perfection of taste and tact.

Were I asked to give a short, true, and succinct account of my life, I should do it in the following manner:—

Surname	Grain.
Christian name . . .	Richard Corney.
Condition	Bachelor
Born	Oct. 26, 1844.
Education	Average middle class.
Profession	Barrister, April 30, 1866. Entertainer, May 16, 1870.

And there it is! "up to now!" But this is too commonplace a record of the truth for the public. I have been greeted as an old army man, an old naval man, and introduced to men who remembered me so well at Oxford or Cambridge—the latter rather shaking my belief in the veracity of man, seeing that I was never at any College or at any University.

My income is and has been stated for years to be £10,000. I am glad to hear it; but some one must have reduced it considerably "in transitu."

I have been twice to Egypt during the last nine years, the real reason being want of a little rest from daily work and shouting; but again the cause is too commonplace, and the public will accept nothing but "complete loss of brain power" or "consumption," the first leading by a head.

I am also at all times pleased to hear of my approaching marriage—the approach has now taken ten years to complete.

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I am glad that the lady—widow at times, sometimes a spinster—is about the right age, and very well off. Her people objected at first, but have at length come round, owing to my retirement from public life. The house I am going to inhabit has been pointed out—but there is a little "rift within the lute." No wedding presents have been sent, and I cannot ascertain the name of the lady. With Mrs. Gamp, I say most fervently and imploringly: "Give it a name!"

My unfortunate name is likewise the subject of much controversy. My parents played a very bad practical joke on me when they gave me the names in my baptism of Richard Corney. The proximity of Corney to Grain does look odd, I admit; but it is so written down in the Family Bible, and the Parish Registry of Teversham, Cambs. Sometimes I have letters addressed to Cornelius Grain—once a letter addressed Cornet Grain—and modest, retiring ladies sometimes apologise for writing to me by my "theatrical name," as they do not know "my real one."

I am sometimes claimed as an Irishman—all through my surname, and I have come to the conclusion that on the whole it has been far more trouble than it is worth. Rather an amusing episode occurred in a provincial town with reference to my name. A gentleman stopped me in the street, and said:

"Mr. Grain, I had the pleasure of meeting you some years ago, and I want to take this opportunity of introducing you to this young lady—a new cousin whom you have never seen."

I bowed. The young lady bowed—and I, bewildered, stammered out:

"I think there must be some mistake. I never heard the name in connection with my family!"

"But," said the gentleman, "you are Mr. Chichester Bolton, are you not?"

I said the name was very beautiful and sonorous, but unfortunately I could not lay claim to it. I said my name was Grain.

"Your real name?"

"My real name."

"I am very sorry," he said, "to have made this mistake; but the care-taker of the Assembly Rooms here said your real name was Chichester Bolton; and this young lady has a cousin of that name whom she has never seen!"

Thus did I gain and lose a new name; and, what is more, a charming cousin, in something under three minutes.

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There is a favourite little story anent my name which I have known, and welcomed with each fresh narrator as a novelty, for the last ten or twelve years. Two old ladies in the country were asked to an "Afternoon," where I was going to sing; and, seeing my name in the corner of the card, asked if it was a sort of "harvest drink." It is told differently at times, but mine is the earliest extant edition. My only objection to the story is that the narrators are too peripatetic—they change the venue too frequently, and when they tell me that it happened last year to ladies of their acquaintance, I blush for them, for they are unblushing.

It often amuses me to watch the flounderings of people, who, knowing you but slightly, and in all probability caring for you less, think it a friendly duty to show a great interest in your movements. You meet one of these casual acquaintances, and he says:

"Oh! how are you? Let me see—you've been away, haven't you?"

"No, only for my usual month's holiday."

"Oh! I thought you were seedy, and had to go to Egypt?"

"Oh! I've been back three years!"

"Oh!—but—you're not with the German Reeds still!"

"Yes; I have never been anywhere else."

"Oh! I'd got some idea in my head—ah!—you're *looking* very well—oh—good-bye." Retires discomfited. How much better to have stuck to our conversational friend the weather!

I remember once on board a steamer going to Alexandria an Irishman said to me:

"Are ye in the surr-vice?"

I said no.

"What are ye then?"

I said a singer.

"A singer? What do ye sing in? Opera?"

I said no.

"Concerts?"

"Not exactly," I said. "I sing in entertainment! Perhaps you know my name—I'm Corney Grain!"

"Oh!" he said, "I never hurd of ye!!"

These little falls from the pinnacle of self-esteem are unpleasant, but "so good for one."

Sometimes I have come across very neat "sayings one would

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rather have left unsaid." I was singing at an afternoon party, and I was the only "professional" there. A little boy played the violin. I remarked to my hostess that the boy showed signs of great promise. "Is he a professional?" I asked. "Oh! no," said my hostess; "he's the son of a gentleman!" The dear lady meant no offence, she only meant that the father was a man of means; but that she should have put it in the way she did, and made the remark to the only professional in the room, was perhaps unfortunate.

Nervousness sometimes causes people to blurt out most inconvenient truths. I arrived once at a large house to sing at an "At Home." My host was a very nervous shy man. I remarked, "You have two grand pianos in your drawing-rooms, I see!"

"Oh!—oh!—ye—yes!" said my host. "We hired the one that's open for this afternoon. My wife said 'We can't let Corney Grain play on our best piano.' Ha! ha! ha!"

I laughed a hollow "ha! ha! ha!" and went meekly to my hired companion for the afternoon.

Sometimes ladies sidle up and say in an undertone, "Be merciful, Mr. Grain, our piano is a new one."

"Oh! pray don't apologise," I reply, "it'll do well enough for my work."

One of the most awkward incidents that occurred to me was when a gentleman said, "Oh! yes! we'll get him to sing that. Mr. Grain, do give us your sketch of 'The Drinking Fountain,' I think it's quite your best."

I said I would with pleasure, but for the fact that I didn't know it, as it was Mr. Grossmith's sketch.

Then ensued an embarrassing silence, and the company in desperation rushed at the weather as a conversational relief.

Many years ago I was asked to sing at a lady's house. The lady was an excellent person of very Low Church views, and had doubts as to the wickedness of the comic song generally; but I believe her sons overcame her scruples, and she reluctantly consented to engage my services. But the morning of the party she had misgivings, and I received a note from her hoping that I would make no *Scriptural allusions* in my songs.

I remember I was very hurt and angry at the time: but I was young then, and sensitive. What agonies I endured when I first began to sing at private parties!

How hot and uncomfortable I felt when having just con-

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cluded a medley song entitled "Romeo and Juliet," a lady asked me if that was "my charming sketch called 'Five o'Clock Tea,'" and when an old lady was put close to me with a large ear-trumpet, I thought I should have run away.

It was perhaps a little embarrassing to a young singer when a well-known lady of title said, "I should like you to come to my house at 4.30. How long can you go on?—for two hours at a stretch?" I humbly submitted that a little break of five minutes or so would be pleasing, I thought, both to audience and singer. "Oh!" she said, "I didn't know. I thought you could. We had a conjuror last year who did."

It is embarrassing also when you have sung what you fondly imagine are the best things you do, and the son of the house comes up and says, "I say, sing us a real comic song—something funny."

Perhaps the most depressing thing is when you are called "a funny man;" you are expected to be "funny" at all times and seasons—even at breakfast. The man who is funny at breakfast must be peculiarly constituted.

A friend of mine, a well-known actor and humourist, went to stay in a country house. The children had evidently heard that he was a "funny man," for they rushed up to him on his arrival, and said, "Oh! Mr. So-and-so, do be funny." He said he was tired with travelling, and dusty, and generally uncomfortable. "Oh!" but they said, "do say just one word of funniness!"

Some young men in a country house expressed themselves to a friend of mine as bitterly disappointed in me. I sang at the "At Home," and when the guests had gone, went rather tired and worn-out to the smoking-room. The men all came in—waited—smoked, and gradually slunk off.

On meeting my friend they said they were much disappointed. "Why, we went to the smoking room thinking he'd be funny and amuse us, and he just sat in a chair and smoked like anybody else!"

Well, I was a proof to those young men that there was at least one other man who could be as dull as they.

What a variety of pianos I have come across! I played on one at a large London house of a nobleman which cost 700 guineas; and at another nobleman's house on one which my host with pride informed me he had picked up for £12! It was an old-fashioned square, with one pedal and six octaves—modern pianos having seven. Sometimes I find a cottage piano

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with the back turned to the audience—the back decorated with embroideries and plants, so that my only chance of being seen is by occasionally popping up over the top of it like a Jack-in-the-Green and a Jack-in-the-box combined.

But all these little petty annoyances fade when you get a cheery audience in a large room, a good piano, and room to move. Then I enjoy my work.

Singing to boys at a public school is perhaps the most delightful experience—they are so fresh, so young, and so appreciative of every point. You see they are not bothered as grown-up people are. They are not rendered cross by the carriage not coming—or the horses being kept waiting. They don't care how they are dressed—or, what is more important, how other people are dressed—and which seems to me to be the one constant thorn in the side of womankind, they are not wondering why the So-and-so's are not there, or what made the people ask the Thingummies. They are not "going on," as the poor wearied *chaperons* are—running in and out of drawing-rooms like disturbed rabbits in a warren—they have come to enjoy themselves—and if cheers be any criterion—they do!

But there is one charge brought against me, from which I am anxious to clear myself.

A gentleman came to me to engage my services at an "Afternoon." It was all settled, when he said, "Then you don't want any screens or table—nothing but a piano?"—"Nothing, Sir!"—"Ah! I didn't know whether you didn't put your head through a hole in a bit of cardboard and call yourself Mr. Gladstone!!"

That I have grinned through a horse-collar for many years is perhaps too true, but I most emphatically deny that I ever committed so heinous a political offence as to put my head through a hole in a bit of cardboard and call myself Mr. Gladstone!!

R. CORNEY GRAIN.

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On a Tobogan.

OF the many sports and pastimes that make life cheery during the long winters of Canada none is more popular or more fashionable at present than toboganing in those parts of the Dominion where cold is steady, and a hard frost pretty sure to hold its own after an abundant snowfall for weeks together under a clear sky.

The tobogan—corruption of the Indian word *odabagan* a sled, adopted by the white man as a light and graceful vehicle whereon to slide down icy slopes for pastime or exercise—has always been, and still is, in constant use among Indians, wild and semi-civilized, to transport for the former his dead game or firewood, for the latter his hunting supplies or scanty belongings, as well as anything else either may desire to carry from camp to camp. As the luggage van to a "pale face" so is the tobogan to a savage, with the difference that a tobogan is only available in winter and on snow.

A sledge, which is indeed only a short tobogan on runners, is ill adapted for travelling on any kind of snow track, or where there is no track at all, for the runners sink when the sledge is loaded, whereas the same weight being equally distributed on a tobogan's flat surface is more easily and safely hauled.

In the North-West Territories of Canada, among the semi-civilized or "treaty Indians"—those who have entered into negotiations with the Government and receive yearly supplies of food, farming implements, and seed, &c.—the lord of the *teepé*, or wigwam, has the best of it when the family travel, for harnessed by a "tump line," or thong of raw deer hide passing round her forehead and attached to the tobogan, the squaw toils on hour after hour, hooded in her long draped blanket, while he steps out in his fringed leggings and shorter blanket carrying, if anything, only a light gun.

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But except in style and shape those shabby patched-up conveyances bear small resemblance to their smart descendant the tobogan of a higher civilization in use to-day for sliding (or toboganing as it is incorrectly called) down artificial or carefully prepared slopes, when a gay company assemble to take spiced wine or tea in the intervals of exercise, as they stand or sit about fancy "log cabins" lined with chintz sofas, or in stove-warmed marquees carpeted with furs.

Still made by Indians only, but "to order" now, and handsomely fashioned, the correct tobogan of to-day is formed of two smooth strips of birch or maple wood, each from nine to ten feet long, ten inches wide, and about an eighth of an inch thick, laid close together. Of these strips about two feet at one end is turned or curled over (by a steaming process and with raw-hide thong compresses) to within six inches of their floor, and connected at each edge by slight supports of stiffly twisted deer hide with the first cross rod. Of these cross rods there are five or six down the whole length of the strips, and lashed thereto with "babeesh," or thongs of raw deer hide, in this way uniting the strips (which we must now call the tobogan) firmly together. These cross rods, about an inch in diameter, are flattened on the lower side, and the thongs which lash them to the tobogan floor are placed about four inches apart and counter-sunk sufficiently deep to prevent them from interfering with the smooth surface of the tobogan underneath, which can never be too smooth for easy sliding, as any hitch or check is almost sure to send the occupant head-over-heels down the steep. Side rods, also about one-inch in diameter, and passing down each edge of the structure, rest on the cross rods an inch or so from the outside edge, and form a sort of hand-rail sufficiently high from the tobogan floor to allow the fingers to pass under and *grip*. These hand-rails are necessary in "Society" tobogans to hold on to while flying down hill, and in domestic or Indian ones as a means of securing those lashings necessary to keep pack or carcase in its place during a journey. The hand-rails must extend well up under the curled end or bow, which bow is strengthened on the front edge by a cross-bar fastened there by thongs to keep the curled boards from separating.

Neatly finished and polished, the tobogan is then made comfortable with a cunning little crimson rep mattrass about two inches thick, a trifle narrower than the tobogan, and fastened to it with red braid ties passed round the hand-rail

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at each junction with the cross rods. A thick gaily-coloured worsted cord attached to each side of the bow, forming a long loop, is used for dragging the tobogan by hand to the place of rendezvous or the solitary hill to which a grumpy slider goes for some "good exercise" all alone in his glory. If the rendezvous be distant, and the slider proceeds thither in his sleigh, the tobogan is fastened immediately behind it, and on these occasions it is not uncommon to see a pedestrian, tired of dragging his tobogan so far, wait till a passing sleigh gives him the opportunity to throw his cord to a friend inside, jump on the tobogan and, thus towed, complete his journey quite comfortably!

In the more primitive days of Canada, when the fun was called "coasting," and carried on in less exalted circles than is the case now, roughly made "hand sleds" of common painted wood, with low steel or iron-shod runners underneath, and projecting a few inches in front, the whole about four feet long and nine inches wide, were in constant use on natural slopes or hill sides, and formed the pet diversion of small boys and school-girls and rather fast "grown-ups," as little Dorrit would say, who liked strong exercise and feared not Mrs. Grundy.

A pleasant flavour of mischief was added to the sliding attractions of that day, for Mamma often said "No," and then came the excitement of being caught some bright moonlit night a mile or so from home, packed with one's bosom friend on a "coaster," as the sled is called, tearing down a steep forest roadway, and then scudding away—away, breathless, dishevelled, and nearly shaken to death, over the frozen surface of some lonely pine-fringed lake!

Such unprepared, rarely-used slides were very often both rough and dangerous. Many a "cropper," as the boys said, had we the truant sliders of those good old days—many a roll in the deep snow, sometimes even a sprained ancle or twisted shoulder, which stopped the fun for that evening and obliged us to sit on a fallen tree or log fence and take counsel what it was best to do, which generally resulted in a long cold wait until a low "bob" sleigh, packed with firewood cut in lengths, would come jogging out of the forest, when we would step out into the moonlight and beg a lift home.

Artificial slides—or a sort of narrow sloping causeway mounted on stout posts, joists, beams, and planks used to lengthen a natural declivity, or to supply a steep descent on level ground—were very uncommon if invented at all at that time in Canada,

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and "coasting" was classed with "romps," which classing was indeed libellous, and, as we children declared, a "horrid shame;" but even then, and for years previous, the sport had been enjoyed in great perfection at what is known as the Upper Cone at Montmorenci Falls, eight miles below Quebec. Here, where the Montmorenci River pours over a sixty-feet wide ledge of rock and plunges, a boiling cataract, 240 feet into the St. Lawrence below, the spray and vapour driven from those torn and foaming waters—circling rainbow-tinted for ever and ever round the rocky base—freeze in winter with constantly increasing height. By February this frozen spray, so thickening and growing, has formed a sugar-loaf shaped cone from eighty to a hundred feet high, with another rounder cone near it of much smaller dimensions. The upper cone, reared close in front of the Fall, at an angle of sixty degrees, its crown in a mist of spray and its foot on the frozen river, is awful enough to climb on shallow uneven steps hewn up one icy slide; but who can convey the terrors of the moment when first the uninitiated gaze down that fair and gleaming precipice, and realize there is absolutely no other way of getting down again but on sled or tobogan, piloted by a "Habitant" or French-Canadian boy, who, crouched in front of the one or perched at the square end of the other, informs you by signs (for the roaring waters make speech inaudible) that it is time to start!

Very distinctly can I recall my own emotions under just such circumstances twenty years ago, and how my teeth chattered and knees smote together, between fear and cold, as I crouched on a sled behind my small conductor, with nothing to keep me there but the mortal dread of getting off, and felt the first—gentle—slip! Away we went, "swift as an arrow from the Tartar's bow," with a downward madness that almost took breath, sense, and sight clean away, until, what seemed to me several hours after, I found myself half-a-mile across the frozen St. Lawrence still sticking to the sled as it "slowed up," and observed, somewhat with astonishment, I was still on my accustomed planet safe and sound, a trifle unstrung and giddy, but much exhilarated, and quite ready to try it all over again!

Toboganing and Coasting first became fashionable in Canada when adopted by those agreeable warriors who, as officers of Guards, Rifles, and Line, with their regiments were sent to Canada at the time England was—as Punch's cartoon of the day put it—"waiting for an answer" from America about the Trent affair.

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Suspense over, bluster backed down, and the Southern travellers safe in London, nothing remained for those eminently social heroes but to amuse themselves for the winter. This they did to their hearts' content. Never men made better use of a good opportunity. There were rinks crowded with struggling skaters, ball-rooms red with uniforms, snow roads lined with tandems, "drill" tramped on snowshoes, ice floors skimmed by anxiously watched curling stones, and many a snowy hillside darted over by the hand sleigh or tobogan, guided by some stalwart amateur absorbed in the effort to keep straight, so that the "finish" should find him something in line with the "start," and not thirty yards off, prostrate and bruised, his cropped head in the snow, his heels in the air, and his eyes dimmed with those horrible stars of shock and pain which blot out the noonday, and force the sufferer to the conclusion that he has had a bad fall!

"Upon my life," said Brown of the Rifles to Jones of the Line, one cold winter's day about that time, "I don't see how the thing sticks on!"

"Jove!" Brown responded, shaking his wise head; "neither do I."

Guests at a Canadian winter pic-nic to Montmorenci Falls and Cone, these two, lately "joined" in Canada, stood near the foot of the upper cone, and spoke as a small sled, guided by its daring owner, pitched over the first "drop" at the summit and dashed past them like a horizontal rocket.

About fifty strong, military and civilians, with a sprinkling of fair ladies, the clearest of heavens bent over the gay party as just unpacked from a line of smoking tandems, piled with fur robes and foot muffs, we—for I was one of them—stood waiting for orders what to do next. Before us lay a stretching landscape in contrasts of white and blue. Virgin snow glittered under a deep blue dome. Opposite our halting-place a darkly falling mass of furrowed water—silver on the far up sky-line, wreathed in shining vapour, and generally flashing all over with a dazzling mist of sparkle—poured down into a shallow of the frozen river we stood on. A hundred feet against its face, at an angle of some fifty degrees, rose the great sugar-loaf, sharply defined yet flecked with blowing spray; and towards our party a dozen or more dark-eyed "Habitant" boys, each with his gaudy sled, hurried to get the first chance of what an English cabby would call a "fare."

Most of the party "stuck," as Mr. Jones remarked, to the

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smaller cone, and had great fun there, but some bold spirits adventured the higher one, scrambled painfully up the rough, broken slippery cut-out stairway to stand for a few moments on the narrow summit, deafened with roaring water and blinded with spray, till their turn came to start, carefully tucked up lest a stray fold might catch the tobogan and "slew" both unfortunates to the bottom of the slide.

What a dizzy rush it was to be sure, on that keenly cold afternoon, when, after a headlong pitch down the angle and a leap across the slight concave below it, one touched again farther down and raced on until brought up slowly on the plain from sheer loss of impetus!

But how proud the after moment when once again in a group of gazing friends one felt sufficiently collected to assume that air of indifference and nonchalance which people are so fond of affecting when half dead with fright!

"Tell me," said Jones, earnestly to his friend Brown, who had twice made the rush and each time had returned looking white and unhappy, "tell me, did you like it?"

But Brown was not caught so easily.

"Oh, bother," he answered irritably; "it is the thing to do, and I have done it!"

Before sunset we were called to dinner in a cave hollowed out at the base of the upper cone, and entered near the Fall. Rather a giddy portal for weak nerves was the great green archway draped with glittering icicles and a network of beautiful frost shapes facing that cliff of water, with the booming of ages close at hand.

Once entered we found ourselves in a wondrous fairy cavern—roof and walls of loveliest tints in green, supported by ice-hewn pillars. There, on ice-carved sofas, were stretched dark rugs of fur; and on an icy buffet no end of good things were spread with jugs of steaming coffee and hot, mixed wine. How we enjoyed that repast—what a capital drive home we had by tandem and starlight—what a merry dance in the Music Hall by way of a wind up, are all written in the delightful letter Jones mailed next day to the only girl he ever loved—of course I mean in England—he was quite desperate about at least six in Canada!

The brilliant Irishman who was sent to Canada as Governor-General fifteen years ago, threw himself heartily into Canadian amusements, and, ably assisted by his family, staff, and party, paid special attention to the tobogan. His example has been imitated by each successor, and of course society has followed

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suit. Slides of every height, width, length, and angle are to be seen now in private grounds and even in back yards, down which "coasts" youth of all ages, from the big school-boy (who, however, prefers a steep street, with a chance "bobby" at the end of it) to the rosy toddler of four, who struggles with his tiny tobogan up the twenty-feet "chute," or slide—with its moderate eight-feet angle—and with woollen-gartered legs wide-stretched, slides gently down to the snow heap collected by nurse's orders to keep his excursion within limits.

Slides such as these are easily constructed, and give children capital exercise where a limited space and a great depth of snow make exercise hard to get. Six stout uprights of descending lengths, firmly planted in the ground, six feet apart, strengthened with cross beams, and floored as a bridge is floored with smooth boards, laid closely, and nailed on the frame, makes healthy winter's fun for very young people, and occupies many a holiday afternoon, not only by "coasting," but with the work of flattening and smoothing the fallen snow as it lies on the "chute," so as to make the surface hard packed and even, ready for the small conveyance which, though well fitted for its modest proportions, is yet long enough to carry two or three bundled-up, fur-capped mittened children, who are all the better pleased if there is a "spill" half-way down and a general roll to the bottom! Many a cold day these busy little architects may be seen patting down and smoothing the loose snow into proper shape, transporting more from below to fill up "holes" with their little wooden shovels, and even watering the smoothed surface to make it more slippery.

I saw one of these juvenile slides a few days ago fifty feet long at a safe angle, with rough wooden steps on one side leading to the snow-covered slope on the other. Four or five children in an ecstasy of enjoyment were scrambling up the stairway half-hauling, half-carrying their tobogans, to race down one after another. Literally covered with snow, for the time of hard dry snow is not yet, they were really pictures of health and happiness.

Of course natural hill sides are better and more picturesque than artificial ones, but they are not easily found adapted for toboganing. Good sliding depends very much on weather and the state of the snow. Damp sticky snow, or a thaw which has left the ice rough, as well as many other accidents, prevent much fun. The tobogan "won't go," and the slider gets wet. Neither is it easy to slide in tight-fitting or long garments. The

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costume worn by men here generally consists of thick knicker-bockers with heavy woollen stockings, mocassins of course, and a short double-breasted overcoat made of red, blue, or striped blankets, with a deep hood or "capuchon." This coat, girt loosely round the waist with a bright coloured fringed woollen sash, and a red or blue woollen "tuque" (an etherealized night-cap) its tassel hanging to the shoulder, finishes his equipment, with a pair of woollen or leathern mittens.

A woman's "get up" admits of greater variety in colour, and is often very dainty, albeit hooded blanket coats are *de rigueur* for them also, just reaching to the top of the mocassin, or short, so as to display a bright woollen skirt. Their tuques are smaller and closer, and generally almost concealed by the fleecy folds of a "cloud"—that peculiarly Canadian wrap which, consisting of a fringed strip of loosely knitted or woven thick soft wool nine feet long and eighteen inches wide, is both comfortable and becoming. To arrange one properly the cloud must be passed over the forehead, leaving one end half as long again as the other; both ends are then crossed behind the neck and drawn forward. The longest end passed once or twice about the neck —letting it lie snugly about ears, throat, cheeks, and chin—is next brought to meet the shorter one, when both are looped together, and the fringed ends fall over the left shoulder. A pretty sight it is to see a dark-eyed, bright-faced Canadian girl, wearing her blanket suit, shod with cariboo or moose hide mocassins daintily embroidered in stained porcupine quill, and muffled in her red or white cloud, seated ready for a start down hill, while her tall cavalier takes his place close behind her on the tobogan which is to flash them both through a thousand yards of bracing air.

Steering a tobogan well is an art not very easy to acquire, and on steep irregular hills, where obstructions are often close to the track, delicate management is required. Better not steer at all than steer too much—is the caution given to a novice. The lightest touch of foot or hand has a wonderful effect on a tobogan or coaster in full career, and all the accidents not due to positive carelessness may be set down to hasty, flurried steering. An experienced toboganer generally arranges himself as follows: Seated facing sideways on the square end of the tobogan—but always *looking* forward—he leans on the left hip, with the left leg loosely doubled on the tobogan, and supported by the left arm, of which the hand grasps the hand-rail or rod. The right

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leg doubled uppermost of course is rapidly extended when a "steer" is absolutely necessary, which is effected by the slightest possible touch of the toe on whatever side of the tobogan it is required. But it is seldom necessary except when nearing the end of a chute, to round a curve, to avoid some unexpected obstruction, or to set the bow straight occasionally. Any ill-judged attempt is pretty sure to end in a fall. Bad accidents are, however, rare, and a fatal one fortunately is more uncommon still. Mishaps occur more frequently when the steerer, as is the case sometimes, sits facing the tobogan bow, his legs extended on its cushioned floor, when steering is managed with touches of the mittened hand instead of the mocassined foot; but in this attitude it is almost impossible to keep any command over the structure at all.

The ladies sit in front, Turkish fashion, and well tucked in on the tobogan. A long one will accommodate two or even three besides the steerer, when they sit one behind the other, the first close to the tobogan's curled bow. But the party *looks* best when only one pretty girl sits rather back, her neat little mocassin against the bow, and her smiling face not very far from her companion's, who from over her shoulder keeps his eyes fixed on the track.

I saw a chute last winter, partially artificial but heightening very steep ground, where the tobogan ran nearly eighteen hundred feet before it began to "slow;" and another, two hundred feet shorter, where the slide ran through a wood on a slight curve, which, if less safe, was more picturesque. The boarded sides about a foot high, which are necessary on artificial slides to prevent tobogans going over, give the effect of a sluiceway, and the Slide or Chute at Government House, Ottawa, is indeed a king among sluiceways, so long and wide is it, so smooth and carefully prepared. Here as near other well-built slides a long rough wooden stairway is constructed, which mounts the ascent parallel with the "chute," and on a lofty framework too, a border on one side just wide enough to fit a tobogan. This stairway and border meet a wide landing at the top of the Great Slide, so that, their rapid descent accomplished, each toboganer (with his companions) mounts the stairway, the tobogan drawn by its loop after him and close at his heels on the smooth border, until he reaches the landing so high in the air, and preparations are immediately made for a fresh start. Thus crowds move regularly on, some toiling up, some rushing down.

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Especially is this scene made attractive on bright winter afternoons when their Excellencies are "At Home," and the announcement "Toboganing and Skating" is inscribed on a corner of the invitation card. On these festive occasions, besides the gay crowd of tobogaaners, two large, open-air rinks are crowded with costumed skaters, who perform all sorts of evolutions, dance quadrilles and lancers, waltz, cut graceful figures, and, above all, execute a march in perfect time, and drill with manœuvres very similar to those performed in a "musical ride." Loud and gay music goes on all the time. Sometimes a maypole is fixed in the centre of the larger rink, from which hang brightly coloured ribbons some fifteen feet long. Assembling about this, sixteen of the best skaters, forming a set of eight, partners facing, and about four feet apart, start off altogether at a given sign, and on the so-called "Dutch roll" skate step, by a dexterous interweaving, plait the ribbons until drawn within a short distance of the pole by the ever-lessening ends, when, at another signal, all stop, and reversing, unplait the ribbons, which, falling loosely once more, are by another figure twisted neatly round the pole.

An annual midnight fête at Government House about Christmas time is particularly attractive, if the weather be fine and the cold not extreme. Then the little valley and the dark, sleeping woods around flush crimson in the glare of two enormous bonfires, near which the "music" sits with circled stands on the snow. Engine headlights, placed at intervals, pour their white shafts of dazzle far and wide. Thousands of Chinese lanthorns glow in the air, and suspended on wires in double rows encircle each crowded rink, outline also both slide and stairway, and dance in vistas under the purple night sky. Great is the fun and merriment, for all the world is there. Those who themselves take no active part in the sports sit in a much-windowed building overlooking the grounds, and watch the swift gleam of many shining skates, or the flight of descending tobogans as they dart —a flash of light and colour—across the snowy landscape, for sometimes the foremost sitter holds aloft a blazing torch which throws a line of fire over her red and blue companions. Presently rockets, Roman candles, and lights orange, green, and blue, dazzle through the air, and as they fade out, a belt of dark wood is seen spanned with a contrivance in gas jets wishing all there present, as I now wish my readers in distant England, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

AGNES MACDONALD.

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Oysters.

THAT most charming naturalist and genial observer of all things animate, Frank Buckland, used to say that oysters, like horses, have their points. "The points of an oyster are," he tells us, "first the shape, which to be perfect should resemble very much the petal of a rose-leaf. Next, the thickness of the shell; a first-class thoroughbred native should have a shell of the tenuity of thin china or a Japanese tea-cup. It should also have an almost metallic ring, and a peculiar opalescent lustre on the inner side; the hollow for the animal of the oyster should be as much like an egg-cup as possible. Lastly, the flesh itself should be white and firm, and nut-like in taste. It is by taking the average proportion of meat to shell that oysters should be critically judged. The oysters at the head of the list are of course 'natives;'* the proportion of a well-fed native is one-fourth meat. The nearest approach to natives, both in beauty and fatness, are the oysters of Milford in South Wales. The deep-sea oysters, such as the white-faced things dredged up in the Channel between England and France, are one-tenth meat; while the very worst are some Frenchmen, which are as thin and meagre as French pigs."

Such are some of the points of an oyster. But we nineteenth-century mortals have but little time to observe and consider all the points of even such things as lie very near to our hearts (I speak anatomically, of course)—things fit for digestion. I have no doubt that by some, perhaps many of my readers, the "petal of a rose-leaf" and the "Japanese tea-cup" will be dismissed as mere poetry, and that for them the philosophy of oysters may be summed up in the one statement, "the flesh should be white and firm and nut-like in taste;" that is if *nut-like*

* "Natives" are oysters artificially reared, those found naturally being termed "sea-oysters."

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expresses with any due adequacy so pure and concentrated a relish.

It is perhaps well for us that we are able thus to seize upon the points of real vital importance, and to eschew those which do not immediately concern us. We smooth our shirt-front as we dress for dinner, without concerning ourselves with such questions as how it came to be woven and stitched together; we step into our cab, and pity the poor devils we pass in the streets, but do not pause to consider their all-too-painful points; we chuckle with our host over the bargain he has driven, without deeming it necessary to enquire what the cheapness of some of our goods involves; we murmur little prettinesses to our fair partner as we cross the hall, without pretending to realize their meaning, if indeed they have any; and then we sit down to dinner and swallow our oysters, without any idea of how they came to be raised, and without realizing, perhaps without knowing, that they are complex organized creatures, instinct with life and motion.

Motion? Yes, motion. As I write there lies before me, tastefully disposed on its natural dish, an oyster in the form in which it glads the sight of hungry mortals when grace has been said, and they have taken their seats at table. With fine scissors I snip off a delicate slice of the so-called "beard" which constitutes the oyster's gills; and this slice I place on a glass slip, covering it with a thin glass disc, and then transferring it to the stage of my microscope. Would that you could see, my friend, the trembling, quivering, glancing life that is thus disclosed. The field of the microscope is occupied by the yellowish translucent material of which the gill is constructed. Across it run a number of closely-set parallel bars, and here and there between the bars is an elongated slit. Each slit is the centre of a little living whirlpool; for the edges of the bars that bound it carry a vast number of delicate microscopic translucent hairs, which are waving to and fro in ceaseless motion. The waves travel in one direction down one side of the slit, and in the opposite direction up the other side of the slit. Hence the appearance of an elongated living whirlpool. In the eight or ten square inches of gill-surface there must be tens of thousands of these trembling life-whirlpools, all of which, my friend, you suddenly engulf, with a gentle smothered smack of the lips.

"I suppose," says Professor Huxley, "that when the sapid and slippery morsel—which is and is gone, like a flash of gustatory

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summer lightning—glides along the palate, few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery (and going machinery too) greatly more complicated than a watch."

In the paper from which I quote these words (*Eng. Ill. Mag.*, Oct. 1883), Professor Huxley describes in some detail the anatomy of the oyster. Thither let the reader repair, if so he will, for an account of the same. All that I propose to do here is to say a few words, suitable for those who do not like to be altogether ignorant of such matters, but have neither the time nor the inclination to be fully instructed, on the life-history of the oyster from its birth to its descent into the eager and expectant tomb.

I would that I could induce each one of my readers to examine an oyster. There is really nothing like actually seeing a thing. I don't mean to suggest that he should pause in the deglutition of his half-dozen natives at Scott's, or should waste threepence-halfpenny on the mere satisfaction of his understanding. That would be too much to expect. But I would ask him to expend a penny on a second or third-rate fish (he needn't eat it), and devote a few minutes to making out so much of its structure as may without the smallest difficulty be seen. I am not asking him to dissect it. All that is necessary is to turn over its parts with a toothpick.

First let him notice, before the oyster is opened, how tightly the two valves of the shell are closed. An oyster, if the shell be not chipped or otherwise injured, may live for two months or more out of water, especially if it be placed with the hinge uppermost. The water within the shell is thus retained in the most favourable position for keeping the gills moist. But if the shell be chipped, the water drains away or evaporates, and the creature dies.

The opening of an oyster, like many another apparently simple operation, requires some skill and is based upon previous knowledge. The hollow between the valves of the shell is occupied by the living mollusk. From valve to valve there passes a powerful muscle, the scar of the attachment of which is readily seen near the centre of the inner face of an empty shell. It is by means of this muscle that the oyster closes its valves with such a firm grip. To open the oyster it is necessary to skilfully insert a strong flat knife between the living mollusk and its shell, and to cut the muscle close to its point of attachment. When this is done, the shell gapes about half an inch

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through the action of an elastic cushion near the hinge, which when the shell is closed is in a state of compression, but which when the oyster dies and the muscle relaxes, or when the muscle is severed, serves by its elasticity to force the shell agape.

When the oyster has been opened and the valve of the shell has been removed, then—unless the force of habit prove too strong and the mollusk be incontinently swallowed, for even a penny oyster hath its charms and its temptations—then, I say, the following points about its structure may be readily made out, and all the more readily if it be placed in a soup-plate of water. In the first place the mollusk will perhaps not occupy the whole surface of the shell. This is due to severe muscular spasms consequent to the shock its system has recently undergone. But in the living state, closely applied to the whole of the interior of the two valves, are the two lobes of the mantle, which are given off from the body as thin layers of fleshy substance, the edges of which are thickened and bear a coarse reddish-brown or dusky fringe. In the contracted mollusk, as it lies in the shell before us, the mantle-lobes may be recognised by their fringed edges.

Our next task is to find out which is head and which is tail in our oyster—or rather, since it hath neither head nor tail, its top and bottom, its front and rear. The hinge is at the top, the valves of the shell on either side. The oyster usually rests on its larger and more convex left valve, so that, like a flounder, it lies on its side. The hinder margin of the shell is usually somewhat straighter than its anterior edge. This and the shape of the shell will generally serve to distinguish right from left and front from back. But the front of the contained mollusk itself may readily be distinguished from its rear by the sickle-shaped gills, four in number, which curve round in front of the body, and lie between the mantle-lobes. The gills are often spoken of as the "beard." And in addition to this fleshy beard there is also a kind of fleshy moustache, consisting of two flaps on each side arising from the corners of the wide slit-like mouth, which must be sought in front, beneath a sort of hood under the hinge. It lies in the vestibule, a cavity which extends for some distance above the body. The mouth leads into a coiled alimentary canal which terminates just above the hinder end of the sickle-shaped gills in another large chamber.

I am beginning to despair of the oyster's remaining so long uneaten. But if it be still unswallowed, the self-denying

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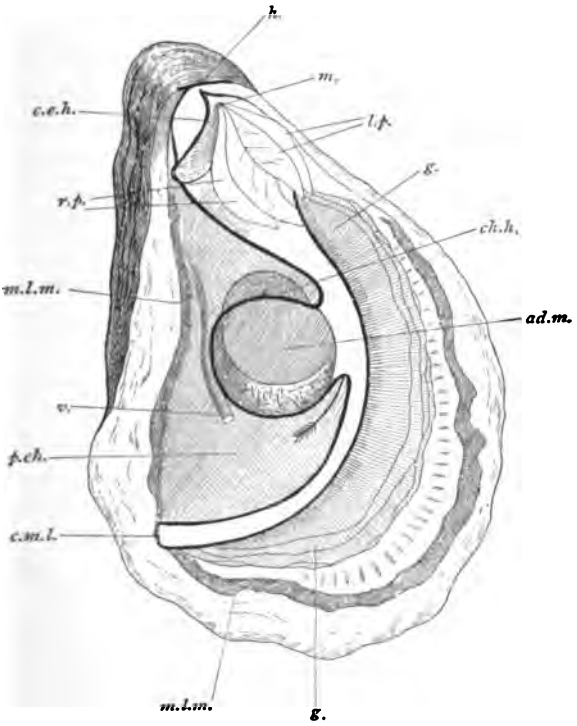
AN OYSTER.



The right valve of the shell has been removed, and the right mantle-lobe has been cut away along the dark lines which take their origin in the neighbourhood of the confluence of the mantle-lobes (*c.m.l.*), where the two lobes are fused or united above the hinder edge of the gills (*g. g.*). *m.l.m.* is the margin of the left lobe of the mantle. Below the hinge (*h.*) the hood has been slit open, *c.e.h.* marking its cut edge folded back. The mouth (*m.*) with its "moustache," formed by the right (*r.p.*) and left (*l.p.*) labial pulps, is thus displayed. The alimentary canal terminates at the vent (*v.*) in the posterior chamber (*p.ch.*) (the supra-branchial chamber of anatomists), which runs along the inner edge of the gills (*g. g.*). The arrow passes into the part of the chamber which has not been opened up. *ad.m.* is the adductor muscle for closing the valves of the shell. *ch.h.* is the chamber in which lies the heart, dimly visible through its semi-transparent walls.

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observer will have no difficulty in recognizing the curved gills with their delicate radiating striations, will readily find the vestibule and mouth at their upper ends, and may pass his toothpick into the large posterior chamber which runs along the whole length of their inner edges, communicating with the tubes of their somewhat spongy substance, and opening widely beneath and behind the body. (See Figure.)

We have seen that on the sides of the gills and around the microscopic slits by which they are pierced, there are myriads of delicate, translucent hairs continually lashing the water. Upon the activity of these hairs the oyster depends for food, for oxygen, for very life. At first sight the oyster would seem to be in bad case. It is fixed and sedentary all its adult life. Its ancestors had indeed, like most bivalve mollusks that now exist, a fleshy foot projecting between the inner gill-plates, by means of which they could perform some sort of sluggish motion. But through lazy and sedentary habits the oyster tribe has lost, or well-nigh lost, this foot; the oyster has literally one foot, and that its only one, in the grave. This, however, is no very great disadvantage, for though the cockle is able to hop with some effect, the monopedal progression of mollusks would give them but a lame chance of a livelihood had they no other method of capturing their prey. The food of the oyster consists of such microscopic organisms and organic particles as float freely in the water. By the lashing of the invisible gill-hairs a current of water is set up which partly sweeps upwards along the gill-plates to the vestibule, and partly passes in at the slit-like gill-meshes, and thus through their spongy and tubular structure into the posterior chamber. Thus through the edges of the shell, and between the mouth margins, a constant current passes inwards; while an equally constant current passes outwards through the posterior chamber. The blood in the gills is thus aerated; the ejecta from the alimentary canal (and also the kidney) are swept out; and at the same time food-bearing water is carried to the vestibule where the myriad transparent hairs which cover the "moustaches" sweep the unsuspecting minutiæ into the slit-like mouth.

I often wonder whether so tasty a morsel as the oyster itself possesses a sense of taste. Were Nature just, this sense should be well developed. One would fain hope that our sapid friend's fleshy moustachios may minister to taste; that for him too there may be some gleams of "gustatory summer lightning."

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As a hope, however, it must remain: there is no conclusive evidence that the oyster possesses a sense of taste. Indeed it does not appear that Nature has been in any way lavish towards the oyster, in the matter of sensory endowments. Its sense of hearing has gone along with the foot, in which organ the auditory sac is lodged in less sedentary mollusks. Smell, or rather some sense by means of which it can test the incoming water, it may have. A sense of touch, distributed especially, it may be, along the mantle-fringe, is undoubtedly present. There are no eyes; but the dusky-coloured mantle-fringe is probably vaguely sensitive to light. For when the shadow of an approaching boat is thrown on to a bed of oysters they are said to close their valves before any undulation of the water can have reached them!

I have not been able to glean any anecdotes of the intelligence of oysters. The most favourable report I can give is from the pages of the Rev. W. Bingley's *Animal Biography*. "The oyster has been represented, by many authors," he says, "as an animal destitute not only of motion, but of every species of sensation. It is able, however, to perform movements which are perfectly consonant to its wants, to the dangers it apprehends, and to the enemies by which it is attacked. Instead of being destitute of sensation, oysters are even capable of deriving some knowledge from experience. When removed from situations that are constantly covered with the sea, they open their shells, lose their water, and die in a few days. But when taken from similar situations, and laid down in places from which the sea occasionally retires, they feel the effect of the sun's rays, or of the cold air, or perhaps apprehend the attacks of enemies, and accordingly learn to keep their shells close till the tide returns." From this it would seem that if an oyster be left high and dry he briefly considers his situation; if he deems it probable that the tide will rise and again submerge him, he shuts his shell and determines to hold out as long as he can. But if he thinks there is no chance of the tide's returning he gives way to despair, opens his valves and dies. As to his facts however, old Bingley seems to be right. Just as some fresh-water organisms may be gradually accustomed to water with a greater and greater amount of salt, until they can live in sea-water which would have killed them had they been suddenly placed in it, so may oysters be gradually accustomed to a longer and longer exposure to the air without gaping. And this fact is

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turned to practical account in the so-called oyster-schools of France. But on the amount of intelligence involved in the process I leave others to speculate; for I am terribly sceptical of our ever attaining to much knowledge of molluscan psychology.

During the summer months oysters become "sick," and are then out of season. But the sickness is not unto death but unto life. For if a sick oyster be examined, the mantle-cavity and the interspaces between the gills will be found to be packed with a granular slimy substance, known to fishermen as "white spat," and disclosed under the microscope of the naturalist as a teeming mass of developing eggs. As development proceeds, the granules become coloured, and the fishermen then call them "black spat." Frank Buckland likens the spat in this condition to very fine slatepencil-dust; and he found from experiment that the number of developing eggs in an oyster varies from 829,000 to 276,000.

"One fine hot day the mother-oyster opens her shell, and the young escape from it in a cloud, which may be compared to a puff of smoke from a railway engine on a still morning. Each little oyster is provided at birth with swimming organs, composed of delicate cilia, and by means of these the little rascal begins to play about the moment he leaves his mother's shell."

The "little rascal" in some respects resembles and in other respects differs from its mother. It resembles its mother in having a shell of two valves, but the valves are smooth and transparent as glass; symmetrical, and united by a straight hinge. The mouth, which as yet of course has no moustache, is large and opposite the hinge. There are no gills. The shell is closed by a muscle similar in function to that of the mother, but different in position. But the most noticeable point of difference between the little rascal and its mother is the possession of an oval cushion projecting between the edges of the valves, and bearing on its edges the delicate swimming hairs by which the little embryo mollusk propels itself through the water amid its myriad companions, and enjoys for a while a vigorous and active life. By means of special muscles, the cushion with its swimming-hairs may be withdrawn into the shell, whereupon the oyster sinks.

It is pleasant to think that even the sedate and sedentary native enjoys, if only for a few days, an active, frisky, mischievous boyhood. In this it resembles the vast majority of bivalve mollusks. Our oyster is indeed peculiar in affording any pro-

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tection to its young. Most bivalves, and even such near relations as the Portuguese oyster and the American oyster, are cast adrift so soon as they are born, and undergo no period of incubation beneath the mantle-wing of the mother. A curious example of a somewhat similar protection is afforded by the fresh-water mussel. The eggs in this case become lodged in the chambers of the outer gills. Here they develop into embryos so unlike the parent that they used to be regarded as parasites. They are minute bivalve shells, with triangular valves. The hinge runs along the base of the triangle, while the apex is curved round into a strong toothed beak. The small fry remain for a long time in the gill of the parent, the neighbourhood of fish such as perch or sticklebacks seeming to have some influence in determining their ejection. They then swim by flapping their valves, and ere long attach themselves, by fine threads with which they are provided, to one of the fish, and hang there, snapping their valves until they bury them in the skin of the fish. Becoming thus enveloped in the skin they there undergo a complete metamorphosis, by which they are converted into tiny mussels which are set free and drop to the bottom. This, in the case of the mussel, is Nature's provision for the preservation of the race. Were the fry hatched as free-swimming embryos, they would inevitably be swept away by the seaward current of the river, and the mussel, as a freshwater race, would be unable to maintain its existence.

The existence of the adult oyster is not altogether free from danger. What with sponges tunnelling in their shells, dog-whelks boring neat holes and sucking their sapid juices, and artful star-fishes waiting for them to gape, and then inserting insidious fingers, they have rather a lively time of it. But the short active life of the oyster-fry is beset with yet greater dangers. It is a sensitive little thing, and succumbs to the cold of inclement seasons. It is also a tasty little morsel, and is greedily swallowed by any marine monster that has a big enough mouth—for there are epicures in plenty among the marines. And when, tired of the giddy dance of youth, he would fain settle down into sedate and sedentary bearded oysterhood, it is but too probable that the inexorable tides and currents, of the very existence of which he, like many another gay youngster, was doubtless ignorant, have swept him out into the deep sea, or to some uncongenial spot, where he is choked so soon as he endeavours to settle.

The settlement of young oysters is spoken of by the fisher-

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man and oyster-farmers as a "fall of spat." It is part of the business of oyster-culture to collect the spat, which may then be transferred to some locality especially fitted for the growth and fattening of the young mollusks. For this purpose tiles are employed, covered with a layer of chalk, which is afterwards easily removed, together with the young oysters adhering to it. These are placed on the bottom. But they are apt to get covered with slime, or to lose the roughness of their surface, and thus to become unsuitable for the reception of the spat. To obviate this difficulty floating collectors are now in some places employed. These are moored near the surface where the oyster-fry disport themselves before their shells become so thick as to weigh them down. Floating cars or frames containing seed-oysters are also sometimes employed with considerable success.

When they first settle, and adhere to the tiles and collectors, or to the gravel, dead-shells, &c., which form the natural collecting medium (or "culch," as it is termed), they are very minute. But they grow rapidly, and in six or eight months attain the size of a threepenny-piece, when they are known as "brood." The diameter of an oyster at two years is about two inches; another inch is added in the third year; after which the growth is much less rapid. At the Fisheries Exhibition, the South of England Oyster Co. and the Whitstable Oyster Co. showed shells of oysters which had produced black spat at the age of one year. As a rule, however, the oyster does not attain its majority until the third or fourth year, and produces the greatest quantity of spat from the fourth to the seventh year. The spatting season usually commences in May, but depends much on the temperature, being deferred till a later period in a cold season. In a warm lake on the south coast of Sweden—which forms a natural hothouse for oyster-culture,—oysters are found to contain ripe spat as early as the end of March. The spatting season may continue until the end of September. And one of the most curious facts in the natural history of the oyster is this: that so soon as she has laid her eggs the mother-oyster changes her sex and becomes a male. Whether this change of sex takes place several times in a season, and if so, how often, is not known. It is a curious arrangement: but, depend upon it, it has not been instituted by Nature without a purpose.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

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A Christmas Cracker.

WELL, they call me a cheap cracker, and so I am. Not much wonder that I'm cheap though—and whose fault is that, I should like to know? They don't expect much feeling from *me*, I suppose, just because I look bright and make a noise, and wear a good deal of gilt on my outside; but for all that I have a beautiful motto in my heart, and a big pink sweet too. However, I'm not astonished at their blunder, seeing that they mistake each other in just the same way; and, for all I know, it may be a good thing: it would be a sad world if we could look into each other's hearts. But I don't see how *I* can be light-hearted with all I have to go through. I'm not speaking of my natural misfortunes; they can't be helped, though *they're* bad enough. For instance, men make heroes of other folk for one unselfish action, which is clapped all round; or even of beasts like Jumbo and Alice for eating buns and being stared at. But my whole life is an unapplauded effort to give pleasure to others; and though I have a soul which longs for love and success just as much as any man's or woman's, yet my one chance in life is my death, and then I'm scolded if I die damp; whilst my very death-bed isn't allowed its proper peace, but must needs be roughly torn to pieces by careless children in the midst of flare and noise. Still all this lies in my nature, and nobody can help *that*. I don't complain. I *do* complain though of such circumstances as have been made by men—society, I think it is called—but it means all of you who look at me, and crack me, and read my life. I don't suppose you know anything about them, or give yourselves much trouble to enquire. I don't accuse you of wilful cruelty—only of thoughtlessness; and I have a good mind to enlighten you by a true history of myself, so that you may know the Christmas angels who really make your trees and dress out your holidays.

Shall I? Here goes!

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THE CRACKER'S STORY.

In Bethnal Green there is a street called Old Nichol Street, and in the street there is a low archway—so low, that only a child can pass upright underneath it; and through the archway there is a dirty little court, round which stand tall, narrow houses, frowning down like sad black shadows of their old selves. For once they belonged to grand people, as you can still see by the stone carvings round the broken, blinking windows; and once this court was crowded with lacqueys in blue and scarlet liveries, and high-heeled ladies in satin, and lords who bowed to them very low. On the right-hand side there is one house narrower and blacker than all the rest. It has no staircase—only a rickety, dirty ladder, so slippery, that you can hardly keep steady upon it; and if you go right up it, through the pitch-black darkness, to the very top, you will come to a door which never quite shuts—partly owing to age and rusty hinges, and partly to an uncleared heap of dust and fluff, cabbage-stalks and fish-bones, which stands in its way.

The East wind came whistling through it one morning in early December. It was only half-past four; but the inmates of the room were all astir, save one—a thick, square man, who had thrown himself, rags and all, on the dirty crumpled bed, and lay there in heavy sleep. His wife, a white, shrunken woman, whose pale skin clung shred-like to her sharp bones, had been up all night at her tailoring. She had had no work for a week, and last evening an order had come in, with a message that it would be no good taking it if it were not ready by eight o'clock next morning. She was sitting crumpled up over it now with dim eyes, round which the great marks seemed to grow redder, and the shadows blacker, every moment. Trouser work was her trade, and she was just finishing her fourth pair.

"Lor', I wish some o' them Horginyzations 'ud lend me cash for hirin' out a machine," she moaned. "Last time I went to the Eye Orspital they told me if I went on tailorin', a month more 'ud make me blind, and the pain in my eyes gets wurser every minute."

"You cheer up, mother!" said Kate, the eldest girl, who was patting her fringe down over her nose with a hand as black as her threadbare skirt. "One moment more and I'll make yer some tea afore I starts for business. Besides, at any rate it 'll

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make a extra shillin' or two to stave off old Brown from turnin' us out for the rent. It 'ud be cruel cold in the streets this weather, unless we went to the workus."

"Never, while I'm alive, though I'm near broke. I've been at it this fourteen year and now I'm snappin' up. Why, what I make by *these* won't near satisfy Brown. Thruppence a pair, and the gimp and linin' and tape to find out o' that. That's only sixpence clear for all the five pair—twenty blessed hours' stitching. It's cruel work, cruel! Ain't yer goin' to wash, this mornin', Kate?

"Can't! Water's froze," said Kate—"I'm off now, or I'll be turned off—they're so pertikeler at sweet-makin' near Christmas time. Lor, I'd like to eat some myself!" and she was gone.

The two boys had started before. They slept in the corner with a smaller brother—but the parents and the Baby and Kate and the other girls all slept on the bed where the father still lay. If times went on being so bad, they would have to pawn that too. All the rest of the furniture and chattels had gone, except one chair with three legs, a broken pink and white cup for the tea, and an almanac for 1870 which hung half-tattered from the wall, with a picture of a lady with long curls and a wreath of roses at the top. Susie, the other girl, was sitting sullen, shivering and hunched up in the corner, with the Baby in her lap.

"Here, Susie; take a sip of tea now, and keep the rest for your father. We can't make no more to-day, seein' we ain't got nothink to keep the fire in. Don't answer 'im if he wakes up in his drink, and mind Tim and the Baby. I'm gone out with the work and to see for some more;" and, taking down her worn rag of a crape bonnet, from which hung mournful bunches of huge black jet cherries, she prepared to start. "Mind the Baby, remember," she repeated to the still silent Susie.

"All right, you leave 'im to me," was her only answer.

"It's a pity you're made all wrong and sich a cripple," remarked her mother, "or you might be useful."

A sullen look came over the girl's wizened, distorted face. She scowled, but said nothing, and her mother went out.

Presently the heavy form on the bed began to roll over, and its owner raised himself and asked the hour, stretching his mouth in a wide yawn the while. "Oh, it's only you, Hunchy-Back, is it?" he snarled in husky, sodden tones; "guv me my tea, will yer, and look sharp! Look sharp, d'yer ear!" he screamed

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shaking her by the shoulder. "Where's the use of yer, if yer don't? you great lumping, ugly cripple, yer!"

She answered nothing, but doggedly fetched him his tea, and stood near the cowering children whilst he drank it. "Run into the yard and play, Tim," she said to the little boy, and he went. Her father stumbled against the Baby and kicked it with an oath. Suddenly Susie's whole face changed. A gleam was lit there, which gave life to all her features.

"You dare do that again," she cried, and pushed him away with her feeble hands. Coward-like, he slunk out of the door, afraid of the flame he had kindled, and left her to comfort the screaming child. All roughness of voice and movement vanished as she stooped to pick it up. She was alone with it now, and there was no need to hide the feeling of which, before others, she was half ashamed. As she stood, pressing it to her breast, its head against her shoulder, and crooning to it as she rocked backwards and forwards, her whole being became illuminated. A tender smile played round her lips and shone in the depths of her brown eyes, and "Cripple Sue," whom most folk knew as a half daft, sulky jade, and who was commonly called the "vixen" in Old Nichol Street, had turned, by that magic which none can explain, into a tender Madonna, round whose head one could almost see a great light. For the child loved *her* whom no one else loved; it was helpless and wanted *her*, whom no one else wanted, and was not this enough reason? She had never cared or been cared for, before the Baby was born. The other children had not taken to her nor she to them, and nobody, not even she herself, had dreamed of her but as a stupid, sulky hunchback, as feeble as she was sickly. Nobody ever trusted her with anything, not even with the change for the milk; and she only did all the dirty work of the family, and acted as general scapegoat and recipient of the cuffs and blows and insults which nobody else would take. Sometimes she would cuff back again; but she was not strong enough to hurt.

Then the last baby had come, nearly three years ago. At first she had taken no more notice of him than she had of the others. But one day, when she had been left alone at home to mind him, she had let him fall, and he had cried. Scared at the thought of her mother, she had picked him up and rocked him in her arms and tried to soothe him, till he actually ceased crying, and lay back with his head against her breast.

Then when she saw that she, who always failed, had now at

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length been successful; and, when she felt the little head nestling against her with such tender trust, a thrill of joy pierced her heart and shook her frame—her pulses throbbed; for the first time—she *loved!*

And the love never left her, but grew more and more, as she found how much he depended upon her; so that, away from her, he cried and would go to no one else; so that she, stupid and deformed, was the only creature of whom he was fond. All day long she sat with him on her knee, all night long she hushed his wailing cries with a voice as gentle as any dove's, though her usual tones were harsh and grating. She paced up and down to soothe him; picked up little songs to lull him to sleep; collected coloured rags from the streets to make him smile; and, as he grew older, went without food herself, that he might have more.

Nor did she ever talk of what she did; before others she was ashamed of her love, and only showed it by the gentler look on her face. Her fingers, formerly too clumsy for the needle, taught themselves to make little garments out of nothing, when she could beg a penny or two from her mother, or tear a sound piece of stuff from her own scanty apparel.

The Baby grew up—if such a slow process could be called growing—very white and wizened; and, though it was nearly three years old, it could neither walk nor talk—only at times emitting a rasping, guttural sound, which, well fed, would have blossomed into a crow, but Sue thought it the sweetest music on earth.

As she looked down on the little face now, it struck her that it was whiter than usual—that it had even turned grey. The poor head with its short harsh hair drooped lifelessly over her shoulder. Could it have been hurt in the fall? Was it ill? A dumb misery chilled her to the soul. She tried to rouse it, but it would not answer her even by its accustomed sound. Something must be done! She would fetch the parish doctor—but she could not leave it! What should she do? At that moment she remembered that it was his day to visit a bedridden old man up-stairs—she would sit near the door and stop him as he went up. Presently the well-known step came up the ladder; she went out and stood in his way. He was a big, burly man, always in a hurry, and totally uneducated. He looked at her impatiently. "What do you want, girl?" he said.

"Please, sir, look at Baby; I'm afraid it's ill."

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There was such piercing wretchedness and insistence in her tone that he moved inside the room, took the child and examined it. He asked her a lot of questions, then he felt it all over.

"Lor, sir, you'll hurt it. It ain't Baby's fault—it's mine, sir. Punch me, please, sir—give it back to me, sir."

"Nonsense, my good girl; I'm not hurting it; I'm only doing what's necessary," he replied testily, and proceeded to tell her that the child was suffering from a disease with a long name which she hardly heard. All she knew was that, if it did not have food, he said it would die.

"Die! It *shan't* die!" she screamed hoarsely.

"Well, then, give it food," he replied brusquely: he was not unkind, only thoughtless.

"I haven't any!" she gasped.

"Work for it then!" was his only answer, without a glance at her stunted, crippled figure; then he turned on his heel and went.

She never heard him go. Baby *die!* Well, then, she must die too. She had no food for it; it *would* die. Die, die, die, the word kept tolling on in her brain. What had that man said? "Work." But then the other doctor had told her two years ago that, if she bent over any work, it would kill her in less than ten days, may be. But, after all, what did that matter? She would work. What did it matter? Nothing to nobody, except baby. Baby would miss her: there wasn't no one else; he'd cry himself ill. Well, somebody else would mind him. Then, at the thought of any one else taking her place, fierce anger shook her. *She* wouldn't give *'er* life for that! But must Baby die instead? Stung by the thought, she jumped up and, on the impulse of the moment, called to Tim, who was playing in the yard, to come and mind the child; and, seizing her ragged ruin of a hat, she dashed out into the street with the one idea that she would find work before she came back. "Tell mother I've got work if I don't come back, and mind Baby, or I'll kill yer!" she screamed to the stunned Tim as she ran down into the court. She never stopped till she reached the Bethnal Green Road. Wherever she saw a placard in a window she went in to see if they wanted a "hand,"—for she could not read, having escaped the School-board,—and a "Room to let" or "Burials done here cheap" was all alike to her. But nobody wanted her. Everywhere she met with the same answer: "Who wants a girl with a hump when they can get one without? specially when there

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ain't no character or manner of reference to go upon." On she wandered, though she felt faint from fatigue and want of food, and thought she must drop every minute. She had walked into Shadwell; but her hope, which had been so bright this morning, was growing as dark and dead as the day. She sat down to rest on the ledge of a small shop-window. Mechanically she turned and looked into the blurred glass. Slung in the front to a rusty nail was a bundle of tawdry crackers. In a minute she had jumped up, inspired by a fresh hope and resolve. With the sight of them, there had dashed into her mind the address of an employer of "cracker hands" and the words of a "pal" of hers in Old Nichol Street: "It's the easiest work goin', Sue," she had said, "that gold-paper fringin' is, and the rooms quite warm—only the bits o' gilt seems to git into one's breathin'; but it's nice and smart, and you makes a bob for every twelve hours."

The employer, Mr. Turner, was really a "middle man," that is, a private employer of hands for his own work, which *he* received direct from a contractor; he had what he called "premises" for his work-girls in the Minories, close by the staunch, grim old Tower and the still, slow river, who go on together the same year by year, and smile deep down to themselves at the change and fret all round them. When Sue had found his office, she stopped a minute outside the door to smooth her fringe back and try to straighten herself out, that she might look taller and, as she thought, more respectable.

Her heart beat as she faced him: a red man behind a desk, who looked as if he had one skin too little, and had tried to hide it behind his big blue spectacles. He had huge knotty hands, and she thought they looked as if they wanted to beat her. He looked at her aggressively.

"What do you want?" he said.

"I want work. I want to be a cracker-'and," she said.

"My eye! You ain't no bigger than a cracker yourself, and not near so much go," and he gave a hoarse guffaw at his own joke, which put him into a vastly good temper.

"I ain't big, but I'm rare and willin', and you'll want noo 'ands at Christmas, sir," she added, cautiously.

"You've done this work afore then?" Her heart went down into her boots.

"No, I ain't, but I've watched a friend of mine who used to 'fringe' at 'ome, and I'm very 'andy;" she never thought of

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the lie, "and, oh sir, I'll work 'alf price, willin', if you'll let me! The Baby's ill!"

The employer was still radiant at his own joke. The unwonted offer to take half-wages also attracted him.

"Well, I don't mind trying you at half-price, of course, as you came without a reference from a business, and you ought to be very thankful! No need of a reference for *character*, I suppose, with a hunchback! 'It's a ill wind,' eggsetery," he remarked jocosely. "But hours is very sharp: half-past eight of mornings till half-past eight at night, and a quarter of an hour for dinner; thruppence for extra hours."

"*I* ain't got any dinner! I'd work extra then, sir."

"Not allowed; extra hours from half-past eight, P.M., till ten."

The next morning at half-past eight found breakfastless Sue patiently at her work. She was put to fringing. Very clumsily did her thick fingers move amongst the gold-paper snippings, and many were the cruel words and knocks she got for her mistakes. The room was very small—no larger than a ship-cabin—and some twenty hands were working in it, half stifled by the heat and the gritty air, which was filled with particles of tinsel and cracker-paper. Some were cutting and folding what seemed to the bewildered Sue like bits of lovely coloured glass, blue and red, and green and gold; some were snipping gold fringes like herself, and others were putting in the squibs, or working a machine that turned the crackers out gay and complete. She wondered what people used crackers for; to hurt each other with the fire, when they were angry, she supposed. Her back ached till she was sick; the pretty bits of blue and red, and green and gold got down her throat and gave her an odd pain at times, as if she were choking, but she didn't mind all that, or the hard words, or the "chaff of the girls about her hump," when she thought of Baby and how much fatter he would look for the food she would buy. When work was done and she had toiled even her extra two hours, then came the delight of shopping. What a lot of parcels one could have for a shilling! Then the limp home, then her child.

For three weeks she worked steadily on. I was the last cracker she turned out. She cut my coloured paper and all, for she became quite deft at the business after a week. She told me her story, as she was making me, or perhaps I read it

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in her face, for crackers have eyes and they see a good deal before they go off. Towards my finishing, she told me that the doctor had seen the child again, and had pronounced him a different creature; that he was "pounds" fatter and could crawl —but that she didn't think *she* could last much longer—her back was bent worse than ever, and her breathin' quite orful and no sleep; and all her pains so bad, 'specially the one at 'er 'eart. After that, I didn't see her again; I was strapped up with a lot of others and labelled 'Merry Xmas,' with a painted card and a sprig of holly stuck across me; and then we were sent on to a Christmas Bazaar and disgraced for ever by having a ¾*d.* tacked on to our elevenpence, as if we couldn't be a shilling once and for all. After that I came here and have been hanging, bored to death, on this Christmas tree ever since,—Hallo! here's the holly! it must be Christmas Day! Yes, there are the children, tearing downstairs—now's my chance—there're going to pull me."

* * * * *

In point of fact in rushed Dolly and Daisy, seized on the poor old chatterbox, tore him off the tree and pulled him. He died beautifully, with a crisp snap; he was a very well-made cracker.

* * * * *

At that same moment on Christmas Day, Sue was sitting alone, in the garret of Old Nichol Street, doubled up with pain, on the stool by the fireless grate; the Baby was strong enough to creep now, and she had put him on the dirty floor and was watching him, whilst a smile played round her lips, in spite of everything. Suddenly, what was this? For her, the black room was filled with a great light, clanging peals of bells rang in her ears; there was no more pain or scorn or weariness; her hump was forgotten; she only felt very strong and trembled all over with joy—for—could she believe her eyes, or was it a dream?—*the Baby had stood up and had made a step towards her.*

She gave a feeble little shriek and stretched out her hands, then a fearful spasm convulsed her, and her lips grew grey. "Don't—fall—Baby!" she said—and tumbled backwards herself.

The Baby cried first of all, but then it nestled close to her, and crowed. It could not wake her though.

The doctors said it was a curious combination of heart-disease and spinal complaint.

Like the cracker, she, too, died very well—but it was in utter silence.

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A Voyage in the 'Northern Light.'

DURING the winter months, all communication between Prince Edward Island and the mainland by ordinary vessels is closed by the dangerous ice which at that time fills Northumberland Strait, and renders navigation impossible, except by specially constructed craft. Any one whom chance at this time compels to travel from one side to the other has the choice of two routes—one by the Dominion Government Ice-steamer 'Northern Light,' running as opportunity offers between Pictou, in Nova Scotia, and Georgetown, on the island, a distance of about 45 miles, the other by ice-boats between Cape Traverse on the island, and Cape Tormentine on the mainland, a distance of about 9 miles. However, it generally happens that no choice offers, for while the 'Northern Light' commences running as soon as navigation is impossible for the ordinary passenger steamers, the ice-boats do not generally start work until the ice has prevented the 'Northern Light' being relied upon for a daily trip. Roughly the steamer runs up to about the 20th of January, and again from about the 10th of March, till navigation re-opens, while the ice-boats commence about the 15th of January, and run till about the 10th of April, the dates of course changing with the character of the winter.

Being compelled to reach Halifax (N. S.) on a certain day, and finding the ice-steamer at the time somewhat erratic in her movements, owing to an immense and unusual quantity of ice in the strait, I determined on what is known as "the Capes route," my decision being influenced by the fact that the postal authorities had determined to use the same route for the transmission of mails. Accordingly, one 14th of January, I left Charlotte Town at 3 P.M., by train for County Line station, whence sleighs are procurable for Cape Traverse. The 31 miles being safely negotiated, a stay of an hour was necessary

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while the sleighs were getting ready, and at 6.30 we (for I was fortunate enough to find a friend travelling the same way) left for Cape Traverse, the night being luckily brilliantly lit up by a moon nearly at the full. As ours was the first trip of the season, the track, which later on is plain and well worn, was at this time only existing in the imagination of our drivers, as the snow was lying in all its virgin purity so deep that only the top rail of the fences was visible in many places, and our horses had to stagger along generally well up to their bellies. This being the condition of the track, it is not to be wondered at that the thirteen miles from the railway to Cape Traverse occupied fully four hours, and as the thermometer was somewhere about zero, we were, in spite of numerous fur-coats and rugs, heartily glad when the lights of Muttart's hotel announced the end of our journey. Here we found accommodation for the night, and having learnt that there was every probability of an early start and a good crossing, we slept the sleep of the just, in a small four-double-bedded-room, through which the stove-pipe passed from the room below and diffused an uncomfortable degree of unwholesome warmth.

Seven the next morning found us up and eager to start, and a few minutes later the boats' crews appeared, and preparations commenced in earnest. The ice-boats themselves may be described, as far as description is necessary, in a few words: they are simply flattish-bottomed boats, 15 to 18 feet long, and about 5 feet beam; they are fitted with two keels, 15 inches apart, which, while the boat is on the ice, act as runners and convert her into a sleigh. For convenience of hauling out of the water and on to the ice, they have flat bows (like a Chinese sampan) carried well aft and this enables them also to take the water again more comfortably than would a boat with the ordinary stem. For hauling on the ice, a number of leather belts are fitted with manilla attachment to the thwarts, and each man of the crew, as well as each passenger, has one of these told off to him; these tow-lines answer another purpose, for should any one in dragging fall through the ice, the strap will bring him up. Everything being in readiness, a start was made from the house at about 8 A.M., the two boats being drawn by horses as far as the condition of the "board," or shore ice, rendered practicable, and after that crew and passengers in the drag-ropes hauled them over till water was reached. This dragging, even on smooth ice, is sufficient exercise to put the blood in

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good circulation, and do away with the necessity for any extra clothing, care, however, being taken to protect the nose and ears.

At the edge of the board ice, we found the tide running past at about a knot an hour, but the clumpets of ice passing at the same time gave quite a novel experience, making one feel, for a second or so, quite giddy ; however, the "Captain" launched us out, and the four boatmen taking their places, away we pulled, the skipper very cleverly availing himself of the lanes of water to make progress as nearly in the required direction as possible. When no passage appeared, out jumped the bowman, painter in hand, on to the ice, then followed the crew and last of all the passengers, and all being once more harnessed, away we go again, over the field ice till water once again compels us to take to the boat. On smooth ice the boat goes along easily and rapidly enough, but where big pieces (clumpets) have been piled one upon another, the labour is hard and the progress slow. The hardest work is getting the boat through what is called "lolly," a composition of half-frozen water, mixed with half-melted snow, with an occasional floating cake of ice, the whole packed too closely together to render pulling practicable, yet not firm enough to bear a man's weight ; through this it is only possible to make way very painfully and slowly with boat-hooks and paddles, and the lolly is consequently the bug-bear of the passage ; we were lucky enough to get over with a good deal of open water, and not much lolly, as our journey was accomplished in three and a half hours to the board ice on the mainland shore.

The passage, as a rule, is made in about four hours, sometimes, however, taking six or seven or more, and much less frequently taking a little over two hours. The board ice on this side was very heavy, big clumpets sticking up everywhere, with the intervening space filled with soft snow several feet deep, and here one may get pretty severe bruises from slipping through the snow till the shin-bone brings one up on the sharp edge of a piece of blue ice. The only danger in crossing on a fine day is from frost-bite, or getting wet through falling through the ice ; but as a rule care will prevent the former, while the latter is guarded against by keeping one hand on the gunwale of the boat, while tracking and standing by to throw the weight on to the boat should the ice appear treacherous.

We arrived at Cape Tormentine about noon, and here we had a

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somewhat rough but very welcome meal preparatory to another sleigh drive of 40 miles to Amherst, the nearest station on the Intercolonial line. About 17 miles from Cape Tormentine a stay is made at Port Elgin to change horses, and the whole journey from the Cape to Amherst occupied about seven hours. We arrived at the latter place about 8 P.M., just in time to escape a very heavy rain storm, which lasted three days. As we took train here the novelty of the journey ceases, to be resumed on our arrival at Pictou for our trip by the 'Northern Light' to Georgetown.

Since taking the above trip I have made another crossing, and in the interval some very important improvements have taken place. The Prince Edward Island Railway now runs down to Cape Traverse, and the whole journey from Charlotte Town takes two hours. A very fair hotel, the Lansdowne, has been built there, affording good accommodation. On the mainland again a line is contemplated, I think partly graded from Cape Tormentine to Amherst, and when this is completed the Capes route will have lost one of its greatest terrors, a cold sleigh drive of 40 miles. As to the actual crossing, the accidents are very few and very far between. Thirty years ago a party was out, I think, three days, and at last made the mainland nearly opposite Charlotte Town, one man, a young medical student, having died; while another, now a popular medical man in Charlotte Town, lost both feet at the instep from frost-bite. In January 1885 three boats left Cape Traverse, and, being caught in an easterly snow storm, had to remain out all night on a pan of ice, with the temperature at 16 deg. below zero. They burnt one boat and a bag of newspapers, and finally landed late on their second afternoon. Of these men few escaped without some injury—one man lost both hands and feet, while others lost fingers, toes, or portions of hands or feet. Still I believe I am right in saying no mail has ever been lost, and this speaks volumes for the skill and pluck of these men who, during the hardest months of the winter, form the only link between Prince Edward Island and the main.

On my return journey I arranged to go by the ice-steamer from Pictou in Nova Scotia, to Georgetown on Prince Edward's Island. When I arrived at Pictou I found that the 'Northern Light' had not come in, and I had to wait there five days for her. The heavy rain, which commenced just after our arrival at Amherst, had at Pictou, and in fact all over Nova Scotia, caused

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such a "silver thaw" as had not been known for five-and-twenty years. The rain falling at a very low temperature, had frozen on everything as it fell, and the telegraph wires particularly presented a most unusual spectacle, as they had a coating of at least half an inch of clear ice, the wires themselves being plainly visible like the thread as seen in a string of crystal beads. All along them, too, were small pendant icicles, and the weight of this collection of ice was in many places so great as to break the wires. Near Pictou there is a road running between large willows, and as every tiny twig had its coating of ice, the effect, as one drove through with the setting sun glinting upon these thousands of little mirrors, was one of singular beauty, an effect that the proprietors of ornamental trees will be indeed sorry to see repeated, as the broken branches which strewed the roads showed how disastrous this silver thaw had been.

At last, on the 20th of January, the steamer arrived, and that same evening we went on board to be ready for an early start. I was lucky enough to get a cabin, a matter of some little difficulty, as, owing to the delay, passengers had been collecting at Pictou for a week back; so that, when we came to count heads, it was found that we had forty-seven passengers, while the vessel only afforded sleeping accommodation for eighteen, so that the majority had to sleep where they could, some on the saloon deck, some on the tables and lockers, and "others elsewheres," as Punch's cabman has it. Of the forty-seven passengers, five were women, and one a baby girl of eighteen months, the private property of the writer; in fact my business in Halifax had been to meet my wife, who, with the above-mentioned child and her nurse, were now on board.

At 7 A.M. on the 21st of January, we left the board ice at Pictou and proceeded on our way, following the lanes of water as well as we could, occasionally coming across fields of eight-inch ice through which the vessel had to cut her way. Into ice of this thickness, with a run of 60 or 70 yards, she can cut about her own length, and has then to be backed to ram the ice again and again till a passage is cleared. Working on in this way, we got on so well that we had a fair prospect of making the trip before dark, but about 4 P.M. we got among field ice at least 12 inches thick, and out of this no way was visible. The vessel was rammed at this, but the progress made was so slight, that it was thought wise to wait till next morning

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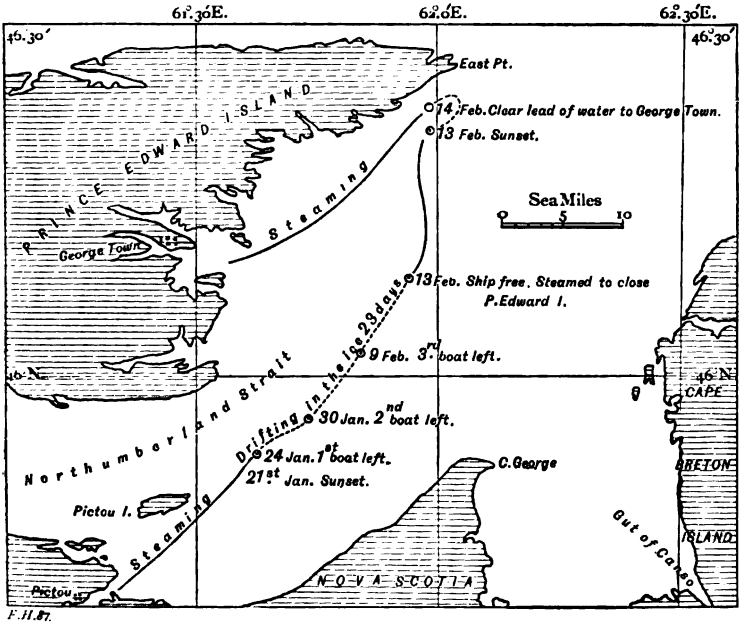
CHART OF THE 'NORTHERN LIGHT'S' COURSE.



for a better opening. The shock with which the vessel came against this thick ice was so severe that it was difficult to keep one's feet, and it most certainly proved the great strength of the vessel and the confidence of her commander, Captain Finlayson, that she should come out of these charges, made at full speed, altogether uninjured.

We had by this time arrived within about 8 miles of the island shore, and 20 miles from Georgetown, so our prospect was a good one. Next day (Saturday), however, we found her firmly fixed in the pack, and had to be content with breaking the ice round the vessel, so that should an opening occur we might be ready for it. On Sunday the 23rd, no opening came, so we had to make ourselves as happy as we could. This was hard enough, for the field had drifted much closer to the island, and the contemplation of the land where we would be was not cheering when separated from it by impenetrable blue ice. This Sunday is marked in my mental log by the remarkable fact, that a passenger with a fiddle, who had since leaving Pictou, played jigs, apparently without stopping even for necessary food or sleep, was compelled by his

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ignorance of sacred music to maintain an unwilling silence; but this so preyed on his mind that he remained up till midnight, when he recommenced his secular strains; remembering that he, poor fellow, had no place to sleep in, it seemed hard to deprive him of his pleasure, so he was allowed to go on in peace.

On Monday morning (the 24th), the prospect being still as bad as ever, one of the two ice-boats belonging to the ship was lowered on to the ice and sent ashore with sixteen passengers (of whom the fiddler was one) and six of the crew, the latter being sent to bring the boat back. This party reached the shore, about 7 miles off, about 1 P.M., having started at 8 A.M., and all, save for some slight frost-bites, were well. The boat returned to us on Thursday the 27th. During her absence, and to raise our drooping spirits, we started games of football on the ice, using a small ball of old clothes for the usual "leather." The ship during this time was closely packed and drifting with the ice slowly to the eastward.

On the 28th a movement of the ice caused the ship to be heavily nipped, the field on one side remaining stationary, while that on the other kept pressing against the side. Remembering that the ice was quite a foot thick and was being forced on the ship by the movement of a field extending as far as the eye could reach, some idea may be formed of the strain to which the vessel was subjected. The beams kept up a dismal creaking and bent up in some cases a couple of inches, and the ice cracked with frequent loud reports, as, unable to force the ship, it gave to the weight behind it and piled in big blocks alongside.

The awful part of this nipping is the feeling of utter helplessness with which you see it. Nothing you can do with any human assistance appears likely to help, and there you stand, watching as calmly as you may the struggle between this natural force and that you have to pit against it; you know either you must give way or the ice must, and you anxiously wonder which it is to be. However, after about an hour of this, the running ceased, the beams gradually resumed their normal positions, and all of us breathed freely once more, thankful to that Providence which had rescued us.

On this day it was deemed advisable, not knowing how long we might be imprisoned, to reduce our daily three meals to two, and these were not to include fresh meat, that luxury being reserved for the baby, a luxury, by the way, that she enjoyed

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all through our detention in the ice, and to which I suppose she owes the fact that she came out of this adventure alive.

On Saturday (the 30th of January) the ice-boat left again at 7 A.M. with fourteen passengers and eight crew, the shore then being distant about 9 miles. This party was not as lucky as the first, for night came on before they reached the shore, and so they camped on the ice under the lee of the boat. Some of the passengers were with difficulty kept from sleeping, while others stamped monotonously up and down until daylight showed them the land, distant about 2 miles, with a narrow strip of lolly separating them from the board ice. This lolly was so thick, that weary as they were they found themselves utterly unable to force their boat through it, so leaving her on the ice, they all struck out with boat-hooks and oars struggling for the shore, and sometimes knee deep, sometimes up to their necks, and sometimes lucky enough to get on a clumpet sufficient foothold for another spring, they all at length came safe to land.

Of this party several were badly frost-bitten, one so seriously that it was at first feared that he must lose both feet, but careful nursing brought him through with only the loss of a couple of toes; however, he never was himself again, and died a few months later. The boat was afterwards recovered by some people from the shore, but she never came back to us, and we were much exercised about her, as the signal fire they were ordered to light on their arrival was never shown, and consequently we were much afraid that ill had befallen them.

The day after the departure of the second boat-load we had at 5 A.M. the heaviest nip to which the vessel has during her five years' work been subjected, and the iron beam running across between the boilers was bent and displaced so much, that on the ship's recovering herself, the beam drew its bolts and remained in its maimed condition, a monument to the severity of the strain. Another beam farther aft was also considerably injured, and after this nip, too, the vessel commenced to leak considerably, but not sufficiently to be dangerous, as the donkey pump could clear the ship working twenty minutes a watch, or two hours a day. The iron beam to which the ship's safety on this occasion was principally due was put in, I believe, at Capt. Finlayson's suggestion, after the ship's first season's work as an additional protection in her weakest spot.

All this time we were drifting slowly but constantly to the

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eastward, and after another week's monotonous confinement it was determined to send away the ship's sole remaining ice-boat, and she accordingly left on the 9th of February with eleven passengers, of whom two were women, and three of the crew. This reduced our number to nineteen in all, or allowing for the three women, the child, and a sick passenger, thirteen all told to work the ship, and of these not one was rated a seaman. This last party started for the shore, then distant about 13 miles at 7 A.M., and they were out all night, reaching Georgetown at 10 the next morning; luckily the women, one of whom had walked two-thirds of the way, while the other insisted upon being dragged in the boat, were well; but some of the passengers and a fireman were badly bitten; the latter's bite I presume is mainly attributable to the nature of his occupation having made his feet tender.

Shortly after this diminution of our numbers, the ice ahead of us opened showing a long lane of water, from which we were separated by about 20 yards of solid ice and a "pan" or ice island about 50 yards in diameter; the latter we hoped to be able to move bodily. We commenced to cut the ship free, contenting ourselves the first day with sawing and breaking out the surface ice for 2 feet all round the ship, and hauling the broken pieces up on the main pack so as to leave the vessel clear; we also cut away the ice about 9 feet from her stem, so as to allow the ship to move her engines. After the departure of the last load of passengers we had found it necessary, or wise, to reduce the food allowance to one full meal at 1 P.M., and this with work on the ice from 7 A.M., was little enough. Working every day we managed by the 11th to cut a strip of ice out, relieving the pan or ice island already mentioned; this we afterwards started with screw-jacks and pinch-bars, and wind and tide moved it clear for us, so that now we only had the 20 yards of ice to clear away between us and a lead which extended as far as the eye could reach.

During this day's work, the writer, with his usual handiness, walked into a hole with an 8-foot iron bar, and, not having sense enough to let it go, he stood a fair chance of accompanying it below the ice; but the skipper's voice warned him of the folly of this proceeding, and he was hauled on to the ice a colder, a wetter, and, we hope, a wiser man. Every one but the sick man and the women helped, and, as the latter did the cook's and steward's work, these men shared in the labour of ice-cutting.

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By the afternoon of the 12th of February we had managed to cut a passage 25 feet wide from the ship to the water, and so we tried the ship's engines. The motion of the vessel started the ice under her bottom, and it came up choking our canal. These lumps we got rid of at last, but one was so big that it had to be smashed up into three pieces before it could be cleared; and, as this lump took twelve men working hard an hour to move out, its size may be guessed at. To realize the nature of the work of clearing a passage, it is necessary to point out that the ice here was packed lump under lump below the surface ice, and was in many places quite 20 feet thick, though, of course, when the upper cake (generally 3 or 4 feet thick) was started, a good deal of the rest came up, but some pieces could not free themselves and remained partly under the surface ice and partly jutting into our canal. Of the lump we had so much bother with, I can only call it a small berg, which, when cleared, floated quite 3 feet out of water, indicating a thickness of, at least, 15 feet.

It was night when we had completed our passage and cleared it, so, although we had a good moon, we determined to leave her where she was till daylight. All that night it blew a whole gale from the S.E., and, as the ship's head pointing through our passage was N.W., we found it clear in the morning, and the wind had opened a good deal more water, so we got up steam. Just five minutes before steam was up, the ice on our quarter opened; but, unfortunately, the released field, influenced by the wind, swung right across our poor little canal, and after a week's labour we were barred again. Any one wishing to know what a sudden depression of spirits is, should try and fancy himself in our position. At one moment a straight opening to a patch of clear water of unknown extent, at the next all our hopes smashed—our chances of escape all vanished. However, it wasn't as bad as it might have been, for in a short time the ice again swung, our canal once more appeared, and, steam being all ready, our good ship forged ahead out of the cradle in which she had lain for over three weeks.

On we went through the lanes of water, making what progress we could and in any direction, so that we approached the island, for coal was now scarce, and our one object was to make the island board ice anywhere. By 3 P.M. we had worked up to within 4 miles of the island shore, but the loose ice, blown up from the south-eastward by the last night's gale, now lay closely

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packed against the island board ice. One good thing cheered us here—namely, the certainty that now at least our island friends knew where we were, and we felt sure that every effort would be made to bring us ashore.

All Sunday afternoon and night we kept steam handy and availed ourselves of every opening; but still we were gradually setting towards the east end of the island, distant at sunset about 7 miles. What was to happen if the drift took us beyond East Cape with little food, little coal, and little chance of help from the island, I think none of us cared to look into too closely. During the night the watchful care of our skipper in availing himself of every chance, kept us fairly in position, and we hoped for good resulting from a strong N.W. breeze which was likely to set the ice from the island shore, and give us a chance of clear water inside. During this night the writer gave another instance of his peculiar handiness. The 'Northern Light' has often to steam astern with much ice in her track, and, to prevent accidents which might easily happen from her rudder coming in contact with ice during sternway, a strong clamp of iron passes round the drum of her wheel and is controlled by a firm pressure on a footplate near the helmsman. The writer, in the absence of the crew with the ice-boats, was at the helm and was perfectly acquainted with the peculiarities of the situation. Once, and only once, his mind was allowed during sternway to travel to the joys of reaching land, when in a second the wheel took charge, flew round, and slung the wretched scribbler of these lines violently against the opposite side of the wheelhouse. I said he forgot himself once; with this reminder of his fault it is not necessary to say that it did not occur again. Valentine's Day broke upon us fine and bright, and, to our great joy, showed us a clear strip of water bordering the board ice, and in this, with high spirits and thankful hearts, we steamed smoothly along at about nine knots an hour, making fast in the board ice at Georgetown at 11 A.M., twenty-four days out from Pictou.

As we entered the harbour we picked up an ice-boat, and I was surprised to recognize in its crew the very men who just that day month had taken me across the straits. The agent of Marine and Fisheries, alarmed for our safety, had ordered this crew up from Cape Traverse, to attempt the relief of the ship, as our provisions were known to be short. Four years later I crossed the straits with the skipper of this crew, and he said in

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speaking of the incident: "What we wanted to see was the baby, and when they held her up we would have cheered, but we were too glad to see her alive to think of it." If their hearts were full, what were ours when at the end of this cruise, we said good-bye to those who had been our companions during a 46 miles passage of twenty-four days? To Captain Finlayson and his officers, we owe much, and they know our gratitude is theirs.

Perhaps the greatest personal hardship I had to undergo during this cruise was the deprivation of tobacco for a fortnight, and this is a trial, the severity of which, none who read this can understand, unless (being constant smokers) they have been placed in similar positions. My tobacco lasted about ten days, and as we always hoped to get out in a day or two, I did not cut down my expenditure until too late to make the reduction of any practical use in prolonging my enjoyment. After about a week of hopeless longing for the solace of a pipe, I accidentally heard that the second mate, who was ashore with one of the ice-boats, usually carried tobacco in his chest, and as he was the captain's brother, I tried to prevail upon our commander to examine the box. However, it proved to be locked, but my evident disappointment conquered the captain's scruples, and the bottom of the chest was taken off, and we discovered two figs of what under ordinary circumstances I should have considered unsmokable tobacco, but which now was a veritable treasure; brother smokers will understand how it was shared out and enjoyed. The memory of the pipefuls then carefully smoked will remain with me longer than that of any "Old Gold," or "Straight Cut No. 1" I've consumed before or since. Had we had more tobacco, I've no doubt our reduced allowance of food would have seemed more ample, for I well remember, how, when encamped for a lengthened period, as part of a shipwrecked crew, on a desert island in the Indian Ocean, the fact of our having a plentiful supply of the fragrant weed staved off the pangs of hunger, which naturally and frequently arose with an allowance of four ounces of biscuit, and half a pound of meat.

FRANK HASLEWOOD.

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A Counsel of Perfection.

BY LUCAS MALET.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," "MRS. LORIMER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

. . . "Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you."

DR. CASTEEN possessed in a marked degree the historic sense. Possessed it, indeed, in a degree so marked, that some of his more ardent admirers accredited him with positive genius. For it was not merely that his mind retained long lists of dates; was packed, sepulchre-like, with the dry bones of great events; with the names of long-ago statesmen, lay or ecclesiastic; or with accurate tables of the reigns of dead emperors and kings. Dr. Casteen's insight and research carried him further and deeper than this. He had a liberal and comprehensive critical faculty; a startling power of embracing, mentally, the whole of an important period,—of disentangling its conflicting moral and political tendencies, and of staking out with admirable clearness and ingenuity the navigable channel that, in every age of the world's history, has cut its way on sea-ward through the shallows, and sand-bars, and unsavoury mud-flats of rash action or unstable opinion, which have so often threatened to dam the stream of rational progress in human affairs.

Yet Dr. Casteen's talent, great though it unquestionably was, appeared to be only applicable in one direction, and that a backward one. His eyes—and tried, sunken eyes enough they were—fixed themselves steadily upon the Past, which interested and attracted him deeply. He very rarely, if ever, turned them upon the Present, which neither interested nor attracted him in the

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least; which, indeed—though the whole course of history might, on his own showing, be reasonably supposed to have led directly up to it—he declared, with considerable vigour of scornful denunciation, to be a period of miserable weakness, stupidity, and universal decadence. The consequence was that as Dr. Casteen moved slowly and wearily, but very surely—like all the rest of us, alas!—down the highway of life towards that somewhat grim and forbidding, though much-frequented, inn, whose creaking signboard shows a grave on one side and a skull on the other, he exhibited very little sympathy with, or consideration for, his fellow-travellers. It never occurred to him that the live dog, after all, is a much more immediately important animal than the dead lion. Towards live dogs of every degree, in fact, he was disposed to manifest a rather cold-blooded indifference; even when the creatures were tender-hearted, and more than ready to lick his hand if he would but graciously pat them. Dr. Casteen wanted to work; and ebullitions of tenderness were liable to strike him as tiresome and impeding. He really had neither time nor energy for them. Affectionate relations, even with one's nearest and—conventionally speaking—dearest, demand a good deal of attention and of leisure if they are to be cultivated with success.

Yet this unhappy indifference and slight obliquity of vision had not interfered very sensibly with Dr. Casteen's worldly prosperity. Would not have interfered with it at all, but rather tended to promote it in a practical and conspicuous manner, had it not been for a certain fineness of fibre which the man did, after all, possess. For he regarded his work as an end, not as a means, and was really too honestly and honourably in love with his historic labours to give much thought to the wages which the public or the Church might be willing to pay him for them.

One comfortable bit of remuneration he had, it is true, when still comparatively a young man, consented to accept. For in the autumn of 1853,—after the appearance of the last volume of his 'Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Biography, from the Martyrdom of St. Peter to the Council of Nicæa,'—the then bishop of the diocese, finding himself deeply impressed by the value of that learned and ponderous work, made Dr. Casteen an offer of the living of Marston Episcopi—the richest in his gift. The parish was small as to population, containing under three hundred inhabitants—one of the still, sleepy, pastoral, Midlandshire parishes

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where life moves with such agreeable regularity and outward decorum. The income of the living was both good and secure. For we speak of those blissful bygone days when in regard of clerical emoluments things were really what they seemed. When rents were paid without any disturbing demands for return or reduction, and when tithe was regarded as a divine institution, the justice of which not the hardiest Radical imagination would venture to call in question.

This very eligible piece of preferment Dr. Casteen, as I say, had accepted. And through the course of the following thirty years a long procession of curates—estimable young men in the main—marched in single file, so to speak, across the parish of Bishop's Marston; reasoning as they went, according to their several ability, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. The rector, meanwhile, leaving the serving of tables and more active work of the ministry to his subordinates, sat in his book-lined study, accumulating masses of knowledge, which he subsequently distilled in inky, and, no doubt, intellectually refreshing, dew upon many reams of foolscap.

For thirty years and more the black procession lasted, Dr. Casteen steadily refusing further ecclesiastical honours. It is known that in 1864 he was offered the canonry, rendered vacant by the death of Archdeacon Goldingham, his brother-in-law. Mrs. Casteen, it may be mentioned, in passing, was a Miss Goldingham, eldest daughter of the late well-known rector of Slowby. And later there were rumours that Dr. Casteen might even have enjoyed the dignified repose of a picturesque deanery in one of our southern cathedral cities, had he not so decidedly preferred the solitude and comparative freedom from responsibility of his little Midlandshire parish.

Lydia Casteen, as a very pretty little girl of seven years old, had come to Bishop's Marston in 1853, along with her mother and the books, and the rest of the Rector's domestic impedimenta. She had, I regret to say, at the time when the reader is asked to make her acquaintance, reached the mature age of seven-and-thirty. Nevertheless there were persons who still considered her pretty. Mrs. Cunnington, for instance,—sometime her nurse, and now, in stout and florid middle-age, cook, housekeeper, and ruler-in-chief, always saving and excepting Dr. Casteen himself, of the establishment:—Mrs. Cunnington, for instance, maintained that "Miss Lydia was, and always had been, since she first took her, a baby from the

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month, as beautiful, wholesome, clear-skinned, elegant a lady as you could want to see." And, allowing for much partiality on the part of this witness, it may still be asserted that Miss Casteen, even at the present period, was far from unpleasing to look upon. Her features were regular, her complexion delicate, if slightly faded; her skin of the pliant texture which on into middle-life retains its smoothness, and refuses to pleat and crease into hard lines. Miss Casteen's face and her whole manner and bearing were marked with a certain serenity; but a serenity rather of expectation than of accomplishment. There was a look in her eyes as of one who waits and listens, not eagerly or anxiously, but with a kind of chastened patience—a look, which on the face of a maiden lady, whose youth has passed, or is passing, away, possesses a charm of unconscious pathos and impresses the sympathetic observer with a tender reverence. What are they waiting and listening for, these dear, child-eyed spinsters? A revelation, alas! which may prove to have a good deal more of earth than of heaven in it, if ever it comes.

The look was very present, anyhow, in Lydia Casteen's face as she stood one hot July morning on the step outside the garden-door, her straight slim figure framed by the clustering, faint-scented clematis and *gloire de Dijon* roses that overhung the porch, while a small, bandy-legged, red *dachshund* danced around her in exuberant delight at getting out of doors.

The sunshine lay everywhere. But sunshine of the pale, ungenerous quality peculiar to the centre of England—namely, sunshine that appears to be filtered through an interposing veil of bluish-white crape. Behind her rose the square, white rectory house, and its three rows of sash windows. It was built about the end of the twenties, upon the sight of a less pretentious but very much more picturesque sandstone house, dating in parts from the time of Henry the Seventh. The first quarter of the present century was not precisely a happy moment of English taste. This may account not only for the squareness, and whiteness—partly, indeed, now corrected by a generous growth of roses, ivy, and other climbing plants—but, also, for the very unapostolic air of spacious comfort pervading the general aspect of Marston Rectory.

Under the lower windows ran broad borders, an edge of neatly-trimmed turf dividing them from the gravel path. Upon the other side of this path stretched a lawn dotted with flower-

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beds; bounded on the right by a high wall—on the cracked stone coping of which straggling plants of snapdragon and gilly-flowers had rooted themselves: and on the left by iron railings, dividing it from the churchyard, where the tasselled grasses grew rank and tall, half concealing a perspective of moss-grown head and foot-stones, tilted at all manner of uncertain angles. Just within the said churchyard grew a couple of large cedars, whose dark horizontal branches, sweeping low over the railings and the small iron gate leading into the church path, shaded the eastern portion of the lawn, making the flower-beds there look dry and barren. The house and church stood high, commanding an extensive view over an expanse of rolling, finely-timbered, park-like country; an outlook in the foreground of heavy green, and in the distance receding into lines of fainter and fainter blue-grey.

A drowsy hum of bees among the clematis, Anne-Boleyn pinks, geraniums and mignonette; a subdued rush of wings and twittering of swallows darting back and forth to their nests under the eaves; a company of white and yellow butterflies playing above the flower-beds on the lawn; now and again the rumble of a farm-cart or heavy timber-waggon along the high road on the other side of the wall, followed by a little drab-coloured cloud of dust, blown idly up by a sudden draught of hot, south-easterly air. And in the immediate foreground, walking slowly up and down the path between the bright flower-borders in the warm shelter of the house-front, a tall, spare, old gentleman, clad in rather rusty clerical garments—his shoulders bowed as with much stooping over books, his hands clasped behind him, his head poked forward and protected by a very large, soft, Panama hat; a green silk shade fitting across his high, narrow forehead, and forming a little pent-house roof over his eyes; and on his feet, though the gravel was dry as the proverbial bone, a pair of large galoshes.

This was the scene upon which Miss Casteen's eyes rested. She had beheld it very often before. For the last five-and-twenty years, unless the weather was aggressively bad, Dr. Casteen had walked up and down the path, from the boundary-wall to the churchyard-gate under the cedars, for half an hour, every morning at precisely the same hour. And almost every morning, for the last twelve years—since that one of the two bitter sorrows of her life, the death of her mother—Lydia had come down, walked with him and acquainted him with the

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contents of the day's post. The scene was therefore extremely familiar to her. It had grown to seem part of the order of nature, like the ebb and flow of tides, or the coming of day and night—something absolutely fixed, and determined, necessarily recurrent, in a word, inevitable.

But to-day Lydia was sensible of a difference; not in outside things but in herself. And it was this which made her pause a moment before joining her father, and watch him with a quickened attention, a mingling of tenderness and self-distrust. For she actually had a half-formed project of interfering with the order of nature; and that frightened her a little. Lydia's life was one of many small pieties. Her conscience was sensitive. Her dread of wrong-doing great.

Still, in arriving at an understanding with herself, Lydia exhibited a certain force and clear-sightedness. Her intelligence was considerable, and her honesty was considerable also. She could not succeed—according to the habit of many excellent women—in making herself believe a thing just because she wished to believe it. And among those things in which poor Lydia found belief increasingly difficult was her father's affection towards her.

For as he grew older, as his mind lost its elasticity, as work became to him more fatiguing, by so much more did Dr. Casteen become self-absorbed, impatient of interruption, miserly of time. The day, for him, sloped towards the West, and a hard determination settled down on him to let no moment of it suffer waste. Lydia had lived in hope for a good many years now,—in the hope, cherished very sweetly and consistently, that some happy turn of circumstance might make her relation to her father a dearer and closer one. But the happy turn had not presented itself in any promising form as yet. Lydia's youthful buoyancy of spirit was failing, she was growing a trifle sick with hope deferred:—and this was the second bitter sorrow of her life. The situation had begun to weigh distressingly heavily upon her. She longed for a lessening of the daily strain, for a pause, a rest.

Dr. Casteen reached the gate under the dense shade of the cedars. He stood there for a few seconds, and then turning, came slowly back, his hands still clasped behind him, his head bent, his lips moving as he silently recited certain sentences to himself. His daughter, watching him, fancied that he planted his footsteps more uncertainly than he was wont. As he

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came closer she noted the deep lines about his mouth, the worn, bleached pallor of his finely-chiselled face under the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat. He looked old, frail, chilled even on this sultry day. She stepped out on to the path as he passed, and walked beside him.

"The heat tries you," she said. "Don't you think perhaps it would be wiser to come indoors at once?"

Dr. Casteen did not raise his head; he moved on at the same slow, spiritless pace.

"I object to breaking through a habit, my love," he replied.

"Oh! but the weather has broken through a habit. It is remarkably hot. Hotter than we have had it for some years. Surely we may modify our actions, a little, in submission to unusual circumstances."

Lydia spoke in a tone of gentle remonstrance, which might have struck her hearer as decidedly engaging. Dr. Casteen, however, was not very open to blandishments. He answered in his habitually cold, inward sort of voice, and with all his habitual studiously careful refinement of pronunciation.

"The blind unreasoning motions of the weather are hardly a safe guide for intelligent human beings in matters of conduct. It should rather, in my opinion, be our aim to oppose an unchanging constancy of purpose to the unceasingly changeful aspects of the external world. The day, I grant you, is warmer than has, for some time now, been customary: but I cannot permit that fact to deter me from taking my prescribed amount of exercise. To permit it so to deter me would be to exhibit a weakness of will, to exhibit, indeed, a tendency towards that common but most insidious curse and canker of modern life, indolence."

"There is a very old proverb, though, about the danger of keeping the bow always strung," Miss Casteen said, still in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

"That danger appears to me less than the alternative one —the danger, I mean, under a plea of bodily lassitude of yielding to mental sloth."

"Ah! that is the last danger one need fear for you, dear papa," said Lydia, softly.

For a time they paced on in silence. Dr. Casteen's lips had begun to move again in voiceless recitation, and he was nearing the edge of the wide shadow cast by the cedars once more when his daughter spoke.

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"The proofs have come," she said.

Dr. Casteen stopped abruptly. For the first time he raised his head. There was a sudden gleam of eagerness, as of some strange, intellectual greed in his pale, sunken eyes.

"Ah!" he said, almost quickly—"and you opened them?"

"Yes. I only had time to glance at them before coming out."

"But the foot-notes?" he enquired, still looking up.

"They are printed in a double column as you wished."

"That is well," Dr. Casteen remarked, poking his head forward again and resuming his walk.

"What number of pages has been forwarded?" he asked presently.

"About a hundred and twenty, I think. That carries us down to the year 316, and the commission issued to Ælius—about two-thirds of the way through the Donatists."

Dr. Casteen pulled the green shade lower over his eyes with a trembling, slightly irritable movement. His hands were long-fingered and narrow—effeminate, scholarly hands.

"The printers are sadly dilatory," he said. "I had counted, not unreasonably as I think, on receiving the whole of that section to-day. I cannot correct conveniently, with security and a sense of satisfaction to myself, unless I have the whole section before me. I shall be doing the work an injustice if I attempt to deal with it in this fragmentary form."

"The rest may come to-morrow," Lydia said, soothingly.

But Dr. Casteen resented the attempt at consolation. He looked up once more, and spoke with an increased coldness of tone.

"You know, my dear Lydia, as well as I do that it is a very rare occurrence for me to receive a consignment of proofs on two consecutive days."

"If they don't come to-morrow I must write then and remonstrate," Lydia said.

"You will oblige me by so doing."—Dr. Casteen clasped his hands behind him again.—"Still a day must inevitably be lost; and in the present condition of the work I deeply regret the loss of a day."

Lydia during the above conversation had been trying to muster enough self-confidence to make a certain little statement. The statement was, on the face of it, a sufficiently innocent one, yet it made a very sensible demand on her courage. For when it came to personal matters Lydia was aware that she stood in awe

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of her father. His strange aloofness from the common affairs of daily life, and his absence of interest in them, made them appear, when she attempted to speak to him of them, utterly trivial and contemptible.

"I had a letter from Mrs. Denison this morning," she said at last, after a long pause.

"Indeed. Mrs. Denison has always shown herself a most amiable friend, considerate of your pleasure in many ways."

"Yes, she has been wonderfully good to me," Lydia replied, with a pretty kindling of gratitude. "And so has Mr. Denison. He gave me Rosencrantz, you remember."

"Ah—the little dog. Yes, precisely.—You tell me that the foot-notes and references are arranged as I directed in a double column?"

"Yes, and they look much better so, they are much clearer."

Lydia found her father's last speech far from encouraging; but discouragement stimulated in her a slight spirit of opposition. She resolved to go on.

"I am afraid Mrs. Denison has been very far from well," she said. "She tells me her doctor recommends change. I think the whole business of the election and Mr. Denison losing his seat was a great trial and disappointment to her—she has never really been quite well since. They are going abroad for a month or six weeks, perhaps for longer. Layton is to be shut up. They will, probably, not come down there at all this year."

"You will regret that, my love," Dr. Casteen said.

He strove, out of self-respect, to be courteous, even when matters of tediously slight interest were brought under his notice. Then he added:—

"I will take this opportunity of reminding you that the references will require most careful verification. That is a mechanical labour which can happily be prosecuted independent of the context. The fact of our not having the whole of the section before us need not therefore prevent your applying yourself to this work of verification without delay. I shall be obliged, my love, by your commencing it to-day—that is, of course, if it is entirely convenient to you to do so."

Lydia turned her head, and gazed away over the wide expanse of rolling, grey-green, sunny country with a rather peculiar smile.

"Has it ever been otherwise than entirely convenient yet, papa?" she asked quietly.

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Dr. Casteen clasped and unclasped his long-fingered hands uneasily. He was vaguely sensible that his daughter's question conveyed a distant hint of reproach. It agitated and annoyed him.

"I am quite innocent of any intention to suggest an implication of unwillingness on your part, my dear Lydia," he said, still poking his head forward and walking slowly along the path. "I know, and I sincerely rejoice in knowing, that the thorough and at the same time progressive education, which I have striven to give you, has not only fitted you, in a degree remarkable in one of your sex, to act as my amanuensis; but that it has also conferred upon you the power of taking a real interest in the work upon which I am engaged at the present time. During the period on which we are now entering—namely, while the first volume of my work is passing through the press—I count on your assistance as on something intrinsically valuable to me. I believe that you may, and will, yield me effective service—service rendered necessary by this unhappy affection of my eyesight. And I believe, further, that you will render that service in a cheerful and docile spirit; referable in part, no doubt, to your sense of filial obligation, but in still greater measure to the intelligent, and I may add appreciative, interest which your training has enabled you to bestow upon serious subjects such as that now occupying our attention."

If Dr. Casteen's tone during the delivery of this formidable address was not notably urbane, it was certainly from no lack of desire on his part to make it so. He wished to pay his daughter a handsome compliment, and he honestly tried to repress a movement of irritation towards her for having expressed herself in a way which seemed to make such a compliment more or less necessary.

Lydia was not only a very fair Latinist and Grecian, she was also a very sweet-natured woman, quick to respond to every token of kindness and commendation. And now, whether she valued the compliment to her intelligence very deeply or not, she undoubtedly valued the effort which it must have cost her father to pay it.

"I am always delighted when I can be of any real help to you, dear papa," she said, very gently.

"Of that I am convinced," he answered—"convinced almost to the point of regret, at moments, paradoxical as the statement may seem. For I cannot help fearing that it is, according to the

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habit of your sex, a somewhat exaggerated affection for the faulty, human instrument rather an unadulterated enthusiasm for the work itself that inspires your labour."

A sudden shadow seemed to pass across Miss Casteen's face.

"Ah! you do not care about my loving you," she said, quietly, almost involuntarily.

It would be only charitable to suppose that Dr. Casteen did not hear the exclamation, for he paid no perceptible regard to it.

"The church clock is striking. We may therefore go indoors," he said. "I shall expect you in the study in a quarter of an hour, my dear Lydia."

Miss Casteen stepped forward and opened the door for her father. As she did so, she said, with a certain clearness and decision,—

"Mrs. Denison enclosed a note for you in her letter to me this morning. I will put it on your writing-table."

"Indeed!" he responded, in a tone of most discouragingly chilly surprise.

Dr. Casteen, notwithstanding his desire that tenderness should not be unduly lavished on the faulty human instrument, stood passive while his daughter, going down on her knees on the door-mat, carefully removed his large galoshes.

"I fail," he remarked, during the progress of that operation—"to recall any subject upon which Mrs. Denison can desire to address me directly. We will therefore lay the note in question aside for the moment; and I will request you to read it to me at luncheon."

"Oh! there's no hurry about it," Lydia answered, getting up again, her face slightly flushed. "But I think it will be best for you to read it to yourself, papa, if you don't mind."

Dr. Casteen drew the green shade down a little lower, with a nervous action of his hands. The wire, at the upper edge of it, left a narrow, red line all across his high, wrinkled forehead.

"You may not remember, perhaps, that I have been warned against the reading of manuscript as specially injurious to my eyesight," he remarked.

"Ah! but I cannot read you this," Lydia replied, quickly. "It would not be quite fair upon either of us—you will understand why when you have read it. Any time will do, papa. There is no immediate hurry about it. And it is quite short."

Dr. Casteen abhorred an ungrammatical, colloquial manner of speaking.

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"You intend to convey that Mrs. Denison's letter is quite short, my dear Lydia, I suppose?" he said, raising his head, and peering out from under the shade with weary, sunken eyes.

"Yes, yes—I beg your pardon—the letter," she answered, with a sweet, apologetic little laugh.

Dr. Casteen, touching the wall at intervals with his right hand, moved slowly down the matted passage to the open door of the study.

"You assure me that this note is not immediately important," he said. "I will therefore postpone the effort of deciphering it till some period of leisure. In rather less than a quarter of an hour I shall expect you. And you will oblige me, doubtless, by then bringing me my mixture."

CHAPTER II.

"It is plain that that Power which made the world foresaw the Evils in it, in that he has so exquisitely fitted us with Passions correspondent thereto."

In this country—a country of many innocent affectations—there has always been a tendency to proclaim gentility, or, if the word has too provincial a flavour, good breeding, by doing certain things exceedingly ill. The practice of penmanship would appear to be a case pre-eminently in point. To write well socially, you should write remarkably badly from all reasonable and useful points of view. Legibility is a mark of the bread-winning classes. Among the precious privileges of the leisured ones is that of being magnificently hieroglyphic.

Mrs. Albert Denison had a very high regard for the leisured classes, and an almost feverishly careful measure of social differences. She very well understood, in such matters, the value of delicate indications. And so her letters invariably presented something of a conundrum to the fortunate receiver of them. I mention this in partial justification of Dr. Casteen's rather snail-like slowness in mastering the contents of that lady's note. For three days Lydia remained in suspense. And during these three days she fulfilled her small round of duties in household, and parish, and towards her father's great book on the heretical defections from the early Church, composedly enough. For Lydia cordially despised the state of mind generally known as—being in a fuss. Suspense produced a little ache in her, and slightly accentuated the pathetically expectant expression of her charm-

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ing eyes: but it by no means prevented her correcting proofs with exquisite neatness; verifying references, from the pages of Optatus and St. Augustine, concerning the opinions and performances of those remarkably obstreperous schismatics, the Donatists, with laudable accuracy; or otherwise conducting herself as though the very greatest chance of personal enjoyment that her quiet existence had hitherto offered were not at stake.

She carried her conscientious delicacy of feeling a step further, and avoided rather than courted an explanation with her father. The very strength of her longing that he should look favourably upon her friend's suit made it a point of honour with her not to bring any pressure to bear upon him. So she was careful not to find herself alone with him at unemployed moments. To loiter about, as though expecting some communication, would have seemed to Miss Casteen slightly contemptible. Hers, it must be owned, was only a day of small things. Circumstances had given her but scant opportunity, so far, of displaying the more dramatic and showy virtues. But there is an ideal of conduct, happily, in little matters as well as in great ones; and Lydia was a fervent, though perhaps unconscious, idealist. She was profoundly in love with perfection.

It was Dr. Casteen's habit to drive for an hour each afternoon from three o'clock till four. During the heat of the summer this ceremony took place half-an-hour later. It was further customary for Miss Casteen to accompany her father. Occasionally, however, her place was taken by Edgar Morgan, the member of the black procession of curates just then wending his apostolic way through the parish of Marston. Mr. Morgan was an excellent young man, with large ears, a receding chin and a large bump of reverential admiration. He had, also, a good habit of rarely speaking unless spoken to; and this latter rather negative grace rendered his society peculiarly acceptable to Dr. Casteen.

Lydia made this predilection for the young clergyman on the part of her father useful during her three days of suspense. It enabled her to avoid the dangerous *tête-à-tête* of the afternoon drive. She relished this hour's breathing-space and leisure. On the third day after the receipt of Mrs. Denison's letter, she devoted it to visiting Mrs. Threadgold at the thatched, half-timbered cottage, just beyond the small, squat-towered, sandstone church. The good woman had lately presented her husband the sexton with what is locally known as "an increase." And Miss Casteen,

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who was very fond of children, found a singular pleasure in sitting in the clean flagged kitchen,—its door opening on a perspective of garden path flanked by lilac honesty and tall white lady's lilies,—holding the red, pucker-faced little addition to the sum of fallen humanity in her arms.

Yet, pleasant though it was, it seemed to sharpen the tooth of that inward ache somehow. It produced a deepening of her longing for tenderness and affection. As she passed down between the white lilies, crossed the quiet road, with its spaces of grass on either hand, and turned into the churchyard, she was conscious of a movement of sadness, of an impatience of her lot, of an impatience, too, of her father.

"It is not often that I ask for anything," she thought. "He must know I am growing a little anxious. I think he might very well have spoken by now."

And then, compelled by one of those quick reflex actions of a sensitive conscience, she immediately decided to ask Mr. Morgan to dinner, so as to give as little opportunity for speech as possible.

Edgar Morgan was one of those amiably disposed persons who never refuse an invitation. Then, too, an invitation from Miss Casteen had something of a royal command about it. Mr. Morgan was a very loyal subject. Indeed he may be said to have adored his sovereign. For though she was—I regret to say—a good twelve years his senior, the young clergyman had fallen a very complete victim to Miss Casteen's sweetness of disposition and to her surprising acquaintance with the dead languages. "She is a wonderful woman," he frequently said to himself. And then he became somewhat desolate in spirit: for he was well aware that he was himself far from being a wonderful man. And so when Miss Casteen, in the innocence of her heart, asked some small favour of him or paid him some small attention, the good youth went through many rounds in a purgatory of delicious agony.

However delicious Mr. Morgan's agony may have been at being invited to dinner that evening, Lydia suffered torments of quite another complexion before the termination of the meal in question. For her father was not in his happiest humour; and his conversation drifted into rather denunciatory channels. He dilated at considerable length on the degeneracy of the younger generation, on the decay of sound scholarship, on the intellectual flimsiness of the present day.

"There are moments," he said, with the accurate and refined

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enunciation which gave such distinction to his speech,—"there are moments when the wide-spread existence of these deplorable evils is brought home, even to retired persons like myself, in a startling and painful manner. Sporadic germs appear to infest the mental and moral, just as we learn they infest the physical atmosphere. A diseased and morbid love of excitement, for instance, appears to invade even those minds which, from the serious and elevating influences brought from early youth to bear upon them, you would have specialized as peculiarly calculated successfully to resist such invasion."

Miss Casteen moved slightly in her chair at the head of the table, and looked at her father with quickened attention. She had received a very unpleasant shock.

The candles had not been lighted, Dr. Casteen having complained of an unusual degree of discomfort in his eyes. The dining-room—its walls hung with a cockroach-coloured, flock paper, sparsely sprinkled with gold *fleurs-de-lis*—was at the eastern side of the house, overlooking the churchyard. Its windows were darkened by the boughs of the cedars. It was not a notably cheerful apartment even in broad day. Now, unlighted and dusky in the growing twilight, it was very sufficiently depressing. To Lydia, looking up suddenly, her father's face appeared as an indistinct, glimmering disc of paleness, a broad band of black dividing it into two unequal halves, against the dull surface of the wall at his back.

"He has read Mrs. Denison's letter," she thought. "He is greatly annoyed. He will not let me go."

Mr. Morgan murmured a vague agreement. He was a good deal occupied just then with the strawberriès on his plate. He fingered them nervously, fearing the possible presence of green fly, which in the present obscurity, might pass undetected. He could not quite make up his mind to give up his strawberries; yet it was unpleasant to run the risk of becoming suddenly insectivorous.

"What can be more disappointing, for example," Dr. Casteen continued; "what more, I may even say, humiliating, than to discover that one, whose intelligence has been trained with unremitting care and patience, and thus fitted for participation in the prosecution of an important intellectual work, is willing, at the briefest notice, to retard the completion, I had almost said to endanger the integrity of the said work, by deserting his or her post in the pursuit of passing amusement?"

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"Oh! that would be very sad, sir," Mr. Morgan exclaimed. "But hardly anybody, I should think, would be so dreadfully frivolous as that."

Lydia saw her father's narrow, white hands move upward in the dimness, and shift the dark band across the upper part of his face.

"Experience, unhappily, often compels us to revise our opinion as to the possible limits of human frivolity, Mr. Morgan," he said.

Miss Casteen rose. She was deeply hurt, for it seemed to her exceedingly unfair to shoot at her from behind a hedge in this sort of way. But, even had she been disposed to take up arms in her own defence, it would have been impossible to do so now, before a third person.

"I will join you in the study later, papa," she said.

"Oh! I had better go," Mr. Morgan remarked, getting up hurriedly. He had a vague impression of having said something he had better have left unsaid, of having made a mistake. "I'm sure it's so kind of you to let me come at all, sir," he went on. "You can't think how I value the privilege of hearing you talk. But you must never let me be in the way, you know—— unless I could be of any use, Miss Casteen? Perhaps you've something else to do. And, of course, I should be only too glad, if you wished it, to stop and write for Dr. Casteen to-night."

Lydia managed to smile at the young man very kindly through the half-darkness.

"You are always willing to be helpful," she said. "But I have nothing else to do. I am quite at my father's disposal."

"We will go then at once to the study," Dr. Casteen observed.

Mr. Morgan opened the door. For a moment Lydia hesitated. Then she went up to her father.

"The lamps are not lighted yet. You had better take my arm, papa," she said, gently.

"Thank you, my dear Lydia; I am afraid I must be so far burdensome to you," he answered in a tone of chilly civility.

As they moved slowly down the matted passage leading out of the hall, Miss Casteen spoke. Her heart beat quickly.

"I am afraid that you are very much vexed with me," she said. "I am very sorry that I should have vexed you."

"An expression of regret should always be accepted as kindly meant," he rejoined.

Lydia waited a moment. Then, as they passed on into the

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lamp-lighted study, she turned to him, her face eloquent with appeal and pleading.

"Dear papa, pray do not treat me in this way," she said. "I am not unreasonable. I am quite ready to listen if you will only speak openly to me."

Dr. Casteen sank wearily into the large leather-covered chair by the writing-table.

"It would be disingenuous to appear not to apprehend the drift of your observations," he said. "But you must pardon me, my dear Lydia, if I do not at once respond to the suggestion contained in them. I am a prey to considerable physical exhaustion this evening."

As Lydia stood looking down at him, at the delicate, worn features and spare figure, a sweet womanly impulse prompted her to take the old man's hand in hers and offer him one of those silent caresses that often pave the way, far better than spoken words, towards the signing of a treaty of peace. But she really had not courage to obey the prompting. She feared that any active demonstration of affection would embarrass and annoy him still more. She could only say gently:—

"I am very sorry you are tired."

"I should not have mentioned the matter," Dr. Casteen continued, without noticing her little speech; "but that, as I think you will admit, it justifies my refusal to enter upon a question, the discussion of which is likely to be disturbing to both of us. You will oblige me, therefore, by allowing the matter to rest in silence until to-morrow. I will devote my half hour of morning exercise to conversing with you concerning it. If you will take your place, my love, and begin reading, I shall be obliged to you."

Miss Casteen passed a restless night. She had never before been in open collision with her father; and she was frightened at being so. It seemed to her almost impious to stand aside and judge him. And yet her sense of justice rebelled against the harsh words he had spoken at dinner. Surely it was hardly courteous, to say the least of it, to attack her thus when defence was impossible? But that, after all, hurt her less than his entire impenetrability to her affection.

As the short summer night drew on, Lydia's mind worked with almost feverish intensity. In the small hours mole-hills have a nasty habit of swelling into mountains. Lydia's sense of injury expanded in this way, till it towered above her enormous as the

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genius newly escaped from the bottle. But the sane and wholesome morning brought her to a calmer frame of mind. And she went down to breakfast with a feeling of shame upon her. She longed to see her father, and do penance for her sins of thought by unqualified submission to his wishes.

Dr. Casteen, however, did not put in an appearance. He requested that his daughter would read prayers without him, as he proposed breakfasting in his own room. Then submission ceased to be entirely unqualified. The sense of injury re-asserted itself.

Lydia went very methodically through her domestic duties that morning. She had begun to shrink from the interview that lay before her. And in point of fact her father walked twice from the churchyard gate to the garden wall and back again, before she joined him upon the gravel path. The wind blew gustily from the west, and the sky was overcast. The rather dreary peculiarity of Dr. Casteen's appearance was considerably increased by the fastening on of his broad-brimmed Panama hat with a piece of narrow, black ribbon—passed over the crown of it and tied in a straggling bow under his chin.

"Good morning, my love," he said. "I have been expecting you for some minutes."

"I was delayed by household matters," she answered.

"Indeed. We will not stand still if you please."

Habit is strong, and Miss Casteen was tender-hearted.

"I was afraid you had had a bad night, papa," she said, "by the fact of your remaining upstairs. I should have come to your room to inquire for you, but I feared you might not like it."

"It would be ungracious to allow that your presence is ever otherwise than welcome," Dr. Casteen answered, with self-respecting politeness. "But I must own that this morning I preferred solitude, feeling unequal to sustaining a part in ordinary conversation."

"I am not very talkative, papa. I can always be silent if your manner indicates that you are tired," Lydia said, a little quickly.

Dr. Casteen cleared his throat and clasped and unclasped his hands nervously, as he held them behind him. It was among the less amiable characteristics of this learned old gentleman that he had a remarkable power of putting other people in the wrong —of so twisting a sentence that he rendered reply practically impossible.

"During the last few days, my dear Lydia," he remarked, "I have, with great regret, observed in your conversation a tone of

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asperity—an inclination to lay hold of words and turn them against the speaker—usually myself—to his disadvantage. This is unpleasing, I may add, ungenerous. I will ask you therefore, my love, to oblige me by noting this inclination and correcting it before it becomes habitual."

Lydia flushed slightly. But she remained silent.

"Having discharged a plain duty in offering you this warning," Dr. Casteen continued, "I will now, according to promise, discuss that other matter with you to which indirect allusion was made yesterday."

Lydia could not restrain herself.

"It is of no consequence," she said, hastily.—"Of none at least as compared with your comfort, papa. If you are tired, pray let us postpone speaking of it for the present."

"This manifestation of irritability is as ill-timed as it has been, until lately I am thankful to say, unusual on your part," Dr. Casteen answered drily, stooping a little more, as he turned at the end of the walk and faced the westerly wind. "Having made a promise I am bound to redeem it. I cannot perceive that anything is likely to be gained by delay. I must ask you to give me your attention, my love. I presume you are cognisant of the subject of Mrs. Denison's letter?"

Lydia bowed her head in assent.

"She proposes that you should travel with her and her husband for a month—or more—on the Continent. She informs me that she has good reason to believe that you warmly desire to do this. But she adds that, so far, no direct communication has passed between you and her upon the subject—that she makes the proposal entirely upon her own initiative. Mrs. Denison does rightly, in my opinion, in telling me this, in assuring me that she is solely responsible for this proposal—that there has been no collusion."

"Certainly," Lydia put in quietly—"there has been no collusion."

"Still I gather that you must, at some time, have expressed before Mrs. Denison, a desire for foreign travel?"

"Oh! that is very possible," she assented, with a smile, and movement of rather pathetic playfulness. "When women are together they often express wishes for all sorts of delightful, improbable, impossible things, which they know will never come to pass. It is their way, papa. They are not very wise, as a rule, when they are alone together."

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Dr. Casteen cleared his throat again.

"We are wandering somewhat from the point, I think," he remarked coldly.

"You see I am only a woman,"—Lydia answered, still smiling, by way of apology.

Dr. Casteen moved forward a few steps in silence.

"This is mere trifling," he observed presently. "And as I cannot consent this morning to extend the time usually allotted to exercise, I am again compelled to request your full attention. I must own to you, my dear Lydia, that in your friend's letter I perceive an under-current of suggestion which is gravely disappointing to me. I can hardly suppose that you have given your friend to understand that the duties—some might call them privileges—devolving upon you as my amanuensis and, I may say, coadjutor, are distasteful to you—that you consider unjustifiable demands are made upon your time and energy—that you, in short, regard yourself as sacrificed to my studies and pursuits. I can hardly suppose, I repeat, that you have made complaints of the above description. Yet in reading the note you gave me I cannot deny that a painful suspicion has found lodgment in my mind. I need hardly add that this is profoundly distressing to me."

Dr. Casteen paused, as demanding an answer. For a few seconds Lydia hesitated. She was conscious of a struggle. But whatever protests might arise in her when alone, the inherent sweetness and tenderness of her nature conquered when she was face to face with her father.

"Dear papa," she said, "I have never complained. I think you are inclined to treat this matter as much more serious than it really is." They had just reached the gate leading into the churchyard. Dr. Casteen laid one hand on the top bar of it, raised his head, and, from under the green shade, looked with a strange hardness of expression at his daughter.

"It is serious," he said, slowly. "From a certain standpoint, I may say, terribly serious. For if you are willing to leave home now, it can only be that, at heart, you are wholly indifferent to the success of my labours. I can only suppose that the careful training and education expended upon you have been expended in vain—that they have left you shallow and light-minded as the majority of your sex. In that case I have cause to be deeply, bitterly displeased with you."

Lydia uttered a quick exclamation. The first drops of rain

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were beginning to fall, and the wind swept roughly over the tall grasses in the churchyard, lashing them against the crooked gravestones. The dark cedars, with their swaying boughs above her, the grey-green heavy landscape dim with wet, the bowed figure of the old historian, a harsh energy in his words and look, combined to form a picture which stamped itself in singular vividness upon Lydia's brain.

"Ah! pray, pray do not say that," she cried. "How can you say I am indifferent, papa? Surely I have never failed you; I have always been ready to help you. I have enjoyed doing so. Let us put this whole matter of my going away aside for to-day. It troubles you. We will not speak of it again just yet."

"I prefer arriving at a clear understanding with you at once, my dear Lydia," Dr. Casteen answered. "It is easy for you to remove all cause of trouble, it is easy for you to allay the fears that have been aroused in me. You are in a position to do this now and here. You have merely to inform me that you relinquish all thought of this foreign journey—such information will be the surest proof of the sincerity of your professions."

Lydia's first inclination was towards unconditional surrender. But the terms in which her father's demand was couched made it offensive to her. That he should suspect her, that he should exact this act of self-denial as proof of loyalty and devotion of which, for years, her life had been a daily expression—this seemed to Lydia almost intolerable. Her pride was touched. And then, too, as she saw all hope of her poor little pleasure departing, vanishing, desire reasserted itself imperiously. The whole matter may seem, to the enlightened reader, of the proportions of a storm in a tea-cup. But to Lydia the storm was a very real one. She could not let her pleasure-boat founder without any attempt to save it.

"Ah! that is too much," she said, pleadingly, almost piteously. "It is only a short holiday that I ask for—the inside of a month, papa—three weeks if you make a point of it. My absence would not injure your book. I could finish the Donatists before I go—the remainder of the proofs are almost sure to come to-morrow. And Mr. Morgan would be only too happy to verify references, and correct them for you if another batch came while I was away. And if you would let him stay in the house he could read to you in the evening and take my place altogether.—It is not as if you were writing. Then, of course, I must be with you.

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But just now it seemed as though I might be away without causing you inconvenience. Cunnington could manage the house, you know. I would leave her full instructions. I don't think anything could go very wrong during so short an absence.—Ah! it is raining," she added. "You must not remain here—lean on me, papa—the wind is so high—let us go indoors."

Dr. Casteen, however, stood still, regardless of wind and weather, steadying himself by clasping the top of the gate with his narrow hands. "I am to understand then, Lydia, that you refuse to give me the proof I ask of you?" he said.

"Oh! pray don't put it in that way," she cried. "It is hardly fair—is it? I do not want to refuse any proof. But I wish you would not make it a matter of proof at all. It is only for a little while, dear papa, and I have been feeling dull and heavy lately. I should come home brighter and more able to understand your work and to help you. I have not been away for nearly two years now, you see—not since we went together to Bournemouth, after the bad cold which you had."

Lydia paused a moment; and then went on with a rapidity very unusual to her.

"Surely you can trust me," she said, "and believe in my interest in your work without further proof? What cause have I ever given you to suppose I complained to other people, or was ever untrue to you or to my home?"

"These are mere words," Dr. Casteen returned, coldly. "Excitement and agitation are not argument, though with persons of moderate intelligence they often appear to serve as well. If you have expressed yourself before others as, to my surprise and regret, you have expressed yourself before me during this interview I can readily conceive that the most unfortunate impression as to our relations may have been conveyed to your hearers. One thing in any case is certain. I was not wrong in supposing that your mind is affected by the frivolous love of change so prevalent in the present day. As you say, no doubt your place can be supplied at home."

Dr. Casteen relinquished his hold on the gate, and faced the wind. Perverted in feeling and egotistic as he had shown himself, there was a touch of true pathos in his tone, as he said:—

"Yes, go, go. The lovers of labour and wisdom have ever been few. If they grow fewer, what wonder in a time corrupted by the worship of material luxury, like the present? Loneliness is invariably the penalty of resistance to the tendency of the age,

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however poverty-stricken and barren that age may be. Your friends shall no longer have cause to imagine that I sacrifice you to my own pursuits and inclinations, Lydia. I desire that you will write to-day, accepting the proposal Mrs. Denison has made you, and stating distinctly that you do so at my request. And now, my love, we will, if you please, go indoors. I have already exceeded by some minutes, the time usually allotted to exercise. When you have written the letter in question, you will perhaps be good enough to join me in the study?"

Some victories are less exhilarating even than a defeat. As Lydia spoke her voice trembled.

"Of course, papa—but I cannot go abroad, I do not care to go now," she said. Dr. Casteen moved slowly along the path with his head bowed.

"If you had asked me to stay because you would miss me—because you cared to have me with you, it would be different. I should stay gladly then. For you, dear papa, I would do anything," she went on gently.

"I and my work are one, and cannot be disjoined," Dr. Casteen answered. He spoke in short broken sentences, for it was difficult to articulate with the gusty wind driving the rain in his face.

"I must entreat you to exercise a little more self-control—pray spare me any more of these protests—this emotion—this instability of thought and intention. I am really unequal to further discussion. I have delivered my *ultimatum*. You have obtained the promise of your coveted pleasure. Let that suffice. Labouring as I do under a keen sense of disappointment, and with the prospect before me of unshared and unhonoured study, it behoves me to husband carefully the remnants both of my mental and bodily strength."

"Ah! That is cruel," exclaimed Lydia.

She turned away, and stood still in the middle of the path letting the rain beat on her bare head. Her heart was sore for a little affection. Her thoughts bitter. Her sense of injury keen. Her father, as usual, had contrived to put her wholly in the wrong.

Suddenly she heard him call her. At once anger gave place to anxiety. Lydia followed him quickly through the porch into the passage.

"I shall be greatly obliged," he said, "by your removing my hat and my over-shoes." Lydia did as she was bid. In the end, Lydia invariably did what he bade her.

(*To be continued.*)

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Our Library List.

THE EARLY LIFE OF SAMUEL ROGERS. By P. W. CLAYDEN. (1 vol. 12*s.* 6*d.* *Smith & Elder.*) Mr. Clayden has performed admirably a thoroughly interesting task. Aided by letters and diaries, of which he has made a judicious selection, he not only places the first forty years of Rogers's life before us, but also gives an excellent description of the poet's surroundings, political as well as personal. Mr. Clayden's account of the famous men who formed the brilliant society of the time are terse and graphic. Rogers seems to have been an observant, conventional, somewhat frigid young man, with refined tastes and a wonderful memory for recording conversations. It is the picture he gives of his time rather than his own personality which makes this book so delightful. His descriptions of scenery and his own reflections are somewhat conventional; we are inclined to hurry through them to get to the society of Fox, Sheridan, and all the other famous talkers of whom he gives such fascinating glimpses. Nothing can be more interesting than his diary of a visit to Paris in 1791, where he dined with Lafayette, listened to Mirabeau at the Salle Nationale, and met the chief persons who had taken part in the Revolution.

PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES OF SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK. (2 vols. 16*s.* *Macmillan.*) These memoirs, which cover the years between 1815 and 1860 and dwell on interesting subjects as well as interesting people, make pleasant reading. Their distinction, however, lies in the excellent stories they contain. The first part, in which Sir Frederick Pollock describes his early life, has most colour and vitality. He was the constant companion of his distinguished father, of whose life he gives an agreeable picture, in London, travelling and on circuit fifty years ago, as well as of his own circle of friends when he was called to the Bar in 1838. Sir Frederick has all his life moved amongst people of literary, artistic, and scientific renown, but he has not the art of giving vivid impressions of those he does describe, and it is, to say the least, tantalising to read lists of the celebrities whom he met and diligently enumerates, without making any record of the talk that was held at these feasts of reason.

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SIR HENRY LAYARD'S EARLY TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES. Maps and Illustrations. (2 vols. 24*s*. *Murray*.) It is not often that we have the pleasure of reading so interesting and original a book of travels as this. Our only surprise is that it has not seen the light sooner; but the author's life of official activity may probably account for this delay. The first five chapters are occupied by a narrative of Sir Henry's travels in Syria and Eastern Palestine, from Petra to Aleppo. With Chap. VI. commences the description of his journey with Mr. Mitford to Hamadan. At the end of a year Mitford proceeded to India, and Layard continued his wanderings alone, chiefly among the mountain tribes of Babylonia and the Persian frontier, partly with a view to the discovery of historic remains, partly in the hope of opening up new fields for British trade. Owing to his fortunate cure of a sick boy, he was taken under the protection of a powerful chief of the Bakhtiyari, the boy's father, and lived among his family for some months. It would be impossible, however, to enumerate the extraordinary adventures and the hairbreadth escapes, the robbings and the hardships which Sir Henry experienced. No English traveller has followed his footsteps, but no English reader should now fail to do so.

LIFE AND LABOUR. By DR. SAMUEL SMILES. (1 vol. 6*s*. *Murray*.) It has been said of Dr. Smiles that "he has made almost his own, a part of the literary arena which touches most closely upon our social conditions and the lessons that are needed for our everyday-life," and a man whose works have been translated into every European language may certainly lay claim to no small share of popularity. Dr. Smiles' method in his 'Self Help Series' has been to force home the great rules of morality and success by concrete examples. There is scarcely a man who has succeeded in life whose achievement is not recorded in some of Dr. Smiles' works. The driest maxims are made to live by the charm of the author's unsurpassed skill in biography; it is hardly possible to open the book without lighting on some anecdote or *bon mot*. The highest form of instruction is that wherein the accomplished teacher is merged and lost in the pleasant companion. This seems to us the characteristic feature of Life and Labour.

IRELAND (1 vol. 5*s*. *Fisher Unwin*), by the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, is a sketch of Irish history from the time of the first stunted, low-browed Formorians to the Home Rule Bill of 1886. The story abounds in picturesque and striking incidents, and Miss Lawless, so far as her space allows, does justice to them; the poetic feeling and power of imaginative sympathy which distinguish her novels make themselves unobtrusively felt in their present sterner service. The events of the last ninety years, bristling with keenly debated questions of high policy, are skilfully outlined, but the author gracefully disclaims any intention of pronouncing judgment on controversial topics. It is specially desir-

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able at the present time that English men and women should possess some accurate knowledge about Ireland, and this volume forms an excellent introduction to the subject.

IN PARIS (1 vol. 10*s*.), and DAYS NEAR PARIS (1 vol. 10*s*. *Smith, Elder & Co.*). Mr. AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE continues his admirable series of guide books "with a difference," pointing out the most noteworthy features in the places visited, and amply illustrating his remarks with quotations from historians, memoir-writers, archæologists and critics, as also with woodcuts from his own artistic sketches. To be thoroughly appreciated his volumes should be studied *sur place*, but the duly instructed reader may spend some pleasant half hours in their company at home. Each will inevitably regret the absence of a few favourite passages, such for instance as St. Beuve's *Journée du Guichet*, in the account of Port Royal, or the struggle between Angélique Arnauld and Mdme. D'Estrées at Maubuisson. But enough is given to make grumbling unreasonable. Mr. Hare gives utterance to the curious opinion that "absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure, setting the fashion of ladies' dress to the universe, Paris has probably had less influence upon literature or art than any other of the great capitals."

THE DEEMSTER. By HALL CAINE. (3 vols. *Chatto & Windus.*) Deemster means nothing worse than a Manx Judge, but the ominous sound of the title is fully borne out. The Deemster's wicked presence pervades the Island, and if he did not bring about the famine and sweating sickness that overtake it, he is the cause of "the deep perfidy of circumstances" which brings the hero to crime. The effects throughout the book remind one of Doré's pictures, they are vivid, striking, and theatrical, rather than life-like. Successful though Mr. Caine is in representing conflicting passions, it is in the occasional lull in the storm of violent emotion that he sometimes strikes the truest notes. The influence of the good bishop, the character of the mild Manx folk, and the glimpses into their lives are admirably given. A high moral tone pervades, and the cause of right is set forth with almost passionate fervour. Those who have prejudices on the subject ought perhaps to be warned that second-sight plays an important part in the story, and that the English language is put to a somewhat violent use.

PAUL PATOFF. By MARION CRAWFORD. (3 vols. *Macmillan.*) The scene opens brilliantly in Constantinople, and the first chapters which describe the mysterious disappearance in Santa Sophia of a handsome young Russian, who had imprudently addressed a veiled lady in the Valley of Roses, lead one to expect a story of high romance and Eastern flavour. Unfortunately the scene shifts to a country house in England, and though we are told that the party assembled in

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it is a very extraordinary one, and a sense of mystery is diligently maintained, nothing except an engagement takes place, and the people behave in the most commonplace way, till they all betake themselves to the Bosphorus, when exciting events and the picturesque again abound. The chief characters are Paul Patoff, the brother of the lost man; their mother, who thinks Paul has murdered his brother, and about whom the great question is raised whether she is mad or not; her relations, who keeps her in a wing of their mansion, and an English professor, who has apparently nothing to do but to discuss Madame Patoff's insanity. Mr. Crawford's versatility is amazing, but the inequality of this book shows that he must pay the cost of very rapid writing.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN, by FRANK R. STOCKTON (1 vol. 6*s*. *Sampson Low*) is, as its author's name promises, a thoroughly entertaining novel, though its two plots might perhaps have been more artistically blended. Mr. Stratford, a "cultured" American, seeks to discover the one man in a hundred whom he believes to be pre-eminently endowed beyond his ninety-nine fellows. During his investigation he meets with a learned and lovely maiden, betrothed to a suitor vastly her inferior intellectually; he causes her engagement to be broken off and, resisting temptations to marry her himself, successfully directs her affections towards a conscientious but somewhat colourless friend. Side by side with this government of souls runs the story of a New York restaurant secretly owned by a socially ambitious bank-president. The fortunes of the simple-minded manager, his honest but wide-awake uncle, and his delightfully rustic mother are recounted with unflagging spirit. The scenes of American country life are especially vivid.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE, by HAROLD FREDERIC (2 vols. *Chatto & Windus*), is also a good American novel. In the opening scenes the dull apathy and sordid pettiness of rustic life are laid bare with impressive realism. To escape from "the living death of mental starvation," Seth, the hero, obtains work on a city journal, but does not prosper according to his ambition. He becomes sentimentally entangled with his sister-in-law, a selfish and excitable town-bred lady, and is thus drawn from his allegiance to a charming and modest cousin. However he has good friends and meets with a stroke of luck. His enthusiasm for political purity causes him to quarrel with his rich elder brother, who is "running for Congress" on quite other principles, and the dispute forms an important factor in the plot. The scene where a terrible tragedy abruptly closes the relations between Seth and his brother's wife is powerful and original. "Aunt Sabrina," with her passionately narrow intensity, makes a strong and pathetic figure; interesting too is the study of Milton the "hired man."

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

The Life of Darwin.

MR. FRANCIS DARWIN has performed with excellent tact and judgment the work of setting before the world the Life and Letters of his illustrious father. Enough, and not more than enough, is set before us to enable us to see what Charles Darwin was as a man, as an observer, and as a thinker. Without breaking too much through the reserve which should guard every private home, we see exactly what he was in his family and to his friends. We see his methods of experiment and of observation. And last, not least, we see far more clearly than generally can be seen, the germs of his ideas, the lines of suggestion which they followed, the limitations of his horizon, and the conclusions in which he was content to rest.

A great part, indeed, of all this most interesting representation cannot be wholly new to us, because through Darwin's own works the outlines had been revealed with singular transparency. Especially in that most delightful book 'The Voyage of the "Beagle,"' published fifty years ago, the personality of its author is reflected in many of the most engaging features of his character. There, also, not a few of the facts which exercised a determining influence on his mind, are recorded as original observations. They stand in obvious connection with his latest trains of thought, although at the time they were recorded, the observer seems to have been hardly conscious of the direction which they evidently had upon his thoughts. In the many

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editions through which his principal work, 'The Origin of Species,' has passed, we have long seen what the effects of criticism were upon a mind which was singularly candid, so far as conscious intention was concerned; and we have seen, too, something of the sides upon which that mind did not seem to be accessible to any conceptions coming from beyond a very special field of view. Then his more special and miscellaneous works, such as his books on the Fertilisation of Orchids, on the Variations of Domestic Animals, on certain Carnivorous Plants, on the Structure and Functions of the common Earthworm, have all made us familiar with his careful, laborious, and conscientious habits of research. After putting together all the knowledge we have long had of Charles Darwin from these older sources, I am not sure that even this admirable biography tells us anything that can be absolutely new to those who have been familiar with Darwin's works during the last fifty years. But it does give us some most instructive and interesting details. It does supply us with some missing links in the genesis of his famous hypothesis. It does explain to us some of the limitations under which he thought; and it does complete the picture of, and place in a very charming light the personal characteristics of the man. It has, moreover, the immense merit of passing on to the many generations who may yet read the book, one distinguishing feature in Darwin's life, and that is the calmness and dignity with which he bore himself through the heated controversies which his hypothesis aroused. That a biographer so very nearly related to the subject of the memoir should have been able to maintain the same tone, is a great merit—all the greater because there are many men who think themselves disciples of Darwin, who even now are not able to maintain it.

In Darwin himself, the absence of bitterness was remarkable. It may be said, and no doubt it is true, that this calmness was comparatively easy to him, because he did not care for the interests which were supposed to be at stake. But it is impossible to read Darwin's works, and the story of his life, without seeing that his calmness arose largely from a real sweetness of nature, and a real disposition to weigh as fairly as he could, the objections to his theory which might be felt by others. To affirm, indeed, that he had no feeling of partisanship would be an exaggeration. His mind was engrossed by one idea, and he keenly desired to see the establishment of it in the world of science. But I think it may be said with substantial

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truth, that of all the remarkable men who have had a great effect on the opinion of their contemporaries, Darwin stands out as one of the most simple-minded and sincere. Some of the greatest names in the history of science have been bitter controversialists. Darwin was not, and it almost seems as if he could not be, anything of the kind. The advice of his friend, Lyell, never to engage in controversy, as leading to a great waste of time and temper, was evidently advice which fell in with the natural dispositions and habit of his mind.

The picture presented to us in the Life and Letters, of Darwin's private character is quite as attractive as might have been confidently expected from the earlier indications which were abundant in his famous Journal of the 'Beagle.' In all the relations of life he was a high-minded and tender-hearted man. More than once he expressed his feeling that the affections are the only true source of happiness. He was particularly compassionate with suffering in all its forms, and capable of fiery indignation against those who inflicted it, or who defended the infliction of it. All this ought to be recognized and acknowledged, however widely we may differ from him, and however convinced we may be of the leanness of his interpretations of Nature, and of the incoherence of his fundamental conceptions on the ultimate agencies with which we have to do. The intellectual difficulties which he was unable to solve or to overcome, had not in his case, so far as we can see, any connection with faulty morals. On the contrary, his moral nature was, in so far as we can judge, almost exceptionally pure and strong. There may be, and there are many such cases. They need not, and indeed they cannot affect our conviction that in Agnosticism no stable foundation for morals can be laid. We may hold that the system which teaches men that they cannot know what is truth, must infallibly lead them in the long run to be equally uncertain what is duty, and what is virtue. But individual Agnostics are not necessarily the products, pure and simple, of their own Agnosticism. On the contrary, in nine cases out of ten they are largely the product of a civilization founded on centuries of Christian teaching and belief. That teaching, with all its standards of duty, and many of its instincts, has become inherited and organized in the race. This is a strictly Darwinian doctrine, and is used by many of his disciples to account for the origin and transmission of innumerable mental habits in all organic creatures. Wherever they came

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from, the virtues of Charles Darwin are conspicuous, and the charm of his personal character shines through his journals and his letters.

The autobiographical sketch is the most important portion of the book. One great interest of it lies in the clear light it throws on the operation of the laws of Heredity, in co-operation with the peculiarities of special opportunity, and of individual development. It cannot be a mere accident that the man who has popularised over the whole world the idea of the transmutation of species, was the grandson of the man—Dr. Erasmus Darwin—who in the last century was the first to conceive that idea, and to embody it both in prose and verse. Yet it is curious to observe how little Charles Darwin seems to have been conscious of any influence exercised over him by his grandfather's speculations. This, however, is perfectly consistent with our recognition of those tastes, and of those tendencies of thought, which were clearly the common source of common conceptions. Accordingly Charles Darwin tells us that before he was eight years old his tastes for Natural History were well developed, and that his passion for collecting was clearly innate.* But this is not all. Still more remarkable is the story he tells us of his disposition at the same childish age to think and talk of the variability of plants, and to invent fables, for the purpose of producing astonishment, about artificial means by which varieties might be produced in the colours of the Polyanthus and the Primrose.†

It may well be doubted whether in the whole range of biography any other instance could be found of the child being so literally the father of the man. For here we see not merely the general instinct of observing and collecting—not merely the attraction which is exerted by natural objects over many children—but we see the opening up of that very special line of thought and of reasoning in which his maturest powers were spent, and within which they were almost exclusively confined. The connection between purely physical causes and the phenomena of organic life, is here seen becoming the connecting thought and the central idea of a pure fiction invented or imagined by a child of eight.

These, and such-like facts as these, give us glimpses into one of the great secrets of nature, namely, the sources from which arise the deep and inborn inequalities of men. We know that

* Vol. i. p. 28. † Ibid.

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different organisms, whether of the animal or the vegetable world, which may be growing on the same soil, or living on the same supplies, do nevertheless extract from them products the most diverse in their nature and effects. The most wholesome food and the most delicious fruits, or the most deadly poisons, and the most nauseous tastes, are all equally built up, and compounded out of the same materials. All this immense range and variety of results depends on the wonderful and incomprehensible chemistry of assimilation. And this again depends on differences as fundamental and as obscure in the assimilating apparatus. But these differences in the apparatus are structural, organic, and inherited. In virtue of them one mind seizes on and appropriates some one or more of its own manifold relations with nature; whilst another mind is to these relations entirely insensible, being, as regards them, both deaf and blind.

Hence come all the curious wanderings, the long arrests, and the wide deviations which are conspicuous in the advance of knowledge. Hence come also those far-reaching interpretations of nature which sometimes occur to genius,—interpretations which seem mere dreams or guesses to common men, because they overleap the bounds of discovery, but which are in reality the true perceptions of some exalted faculty. On the other hand from the same source may come the most erroneous explanations of unquestionable fact, and of much ingenious observation. The construction of hypotheses requires above all things a balance and completeness which may be wholly wanting. Yet the tendency to form them is one of our natural instincts, because hypotheses are the product of our conviction that all phenomena follow some "law" and are capable of some rational explanation. It is rare indeed that this tendency is exhibited in so young a child, and still rarer that we can trace so clearly the inherited mould into which its thoughts began to run from the earliest dawn of its intelligence.

It comes out, however, that besides this inherited tendency, to think according to a particular method, Charles Darwin was very early initiated into the special line of analogy and of suggestion which according to that method he followed so faithfully, and illustrated with such a fidelity of labour. Before he was fifteen years of age he had read his grandfather's 'Zoonomia,' and he tells us that he admired it greatly.* Soon afterwards he was introduced by one of his earliest teachers, in a burst of admira-

* Vol. i. p. 38.

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tion, to the speculations of Lamarck on the evolution of species. Charles Darwin does indeed say that, so far as he can judge, they had no effect upon his mind. This may be true of his own consciousness and of the time when that seed was sown. But those who know by their own experience, or by the observation of others, how long such seed may lie dormant in the mind, and how the germination of it may be determined by later rains, and later shinings of the sun, will have no difficulty in reconciling this impression with the reality of a connection which is so clear, but which may well be more easily recognized by others than by himself. And indeed, it is remarkable that this reconciliation is made easy by his own account. He tells us he had no turn for abstract speculation, whilst it is evident he had a determined bent towards outward observation.

Not until this instinct had been well exercised,—not until it had accumulated a great store of facts,—not until the suggestive character of some of these had forced itself upon him, was he roused to think of some hypothesis in the nature of an explanation. But when so roused he had not far to go. The correlations of his thought are indeed unmistakable. As a mere child he had conceived of external conditions as determining the colour of flowers. Another link was wanting, and it had been subsequently supplied. It was the link of inheritance. By the automatic action of his intellect these two ideas could not fail to link themselves together. The fundamental conception of his grandfather's 'Zoonomia,' and of Lamarck's theory of transmutation, was a conception which had been long familiar to his mind. It was natural—it was indeed inevitable that he should call up that conception from the storehouse of his memory; and it would be well that some of his disciples should observe the candour with which Darwin in his autobiography refers to his own later views on the origin of species as the same with the views of his grandfather and Lamarck "under a different form."*

Meantime nothing occurred in his education to deflect the inherited bias of his mind, or to open it to other aspects of Nature. He was bored at school. He was bored at College. He was sent to the University of Edinburgh when that great centre of intellectual activity had lost—not very long before—the two remarkable men who for many years had constituted its great attraction. Charles Darwin came too late to fall under the charm and spell of Dugald Stewart's eloquence in philosophy,

* 'Life,' vol. i. p. 38.

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or to hear the lectures on natural science of the illustrious Playfair. Such lectures as he did hear seem to have so disgusted him from sheer weariness, that this method of instruction repelled him ever after.* And doubtless this was the more natural since the central idea which he found established in Edinburgh, so far as the science of Geology is concerned, was that doctrine of uniformity which Hutton had taught, which Playfair had expounded, and on which Lyell was then actually at work with memorable effects. It had, indeed, already produced an immense reform on the old disputes between the Neptunists and the Vulcanists. But it was yet far too abstract before Lyell had married it to facts and to systematic observation. In his hands, indeed, the Huttonian doctrine became an incentive to the widest and most careful investigation, because its whole success depended on showing how much visible and existing causes could be proved actually to effect, and therefore how much they could explain in the past, if only unlimited time were granted as a factor in the account. But before this view of the doctrine had begun to operate, the idea cannot have been inspiring that Nature presents us with nothing greater than one unending repetition of identical operations, where there is "no trace of a beginning and no symptom of an end."

One vast barrel-organ cycle of the same eternal and never-varying tunes, is not the kind of music to which we listen willingly, and such a "theory of the earth" is too mechanical to be attractive. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Darwin never mentions the Huttonian geology in connection with the time he spent in Edinburgh, and that he threw himself with ardour into his natural pursuits of biological observation so far as he found, or could make, an opportunity for so doing. With a few friends of like tastes, he did what he could in the study of marine animals living in the Firth of Forth; and it is interesting to note that at the very early age of seventeen he made an interesting discovery in the development of Flustra.† Cambridge was as unsuccessful as Edinburgh in turning his mind from its congenital pursuits. He had pleasure indeed in the reasonings of Euclid and of Paley.‡ His backbone was affected by the thrills of music, and his spinal column trembled under the singing of the anthems in King's College Chapel. But he was always most at home when he was collecting beetles, and when he was devising new methods for procuring the rarer species.§

* 'Life,' vol. i. p. 41. † Ibid. p. 39. ‡ Ibid. p. 47. § Ibid. pp. 49–50.

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The only books which exercised any powerful influence over him were those which were foreshadowings and anticipations of his own career, such as 'Humboldt's Personal Narrative,' and Herschel's 'Introduction to Natural Philosophy.' And so in like manner the only living men who had any similar influence were those whose eminence and whose pursuits lay in the same direction. Other distinguished men he did occasionally see or meet with, and his intelligence was sufficiently ample, and sufficiently aroused to be moved in their presence, or by their charm. He had seen Sir Walter Scott in the zenith of his glory occupying the Chair of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and he had some opportunities of hearing the conversation of Sir James Mackintosh. This most eminent and accomplished man had noticed in the youth that kind of listening which betokens an awakened and a receptive mind. But the only two men who really influenced his career seem to have been his friend, Professor Henslow, whose special subject was botany, and Professor Sedgwick, who is well known as one of the fathers of English geology. In the first of these, Henslow, he saw that habit of "drawing conclusions from long-continued minute observations," which Darwin made specially his own.* By the other of these two men, Sedgwick, he was at last fired with that interest in the great science of geology, which had been discouraged and almost destroyed by the dry prelections of Jamieson, and by the too abstract speculations of the Huttonian Theory. Yet his education in that science had only just begun, and he was as yet, he tells us, completely ignorant of the first principles on which alone its facts could be classified or explained, when he was recommended to Captain Fitzroy as the naturalist of his expedition in the 'Beagle.' This he owed to his Cambridge friend Professor Henslow, who must have discerned through the rifts of, as yet, a scanty store of acquired knowledge, the tastes, habits, and capacities of mind which would fit him for such a post.

And never, assuredly, was an estimate or perception of character more amply justified. At the early age of twenty-two Charles Darwin found himself in that very position which, above all others, afforded him the opportunities for which he longed, and which he turned to the most faithful and diligent account. For five years, from December 1831 to October 1836, he traversed many of the most interesting regions of the globe, observing, recording, and inwardly revolving in his mind all the natural

* Vol. i. p. 52.

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phenomena which passed before him. The Journal which he published soon after his return is, I venture to think, the most charming of all his works; because, among other things, it brings before us, more than any other, the personality of the man, and because also at that time he was free, or thought himself free, from any preconceived theory or hypothesis whatever. It is the journal of a mind looking at and listening to outward nature with an earnest, wondering, and admiring gaze. Where human interests are touched, the spirit evinced is always genial, generous, and high-minded.

It is worthy of note that throughout this Journal—even in the second edition which was published in 1845, seven years after it had first appeared—there is the slightest possible allusion to the speculations of Lamarck, and in the principal passage where an express allusion is made to the French naturalist, it is an allusion in terms of considerable disparagement. On the plains to the north of the river Plata in South America there is a curious burrowing animal called the tucotuco, with habits like those of our own mole, but belonging to that very different natural family of the mammalia which constitutes the Rodentia or Gnawers. This little animal, also like the mole, is nearly blind, and some individuals are wholly blind, apparently from the effects of inflammation in the nictitating membrane.

Observing upon this curious fact, Darwin says that "considering the strictly subterranean habits of the tucotuco, the blindness common cannot be a very serious evil; yet it appears strange that any animal should possess an organ frequently subject to be injured. Lamarck would have been delighted with this fact, had he known it, when speculating, probably with more truth than usual with him, on the gradually-*acquired* blindness of the Aspalax, a gnawer living underground, and of the Proteus, a reptile living in dark caverns filled with water; in both of which animals the eye is in an almost rudimentary state, and is covered by a tendonous membrane and skin." * Here we see the ideas of Lamarck, in spite of conscious non-acceptance, and even of almost contemptuous rejection, lying hid in the background of Darwin's mind, ready to be invoked at a moment's notice, on the suggestion of any fact which recalled it to his remembrance by some appropriate and logical connection. But as yet it had laid no hold upon him. On the contrary he merely

* Darwin's 'Naturalist's Voyage,' Ed. 1852, pp. 51–2.

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lifts it, and then drops it, passing by on the other side. His guide, then, in all the philosophy of science was Lyell. The famous 'Principles of Geology' had appeared in Jan. 1830—nearly two years before Darwin's embarkation in the 'Beagle.' Professor Henslow had recommended it—although with a caution and a warning—to his careful reading, and everything he saw was seen in the light of its well-compacted and systematic teaching. But Lyell was then a firm believer in the permanence of species, and the language of Darwin in his Journal almost universally assumes it to be true. Only occasionally, here and there, we catch the accents of his later voice, and can trace the workings of his mind in the old inherited directions. Thus, again, when speaking of the animals of Northern Patagonia, he has occasion to mention a particular snake, which had been classed by Cuvier as belonging to a sub-genus of the rattlesnake, and intermediate between it and the viper. Commenting upon this, Darwin says, "in confirmation of this opinion, I observed a fact, which appears to me very curious and instructive, as showing how every character, even though it may be in some degree independent of structure, has a tendency to vary by slow degrees."*

Here we have one of the very foundation-stones of the future hypothesis, already laid, namely, some innate and universal tendency to slow variation in all living things. Still, there is no indication that he had even begun to think of this tendency to variation as unlimited, or as even capable of leading to the establishment of new and veritable species. On the contrary, he uniformly speaks of the introduction of new species as "creation," even in the midst of passages which show the width and depth of the questions which were being agitated in his mind. Thus, when speaking of the birds of the same country, he describes one which, although not web-footed, and although closely allied to other birds with habits like the European ptarmigan, has nevertheless habits which are marine, and even oceanic. Contemplating this most curious combination of similar structure with widely dissimilar modes of life, Darwin observes, "this small family of birds is one of those which, from its varied relations to other families, although at present offering only difficulties to the systematic naturalist, ultimately may assist in revealing the grand scheme, common to the present and past ages, on which organized beings have been created."†

* Darwin's 'Naturalist's Voyage,' Ed. 1852, p. 96.
† Ibid. p. 94.

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This remarkable passage exhibits the mind of Darwin before the two halves of it had yet parted company—before any cleavage had arisen between those intellectual faculties which see and feel their own relations with Mind in Nature, and those other intellectual faculties which concern themselves with purely physical causation. That conception of the world around us which regards it as a "scheme," is in perfect harmony with that other conception which regards it also as a scheme fulfilled by the use of apparatus, or in other words, by adjusted means. What these means are is always a legitimate, and to some minds it is an engrossing object of pursuit. It is all the more engrossing because although it seems the most accessible, it is in reality by far the most difficult to conceive or understand. The purpose, and what Professor Huxley calls the "plan" of structures, is often obvious and indisputable, when the physical causes and organic origin of the construction are not only obscure but even incomprehensible. Yet our desire to understand the methods of nature is insatiable. They pique our curiosity, they challenge our invention, whilst, by the very number and variety of surrounding analogies and hints, they inflame our imagination. It is therefore easy to understand how the exclusive pursuit of physical causes should keep in exercise only those faculties which are concerned in the perception of them, and should abandon to disuse the mental organs which give the higher perceptions of combination and design.

At this period of Darwin's life it is clear that as yet this process had not begun. He did not feel any difficulty in using the word creation as expressing the idea of a plan or scheme in nature connecting the present with the past through processes which might yet, some day, come to be discovered or revealed. And this frame of mind stood the test of being confronted with phenomena, especially at one spot, such as had never before been recognized or noticed by any naturalist. This was the group of phenomena which he discovered as existing in the Galapagos Islands. That group or archipelago of small islands is separated from the shores of South America by some five hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean. They are volcanic, and, geologically speaking, of recent origin. Yet upon them has somehow been established a fauna and a flora absolutely peculiar to themselves. Curious land tortoises of slow and stately walk, and of enormous size; two peculiar lizards closely allied to each other, but one with marine, and the other with

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terrestrial habits; birds of twenty-six species, all peculiar to the islands, and some of them graduating into each other by transitional shapes of beak, and of other characters; all of these existing nowhere else in the world, yet all having some more or less near relationship with South American forms,—seemed to bring Darwin face to face with the visible results of a special and of a very recent creative process. It seemed as if Nature were caught in the act of making new species, by some obscure and incomprehensible method of transmutation.

Darwin saw the wonder and the mystery of the problem. But it did not then seem even to occur to him that the facts were inconsistent with the idea of creation. He wonders, indeed, why it was that the peculiar creatures of the Galapagos should have been created with a general relation or likeness to the creatures on the nearest continent; but this wonder does not alter the terms in which he speaks of them. "Most of the organic productions," he says, "are aboriginal creations, found nowhere else; there is even a difference between the inhabitants of the different islands; yet all show a marked relationship with those of America.... Seeing every height crowned with its crater, and the boundary of the lava streams still distinct, we are led to believe that within a period geologically recent, the unbroken ocean was here spread out. Hence, both in space and time, we seem to be brought somewhat near to that great fact—that mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on this earth." * Poring, and pondering over these facts, turning them round and round, and presenting them in many aspects, to bring out both their connection with each other, and with the insuperable difficulties of explanation, he concludes thus: "Reviewing the facts here given, one is astonished at the amount of creative force—if such an expression may be used—displayed on these small, barren, and rocky islands." †

From these striking and suggestive facts, setting up in his mind such fundamental questions, we can trace in the second volume of the 'Life and Letters' every step in the process of development through which his special hypothesis was evolved. Up to the very close of his voyage in the 'Beagle' those faculties of the mind which are open to the widest and highest interpretations of Nature, were in full activity. His last walk in one of the tropical forests of Brazil, amidst the full glories of that rich and wonderful vegetation, is related by him in con-

* 'Voyage,' pp. 37–8. † Ibid. p. 398.

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nection with impressions full of sentiment and emotion. But the quest after purely physical causation grew upon him. Within a year of his return home he had opened a note-book for all facts that could be strung together upon any theory. One guiding conception rose up out of the storehouse of his memory, and claimed its natural connection with the mysteries he had seen. In the first edition of his Journal there was little or no allusion to it; but in the second the name of Lamarck appeared in the passage already quoted, whilst in his unpublished notes his father's 'Zoonomia' had risen to his pen.* Still, eight years after his return he could still think and speak of species as "created" in many such passages as we have seen. Then through the facts of breeding, and the language of breeders, he passed to the idea of unlimited variation as a possible result of ordinary generation, multiplied by the three great factors of accidental degrees of fitness, of unlimited time, and of systematic extermination of even the least inferiority or approach to failure. To this he was aided by reading the famous work of Malthus, whose doctrine established on an arithmetical basis the pressure on the means of subsistence which as regards all creatures, even the slowest breeders, results from the enormous powers of reproduction. This exactly fitted into his search after causes as purely mechanical as could be found. He was too logical to abandon entirely, and in theory, the idea of creation. But he relegated it to the regions of an unknown and infinite past. He saw that the first introduction of life, and of organic forms, demanded some conceptions other than those which are founded exclusively on the breeding of creatures already made. He did not absolutely confound, as many of his followers have done, the continuity of causes with the uniformity of effects. Therefore he could begin his series with an idea borrowed from the language of creation. There had been—he assumed—some few forms into which life had been breathed at first. But the "creative force" which had astonished him in the Galapagos Archipelago had in all later ages ceased. Nature had entered upon a course of undirected mechanical development. His mind was given to the search for its material methods. He tried to read some metaphysical works, but he found himself not well fitted for such subjects.† Abstract ideas lay in one direction; concrete phenomena and objective existences lay in another. In the last he became absorbed. He

* 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 5, note. † Vol. ii. p. 69.

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was quite conscious in himself of the operation of that law by which the disuse of faculties lead to the atrophy of their corresponding organs. He had been fond of poetry. He now could not bear to read a line of it. He had delighted in painting and in music. Both of them almost ceased to give him pleasure.* Even the larger aspects of Nature could not reach him as before. The æsthetic emotions which had been awakened † by the richness and beauty of tropical vegetation, were emotions which he knew he could feel no longer. The very idea of beauty as distinguished from utilitarianism was alien to all the faculties which alone had been left still active in his mind. And as continually he saw it to be most difficult or impossible to connect loveliness in form or colour with any special mechanical utility, he was even tempted to regard such loveliness with dislike. As there is no rebuke like the face of a friend whom we have misconceived, so is there no other rebuke like the face of Nature when we have put upon her some poor and meagre interpretation. The candour with which, in one instance, he confesses this sad experience, is at once curious and pathetic. The complicated beauties, for example, of a feather from the train of a Peacock, constituted a sight which, whenever he gazed at it, made him sick.‡ And well they might. The mechanics of "Natural Selection" can no more explain the loveliness of nature than the precepts of an utilitarian philosophy can interpret the gifts and graces of a noble character. Other men must have felt as Darwin felt in the presence of beauty. But very few men would have acknowledged and expressed it as Darwin has.

Another confession still more curious and still more profound in its significance, is now for the first time revealed in one of his letters to Lyell. He had been obliged to assume the accidental character of variations because he did not know of any law to which they could be traced. But at first he was not only conscious of this idea being a pure assumption destitute of evidence, but he repeatedly explained that he admitted it to be so. His ablest expositor, Professor Huxley, dwells on this confession, and rebukes those who ascribe to him a worship of "the old pagan goddess Chance." § But it now appears that by virtue of the processes of "atrophy" under which he knew himself to be suffering, he had actually come not only to drop out of sight, but vehemently to exclude and interdict any idea of a directive

* Vol. i. p. 101.
† 'Voyage,' p. 496, Ed. 1852.
‡ Vol. ii. p. 296.
§ Ibid. p. 199.

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agency in the genesis of Variation. So completely had his provisional assumption of chance ceased to be merely provisional with him,—so completely had it swelled out in his mind and possessed itself of all his working faculties, that he was in despair when Lyell claimed the idea of directive agency as consistent or compatible with the Darwinian hypothesis. In a long and most remarkable argument he sums up his opposition to the idea of direction in these words: "To admit prophetic germs is tantamount to rejecting the theory of natural selection." *

And so it is—if that theory is to be taken as pretending to be anything approaching to an adequate explanation of the origin of organic forms. But we need not measure Darwin, or his hypothesis, by the standard of philosophy. When minds much more competent than his to deal with abstract conceptions are content to liken the processes which produce the boundless richness and variety of organic nature with those very different processes which grind and polish the oblate pebbles of the Chesil Beach,† we may well excuse Charles Darwin for not seeing the full interpretation even of the facts which he has himself made known to us. If any man is misled by Darwin as a philosopher, it is not Darwin's fault. Nothing can be more candid or explicit than his disclaimer of all authority in such regions of thought. "My power," he says, "to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought is very limited." ‡ Let us all remember this and other things which Darwin has told us about himself. His own estimate of his work is the true one—absolutely true in its classification as compared with other kinds of intellectual labour—and erring only on the side of modesty, in the amount of it as a series of contributions to our knowledge. "My industry," he says, "has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent." § Charles Darwin is, beyond all doubt, one of the greatest observers of nature that have ever lived. His methods and his habits of observation were marked by true genius. They will yet bear more abundant fruit in days far on, when the special hypothesis with which he connected them, will have given place to more adequate conceptions on the mysteries of organic life.

* Vol. ii. p. 214.

† Mr. Herbert Spencer, "The Factor of Organic Evolution," *Nineteenth Century*, May 1886, p. 752.

‡ 'Life,' vol. i. p. 102.

§ Vol. ii. p. 103.

ARGYLL.

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The London and North-Western Railway.

PART II.

"NEVER in the history of overland travel has there been such a blockade of freight on all lines as at present. The Central Pacific is two weeks behind time in freight shipments. The Southern Pacific has fully one month's freight side-tracked at various points . . . but the Atchison Road is in the worst dilemma . . . They are using every locomotive to transport passengers; and freight is thus tied up all along the line. The Atchison Company is feeding hundreds of passengers at Kansas City until they can get seats on a West-bound train. As a rule it requires three days at Kansas City before accommodation can be secured by those who buy tickets there." So writes the New York *Tribune* one day last November, describing in its matter of fact style a state of things that, to the average Englishman, who grumbles if, on a Bank Holiday, he fails to find a spare seat on which to deposit his travelling-bag, would probably give thoughts not only too deep for tears, but too serious even to be relieved by a letter to the *Times*. "But this," it will be said, "is exceptional," and so of course it is; and in ordinary times, and on the older roads, shippers may, no doubt, count on having their goods forwarded at a steady jog-trot, twelve or fifteen miles an hour, with reasonable certainty. And now let us cast one brief glance at the conditions prevailing among our chief Continental rivals.

According to the French law, goods delivered to the railway company in Paris on Monday can, as a rule, be claimed by the consignee, say in Calais (175 miles), the following Friday; goods carried at the highest rates, and live animals one day sooner. If even this celerity is not satisfactory to the public,

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they may send their goods or their cattle by passenger train, but for this they will have to pay three times as much as the highest goods rate. In Belgium and Holland the conditions are similar; in Germany the time allowed by goods train is much the same, but the charge by passenger train is only double except by express, and then it is four times the ordinary tariff And now let us come to England.

Speaking broadly, we may say that the whole English goods traffic is organized on this basis—that the railway receives the goods from the consignor the last thing at night, and hands them over to the consignee the first thing next morning. A Manchester warehouseman, for example, goes on 'Change in the middle of the day, and sells grey shirtings for the China market. By seven o'clock or thereabouts, the cotton is at the station. By eight o'clock it has been loaded on to the railway trucks. It starts at once on its journey, and reaching London, which is fifteen miles further from Manchester than Paris is from Calais, between five and six next morning, is unloaded with the same celerity, and the dray is at the ship's side in the docks before the London agent has reached his office to open the letter giving notice of the consignment. Or, to reverse the process, the Bradford woollen manufacturer attends the London wool sales, buys Cape or Australian wool, and then goes home to bed. At 7.15 next morning his wool reaches Bradford, and after breakfast he can set his hands to work to unpack the bales.

It might be thought that speed such as this was fast enough for anything; but that is not the case by any means. The warehouseman does not want his goods till eight or nine o'clock, but the Smithfield market opens to receive meat at 1 A.M., while Billingsgate is ready for its fish at 5. Accordingly, fast as the ordinary goods traffic is carried, the market traffic (as it is called) goes much faster yet. Danish butter which left Newcastle at 4 P.M., fish which was not despatched from Hull till 7, are unloaded alongside at Broad Street at 2.15 the following morning. Two hours later Broad Street sees a yet more remarkable train—to the best of the present writer's belief, the most remarkable goods train in the world—the "Scotch meat and fish." This train leaves Carlisle at 8.51 P.M., ten minutes after the "Limited," and half an hour in front of the postal train; and this position between two fast expresses it maintains hour after hour all the way to Willesden, till finally

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it reaches Broad Street five minutes before the mails reach Euston; and by the time the postman's rap is heard at our doors, the butchers' carts from Smithfield, and the fishmongers' carts from Billingsgate, have distributed their loads half over the Metropolis. Needless to say, a train like this consists entirely of vehicles with spring-buffers, screw-couplings, and continuous break, and is telegraphed in advance from point to point, exactly as is the case with an ordinary passenger express.

And this vast volume of traffic has to be crowded in within narrow limits of time. For example, out of twenty down trains from Broad Street, fifteen leave in the four hours between 7.27 and 11.35 P.M. And each one of these trains represents in itself an elaborate organization. The 11.35 P.M., for instance, the last train out at night, takes trucks for nineteen different places, which, when they reach Camden Town, are broken up, and remarshalled to form portions of five separate trains. It is not, as in passenger traffic, where the train goes through to three or four main points, and the passengers for the intermediate stations get out, and those for the branches change carriages at the junctions. The goods train has no time to stop for its trucks to be unloaded and refilled, it can only stay to "throw off" the loaded waggons and hurry forward. If, at the points where it drops portions of its load, there are no other loaded waggons waiting to take their place, the locomotive superintendent will cry out at once that his engines are required to run with only half a train behind them. And so, in steering between the Scylla of not delivering the goods by nine o'clock next morning, and the Charybdis of extravagant working expenses for want of full loads, the traffic superintendent has by no means an enviable task.

Let us look at the working of a single train, and as a good instance (though, doubtless, other companies besides the North-Western could show specimens as good) we will take the 7.45 P.M. "Express goods" Leeds to London which begins its career by running over the forty miles between Leeds and Manchester, which is possibly quite the most crowded bit of railway in the world. On the road it only stops six times, and it reaches Broad Street before six o'clock. In Yorkshire it makes but one halt, and that for thirteen minutes; but in the time it attaches traffic that has come by five different trains from five different West Riding towns. Thence it passes on into Lancashire, and a pause for ten minutes outside Manchester suffices to pick up traffic that has come by four more trains

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from four more important towns, and also that which has been gleaned by a stopping train at all the roadside stations along the line by which the express itself has come. From this point to London the stoppages of a few minutes apiece are "for locomotive purposes only." We obtained the record of the working of this train for three weeks in succession last summer, from which it appeared that in that time it was only once more than five-and-twenty minutes late. Against which may fairly be set off the fact that one day it arrived half an hour and another fifty-five minutes before its time. We have no wish to enter upon the vexed question of railway rates; but one remark is obvious, that for English merchants to complain that our goods rates are higher than those on the Continent, is much as if a gentleman were to expect to keep a barouche and a pair of horses for one pound a week because his neighbour found that sum ample to pay for his basket pony-trap.

But the speed at which the trains are run is not more remarkable than the celerity with which they are loaded and despatched. Passengers from London Road Station in Manchester, must have noticed that to reach the platform level from the street they mount a sharp incline. Entering the station, however, where nothing so vulgar as a goods waggon is anywhere in sight, it would hardly occur to them to think that they were standing over one of the busiest goods depôts in the world. But so in fact it is. It would be a very slack day on which London Road did not deal with nearer two thousand than one thousand tons of merchandise of one sort or another. Let us descend the steps at the side of the station and see for ourselves how it is managed. It is eight o'clock in the evening, and the clerks and the shopmen have mostly gone home to their suburban dwellings, and the passenger station has already begun to look half asleep. Downstairs, however, the rush of the outward traffic is at its full height. The goods depôt consists of a series of wide arches running crosswise, supporting the platforms and the rails above. Through each arch there runs in the centre a platform or "bank," as railway men call it, with on the one side a line of rails, on the other side a road.

When we arrive the roads are filled from end to end with rows of loaded lorries, and the railway lines with rows of empty trucks. At intervals of two or three trucks' length along the bank stand hydraulic cranes, each crane with a weighbridge beneath. We pause opposite a lorry loaded with some forty

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huge packing-cases *en route* for China. In an instant clamps are affixed to the topmost case, the crane, if we may pursue the metaphor, elongates its neck, then turns its head to one side, and gently sets down its burden on the weighbridge. In far less time than it takes to tell the tale the weight is recorded, the crane has again caught up the case in its iron bill, and with another turn of its head deposited it finally in the railway truck. And so the work goes on, four cases a minute swinging across from lorry to truck, only stopping to register their weight as they pass. In ten minutes the lorry is empty, the truck full—the horse draws on with the empty lorry; but what of the truck? The Company has neither engine nor horse in sight. Before we have time to ponder, a rope is hooked on to the truck and turned round a neighbouring capstan. The shunter presses his foot on a block and releases the hydraulic machinery; the capstan spins round, and the truck is drawn forward. At the end of the arch (or "run," to use the technical term) it is stopped on a turntable, and a rope from a second capstan being attached, it is turned round, and then with a fresh impetus sent flying forward again till it runs on to a huge lift. Again its course is checked for a few seconds, till the lift—this too worked by hydraulic power—has had time to rise to station level, when by a fresh series of capstans the truck is dragged off and dismissed to join the train that is "marshalling" on an adjacent siding. In this way eighty or ninety trucks are loaded and got rid of in an hour.

The consignments lying on the "banks" are amusing in their diversity. Here in one lot are twenty tons of grey shirtings for export from Southampton. Alongside is a kitchen fender and a hip-bath, without even a sheet of paper to cover its nakedness. A little further on, lying on a heap of straw that has covered some solid machinery castings, and overshadowed by huge bales weighing 24 cwt. apiece, we come upon a railway-rug done up in a strap, with a racket and a pair of tennis-shoes tied on. At eight o'clock the place rang on all sides with the "sweaty haste" of the workers, and to an outsider it looked as if they had a week's work prepared for them. But by ten o'clock the lorries are emptied and gone, and the last finishing touches are being put to the trucks in a deliberate manner which implies there is plenty of time to spare. It has been a slack night, the superintendent assures us; had he known beforehand he need not have put on so many hands. London Road can now go to

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sleep till two or three o'clock, when the goods from every quarter of Great Britain will pour in to keep the place alive, till at eight or nine o'clock the passenger traffic gets into full swing again. Then for the rest of the day the goods traffic, in the expressive Yankee phrase, has to "take a back seat."

Manchester is a large town, of course, and for perfection of mechanical appliances for dealing with traffic London Road can hold its own with any station, but for variety of traffic it is nowhere in comparison with Broad Street. Broad Street, in the well-rounded but well-founded boast of its *genius loci*, is "the largest goods station in the largest city in the world, and it belongs to the largest corporation in the world." If, in the face of this magnitude of three dimensions, our pen falls short and fails to rise to the "height of this great argument," we trust we shall be thought not all unworthy of forgiveness.

At the first glance Broad Street Station looks much the same as London Road, except that it is on a larger scale throughout. But there is a difference characteristic of the difference of the trade of the two places. Speaking broadly, Manchester only consigns goods directly to the outports, to London, and to the towns in its own neighbourhood; and these are a finite quantity. London, on the other hand, trades directly with every town in the kingdom. The subdivision is therefore too great for it to be possible for the vans to draw up as at Manchester, each opposite the truck for which its goods are destined. Accordingly the goods are delivered on to the "bank" at one side of the station and thence wheeled away on barrows to the train by which they are to be forwarded. Each "run" contains two trains, one on each side of the "bank," instead of a train and a cart road, as was the case at Manchester. And here comes in one of the problems with which the railway manager perpetually has to contend. "The more often you handle your goods, the heavier will be your working expenses," is a cardinal maxim of railway policy. On the other hand, goods for Leeds or Liverpool must evidently be loaded and got away early, long before goods for Oxford or Rugby need be despatched, otherwise they will be too late for the first delivery next morning. But the public is not so obliging as to send in its Liverpool stuff at seven and keep back the "short norths," as they are termed, till nine. So the unfortunate inspector is constantly between two fires; if he leaves his Oxford goods lying where the van deposited them till he wants to load them into their train, he blocks the "bank," and the men

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cannot do their work; if he attempts to load for every place at once, instead of employing 300 men for four hours he needs 400 men for three hours; and this, as he is well aware, means extra expense. At the end of each "run" is painted up the name of the train that is loaded in it, and each truck as it is finished is despatched to the upper air by the same method that we have already described as in use in Manchester.

Passing out of the "runs," we come to a space which, in comparison with the low-browed arches we have left, is so open that it rejoices in the cheerful designation of "The Field." On one occasion we found "The Field" filled almost to overflowing with vast piles of empty cases, which our guide—mindful of the fact that however many of them might come that way, the railway company at least got no profit out of them—not inaptly described as "wind." On another occasion we noticed a very different state of things. There stood there five large vans, each containing five enormous rolls of paper. This we learnt was a two days' supply for one of the great London "dailies." It appears that almost all the newspapers get their paper from Lancashire, or in some cases from the north of Ireland, viâ Broad Street, and that in the railway warehouses there is always stored a supply sufficient for a fortnight's consumption, in case at any time there should be a breakdown at the mills. Further, we were told that these immense rolls of paper required the utmost nicety in handling. The modern printing press runs at such a tremendous pace that unless the roll of paper is without a flaw, and unwinds absolutely true and square, it is liable in a moment to cause an accident. "At one time," said our informant, "we were always having complaints. We used to lift the rolls up with clamps to put them on the waggons. Then we tried passing a rod through the middle, but that pushed the edges out of the straight. Now we've got men who are accustomed to the work, and they sling each roll with a broad soft rope, and we never hear anything more about it."

But Broad Street is not content to deal only in "wind" and paper. On the contrary, its special distinction is the large proportion of "high-class," that is, practically profitable traffic. Of the fish and the meat and the butter we have already spoken —we must just add that the dead-meat trade from Liverpool alone amounts to tens of thousands of tons in the year. Against this, which of course is all into London, may be set the truckloads of tea and of silk (insured for £50 or £100 each

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package), the hundreds upon hundreds of crates and boxes of drapery goods, the trainloads of wool (in those months when the wool sales are on), which leave the great warehouses in the City every night for every part of the country. "What is your busiest time in the year?" we asked. "Just before Easter," was the reply. The reason, which did not appear obvious at first sight, we found to be as follows. Easter is the accepted time for the purchase of "summer novelties" in the drapery line. But the country shops put off laying in their summer stock till after Lady Day is past, so that they may not have to pay for the goods till midsummer. Consequently between Lady Day and Easter the traffic comes with a rush, and when Easter falls early the rush is almost overpowering.

It is not quite true, by the way, to say that the traffic in eatables is only into London. Broad Street despatches every day to Lancashire three or four truckloads of what is known as "offal"—the heads and feet, the hearts and livers of the animals that are slaughtered at the Deptford Cattle Market. But this may perhaps be considered to be balanced by the fact that there is also a large "inwards" traffic in cats'-meat from Scotland. Why horses should die more freely in Scotland, or cats be more hungry in London, or why Lancashire should have a special *penchant* for tripe and trotters, is a sociological puzzle for which the Broad Street authorities have made no attempt to find a solution. They are satisfied to recognise the fact, and content if it bring some small accession of grist to the great North-Western mill.

But we have lingered too long, and without stopping to describe the great rooms with scores of clerks busy all night writing invoices and way bills, and their comfortable club-rooms adjoining; and only casting a hasty glance into the signal-box, where cipher telegrams, telling the position of every goods train on the line, and how many trucks of each sort of traffic it has got attached, are flying about thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, we step into a goods break and pant slowly up the steep incline on our way to Camden Town. In years gone by, Camden Town, or Camden as the railway people always call it, was the great centre whence the goods brought by the North-Western were dispersed by road to every part of London. Here, moreover, were the stationary engines that drew the trains up the steep incline from Euston in days before engineers had realized the capacity of locomotives to go uphill. And here, accordingly,

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was and still is the "running-shed," in which are "stabled" the main line engines of the London district. But owing to the development of the suburban network of lines that centres at Willesden and carries traffic direct thence to all parts of London, Camden has fallen from its high estate. It is still an immense goods depôt, but it has become, as its superintendent somewhat bitterly phrases it, a "dust-bin" to receive all the odds and ends of traffic that seem to have no special billet elsewhere. So we will not stop over the goods sheds, but go out straight into the yard and watch the marshalling of the trains before they finally start on their journey north.

How in the darkness, broken only at intervals by the lights of an express that dashes past with a roar on the further side, this same marshalling ever gets accomplished at all, it is beyond the capacity of an outsider even to conceive. Passenger traffic is a simple matter. So many coaches, varying, say, according to the season or the day of the week, from eight to fourteen, are formed into a train, and then they start, whether there are passengers to fill them or not. But on the 11.35 "goods," Broad Street may send one day thirty trucks, and the next a dozen, and Camden must make up to a full load, with trucks from Poplar, Nine Elms, and Stewart's Lane, or, if need be, in the last resort with empty waggons. And yet for all this, but ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is probably allowed. It is only by a very free use, not only of the telegraph, but of the telephone to all the other goods stations, that the work can be got through in the time allotted. To show with what fitful rushes the traffic comes, it may be mentioned that in May and June four specials a night of Channel Island potatoes are often sent off by the North-Western Railway alone. Counting both up and down traffic, Crewe not infrequently sees twenty specials pass through in one night. One thing more at Camden must not be left unnoticed—a long net by the side of the passenger line, into which the guards of the up night mails throw bundles of invoices of goods that are following at a somewhat less rapid rate.

Broad Street may be hard pressed at Easter time, but it has nothing to face to compare with the vast influx of traffic that well-nigh submerges the station at Euston in Christmas week, when more parcels are handled in a day than would be dealt with in four at other seasons. Fortunately for the Company, the passenger traffic at that time is light compared with that at the summer Bank Holidays, and chiefly of what has been termed a

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"carpet-bag" nature, very different from the August sea-side traffic; otherwise the machine could never be kept going at all. Even as it is, last Christmas the North-Western, which prides itself on its ample reserves of stock, was using fruit-vans, newspaper-vans, half-painted luggage-vans, and in some cases third-class carriages for the conveyance of its parcels. As for the Post-Office, it was fairly overpowered, and two days before Christmas it shocked Euston out of all propriety by starting the postal trains, which had been standing ready to be loaded since three in the afternoon, ten minutes after their proper time. "Trains," we say, for a single train was insufficient to carry both letters and parcels, and for several days in succession each class of traffic had a whole train to itself. So hard were the authorities run for Post-Office vehicles, that a travelling post-office that is kept in reserve at Aberdeen in case of breakdown in the North, was telegraphed for in hot haste to be sent to London. If the North-Western officials should boast that their own parcel arrangements were working meanwhile with the regularity of clockwork—as indeed they were—on the other hand it is fair to remember that they have had forty years' experience to guide them, while the whole Parcel Post organization has had to be built up in a tenth part of the time.

That no time might be wasted, or confusion risked by unnecessary transfers, the Company's traffic was subdivided as minutely as possible. For instance, a van ran through *viâ* Willesden from Victoria to Liverpool, a second from Broad Street to Manchester, and a third from Waterloo to Perth. At ordinary times probably a hamper apiece would have been more than sufficient. Similarly the twenty or thirty districts into which London itself is ordinarily divided were cut up into smaller sub-districts, each with its corresponding sorting station. We saw a good-sized room entirely filled with printed labels to be affixed to the different trucks and vans and luggage-cupboards, to secure that nothing should get mixed in transit.

If subdivision is the one secret of organization, the other is "little and often." Had the parcels been left to accumulate for many hours in succession, the station and staff would assuredly all have been buried beneath them. But what with ordinary and special trains, they were streaming away as fast as they could come in; a parcel "special" being actually interposed between the midnight express and the newspaper train at 5.15 next morning. Lest the receiving officers should get blocked

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with traffic, some of them in the busiest parts, such as the City, were cleared as many as twenty times in the day. The parcels traffic is comparatively easy to deal with when Christmas Day comes right at the end of a week. When it falls on a Wednesday, the parcels all come on the Monday and Tuesday, and then the crush is far worse. Still one cannot but wish that Christmas Day would always fall on a Saturday or a Monday instead of a Sunday, that so the men might have an extra day's rest after their tremendous exertions.

In some ways the goods traffic arrangements of Liverpool are even more remarkable than those of London. At Liverpool the North-Western has six goods stations, two of them reached by tunnels each a mile and a quarter in length, constructed for their use alone. The Lancashire and Yorkshire has another half dozen, while the three railways that own the Cheshire lines, the Midland, the Great Northern, and the Sheffield, have as many more. Of one of the North-Western dock depôts, that of Waterloo, we must just say one word. As soon as a train-load of trucks is ready, it is pushed a few yards out of the station by a shunting engine till it reaches the mouth of the tunnel. From this point it falls by gravity half a mile to one opening at Byrom Street, where it is brought to a stand. Hence to Edgehill, where all the trains leaving Liverpool meet and are marshalled ere they begin their journey, is a steep ascent of one in sixty-five for over a mile. The trains are drawn up, not by locomotives, but by an endless rope worked from the summit. We were seated on one occasion on the open break truck to which the rope is attached. The sheaves had been tightly screwed down, the signal was given, and off we started. We had gone perhaps fifty yards when with a tremendous noise the rope slipped, and began to race through the blocks, and at the same moment the train stopped, and then began to run slowly backwards. In a few seconds the engines were stopped, the rope ceased running, and the train was brought by the break to a standstill, and then for the first time we realized what had happened. The sheaves were readjusted, and we started afresh and reached the top in safety; but we carried away one distinct impression, that if at any time it should be our fate to be in a railway accident, we trusted it would not take place in a tunnel. The darkness and the noise must add enormously to the sense of helplessness which in any case is not a pleasant mood in which to confront danger.

Edgehill is called a goods "yard." It contains, however, fifty-

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seven and a half miles of line, and has cost somewhere about two millions sterling. After gradual progress towards perfection for years, it has now in the last few months reached the point that the whole of the goods traffic arrives and departs absolutely independent of the ordinary passenger lines into Lime Street Station. To gain this end, tunnels and arches and skew bridges are conspicuous on all sides. But this is a feature common to many other modern goods yards. The special characteristic of Edgehill is that the sorting of the trucks is done entirely by gravitation. Let us trace the further course of the train that has just come up from Waterloo. It consists of thirty-eight trucks thrown together hap-hazard, destined probably to go by a dozen different trains to two dozen different stations.

At the mouth of the tunnel, the rope ceases, the break van is uncoupled and an engine takes its place. We mount on to the foot-plate, and then the engine puffs laboriously up for a mile and a half to the top of the bank. It is immediately detached and (as John Bunyan would have said) goes on its way and we see it no more. The train is left standing on one of seven parallel "reception" lines. We walk down the hill for some 300 yards to a point where all the reception lines converge into a neck, to spread out again below by a series of "points," turning off the through line much at the same angle as the strings are carried off the frame of a harp, into a fresh set of twenty "standing" lines. At the neck is situated a signal-box, and at the entrance of each standing line is a post with a number painted conspicuously on it. Each number denotes a train for some special destination.

As we walked down along the train, a foreman shunter followed us, and reading the destination of each truck on its label, chalked upon it a figure corresponding to the number of its proper standing line. And now all is ready, the signal is dropped, the first truck, numbered let us say 13, is uncoupled with a shunting stick, and its side-break taken off. It starts at once by its own weight, runs forward to the neck, the signalman reads its number as it passes, pulls over the points admitting on to line No. 13, the truck turns in, and then the break being again dropped, it is brought to rest.

Long, however, before it has reached its position, two trucks for No. 5 have been let go, closely pursued by one more for No. 19, and then three together for No. 2. Quick as lightning, as they roll past him, the signalman reads the numbers and opens

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the right points, while at the entrance of each line men are waiting to catch and arrest the runaways as soon as they have gone far enough. Six minutes from the time the train was taken in hand, the first stage is accomplished and the trucks have been scattered to form portions of perhaps fifteen different trains: In front of the signal-box at the neck between the rails is a hole, and in the hole a big hook. The hook is interlocked with the signal, so that when the signal stands at danger it is lifted up and protrudes from its hole, and catches the axle of any truck that ventures to pass the signal. But a sudden jerk might break the hook or the axle, so the hook, instead of being fixed, is attached to a heavy cable. A runaway truck therefore "drags at each remove a lengthening chain," till finally it is brought harmlessly to a standstill. But ingenious as the invention is, it is only very rarely that the carelessness of a shunter affords an opportunity of testing its efficiency.

So far, however, the work of the sorting sidings is only half done. Let us suppose that twenty trains have gone through the process we have described—and sixty trains have in fact to go through it every evening—the standing lines are filled, but the trains are by no means ready to start. Let us take No. 1, and say we find on it forty trucks for stations from Rugby to Willesden inclusive. Four are for Northampton, ten for Bletchley and its branches, five for Leighton, seven for Watford, and the rest for Willesden. But they are scattered at hap-hazard up and down the train. In railway language the trucks have been sorted but not "marshalled." If the train is to start like this, it will have to spend an hour at each place, shunting backwards and forwards to pick out here and there a truck. Before its work is finished, the engine will have travelled a dozen miles to no purpose, to say nothing of the damage to the trucks and their contents by incessant jolting. Let us come down to the bottom of the standing lines and see how this difficulty too is faced. The standing lines also end in a neck, and then the neck again expands, but this time in a different fashion entirely. The new figure is shaped like a balloon whose seams are lines, seven in number in all, and each seam only long enough to contain seven trucks. Imagine our train admitted on to the balloon—or, as they prefer to call it at Edgehill, the "gridiron." "Northampton trucks, line A," says the shunter; "B and C lines for Bletchley; D for Leighton," and so forth, till all the trucks for the same station have got together.

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If there are trucks for more than seven stations on the same train, a second balloon lower down subjects them to a yet further process of marshalling. One thing more is necessary—that the trucks for the most distant station shall be at the back of the train, and those to be dropped first shall be in front. To secure this, it is only needful to let out first the trucks that are going furthest; they will naturally run to the back of the train as it gradually forms itself below the gridirons on one of the second series of standing lines at the bottom of the gradient. The operation is now complete. When the time comes for the departure of the train, the engine has only to hook on and start straight away for its destination. There are many sets of gravitation sidings in England, one of the newest and largest just opened by the Lancashire and Yorkshire a few miles off at Aintree. But none has to deal with as multifarious a traffic as the North-Western, and in none accordingly is the system so fully developed. It is satisfactory to learn that though the trucks that pass through Edgehill daily are numbered by thousands, the oldest inhabitant can only recall one instance in which a shunter was seriously injured.

Last month, as we dashed through Wolverton, we saw nothing but the ghost of the former glories of its refreshment-rooms. But Wolverton, whose great carriage works employ about 3500 hands, deserves notice, not only for what it has been, but for what it is. Compared, indeed, to Crewe, which seems to make everything, the work of Wolverton may be considered circumscribed. It makes nothing but what railway officials call "coaching" stock—carriages, that is, horse-boxes, carriage-trucks open and closed, luggage, fruit, and fish vans, with the numerous appendages such as omnibuses, parcel carts, hand-barrows, and so forth, which belong to the working of the passenger department. On the occasion of our visit, there was in one of the sheds a brand-new hansom cab. In astonishment we asked whether the Company, having already with its comfortable omnibuses dealt a crushing blow at the "growler" interest, was now going on to compete also with the hansom proprietors. But the manager reassured us: it was only a cab that had been sent down to be painted in proper North-Western colours, as a pattern for imitation by the rest of those licensed to ply inside the station yard at Euston.

Let us cast a hasty glance round some of the finished stock. And though the Queen's train has been described often

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enough—not infrequently by authors who can never have seen beyond the outside of the carriages—we must, as in duty bound, yield Her Majesty the first place. "The Queen's train," it may be remarked, is a misnomer to start with. There is no such train. Two saloons there are, close-coupled and connected by a gangway, that are reserved for Her Majesty's exclusive and personal use, which never leave Wolverton except to carry her to or from Balmoral; but that is all. The rest of the Royal train is made up with such saloons or other vehicles of the ordinary Company's rolling-stock, as may on any particular occasion be required. Nor are the Royal saloons themselves in any way very remarkable. One thing to be noticed is that they are entered by a folding carriage-step, a survival doubtless from the days when platforms were not yet of a uniform and sufficient height. The floors are deeply carpeted, and the sides and roof thickly padded with quilted silk, to deaden the noise and vibration of the train, from which, as is well known, Her Majesty suffers. To reduce this to a minimum she—by her own desire—travels to and from Scotland at a speed markedly below that which the meanest of her subjects can command any evening in the week for the modest payment of one penny per mile. One of the saloons is fitted as a bedroom, the other as a sitting-room, and between the two is a lavatory whose basin and fittings in metal, chased and gilt, deserve to be mentioned as a real work of art. These saloons are, it should be added, now more than twenty years old. Since they were built, the art of railway carriage construction has advanced with rapid strides, and the North-Western authorities would willingly, if permitted, replace them with new ones.

The Queen is not the only person who keeps private saloons at Wolverton. Close by may be seen a carriage with the Prince of Wales's feathers blazoned on the panels, and beside it a second with the much more imposing-looking ducal arms of Sutherland, whose bearer is a hereditary director of the North-Western. This latter, having on its frequent journeys to and from Dunrobin to reckon with the abrupt gradients of the Highland line, is fitted with a powerful hand-break. But no one can look at these carriages, and then go on to examine one of the ordinary West Coast Joint Stock sleeping saloons, without feeling that a railway is indeed a great leveller. Confined within the narrow limits of the "four-foot" way, dukes and princes have to fare much like the rest of us. Marlborough

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House and Sandringham, Trentham and Dunrobin,—these no doubt are unattainable by the mass of mankind, but for the moderate sum of "six shillings in addition to the ordinary first-class fare," we can spend the night in as comfortable a bed as any prince or duke in England.

The extent to which sleeping carriages have increased in the last few years is certainly remarkable, and at Wolverton may be seen whole stacks of mattresses, and whole piles of the neat little brass bedsteads that belong to the furnishing of the night saloons. That passengers gain by the innovation is undeniable. Whether it is equally profitable to the companies, seeing that, even if every bed is filled, for every passenger the carriage holds, something over a ton of dead weight has to be hauled, is another question. Even then we are taking no account of all the costly fittings and the extra attendance that needs to be provided in the sleeping carriages. The improvement has been so steady and gradual, that railway passengers as a rule hardly recognise how much more the companies give them for their money than was the case a generation back. We are not speaking now of speed or frequency or regularity of service, in which the advance is visible to all eyes; we are concerned only with the improvement of the carriage accommodation. The old "first class" was 15 feet in length, and 6½ feet in breadth by only 4¾ feet in height; and within these limits it was supposed to seat eighteen passengers. Now let us look at what the North-Western authorities term their "standard 42 feet tri-composite." This carriage, which is at present the accepted pattern for main line trains, runs on eight wheels and contains five passenger compartments. In the centre a luggage-cupboard, on the one side two first-class compartments with lavatories between; on the other one second and two third-class compartments. Accordingly ten first-class passengers have as much room as twenty-eight second and third-class. To compare with the carriage of forty years ago, each first-class passenger then had less than twenty feet of cubic space, to-day he has ninety. And yet the complaint is often made, and is probably justified, that the improvement of first-class accommodation has hardly kept pace with that of the second and third classes.

Such a carriage weighs 16 tons and costs £800 to build. A carriage of similar size divided simply into seven third-class compartments only costs £600. Assuming it be quite filled, it would earn 5*s.* 10*d.* per mile. The more expensive carriage

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even if every seat were occupied (a still less likely supposition, as first and second-class carriages are never half so well filled as third), could not earn more than about four shillings. No wonder the enlightened management of the great northern companies does all it can to encourage third-class traffic. Out of the £600, nearly half is spent below the floor of the carriage on the under-frame. The framework is now-a-days of steel, and is sent to Wolverton from Crewe ready-made. Each of the four pairs of wheels with its axle costs £12 and weighs a ton. The two pairs beneath the middle of the carriage are fixed to the frame, those at either end to a bogie that allows for play in rounding curves. Between the axles, what with the india-rubber draw-bar springs and buffer springs, the gas reservoirs and the break reservoirs and cylinders, there is little room left where a stowaway could attach himself as used sometimes to happen in former days. All the West Coast coaches have two sets of breaks, vacuum for use in England, Westinghouse automatic north of Carlisle, each break with its own reservoir, its own mechanism, and its own set of pipes. If the vehicle is a guard's van there is a third set of levers to be worked by the hand break.

In amusing contrast to the spick-and-span main line stock, with its sixteen coats of paint worked up and varnished till one can almost see one's face in the panels, we came upon some old third-class carriages with a most poverty-stricken appearance, destitute of even a vestige of cushion or hat-rack. We hazarded the guess that these must be part of the rolling stock of some bankrupt Welsh Company that the North-Western had taken over, but learnt that the true explanation was that they belonged to a mineral branch, and were used exclusively by colliers going to and from their work, for whose use cushions would certainly have been out of place. One of the most recent specimens of Wolverton work is what we might term "dog-saloons," for so their arrangement as compared with the dog-hutches of former years really entitles them to be called. They are intended for use either at the time of the August "grouse" traffic, or on the occasion of a big dog-show. An old third class has been taken, its partitions removed, and all the doors except the middle one closed up. Then along one side is ranged a set of roomy kennels with a wide shelf above them, on which can be set down the baskets and boxes in which dogs of a smaller size are consigned. But we must tear ourselves from Wolverton, though the half of what is there to be seen has not yet been described. We spent hours

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watching the blocks of wood to form the wheels being fitted together with as much nicety as the pieces in a Chinese puzzle. But to sketch even the main outlines of the process would be long, and we have already outrun our space.

The North-Western Railway has been singularly fortunate in one respect. With the exception of a few years, prior to 1862, during which it was ruled by Lord Chandos, now the Duke of Buckingham, and the brief reign of the late Admiral Moorsum, it has had but two Chairmen in all the forty years of its history. The first was Mr. Glyn, afterwards Lord Wolverton, who not only presided over the birth of the London and Birmingham, but was also the founder of the Railway Clearing House. As long ago as 1862, Mr. Moon, who had already been a director of the Company for about fifteen years, assumed the position which he still occupies. In these days, when a man is often chairman of half-a-dozen companies and director of as many more, it is a fact worth notice that Sir Richard Moon has never been a director of any other company. Even on the board of the North London Railway, which for all practical purposes is a branch of the North-Western, and which not only is far the most prosperous (we might almost say the only really prosperous) concern among the metropolitan railways, but is commonly believed to owe no small part of its success to the organizing genius of the North-Western Chairman, Sir Richard Moon has never occupied a seat. To his own line he has devoted the work of a long and laborious life. On it, if universal report may be believed, there are few matters which, with his personal ubiquity and what Sir Arthur Helps would have called his avidity of detail, he has failed to keep at his fingers' ends. The Jubilee honours of 1887 can hardly in any instance have been more deservedly bestowed than on the man who for a quarter of a century has so ruled over the greatest corporation in the world, that its name has been a proverb for honesty and uprightness of administration, and that its management has displayed a steady devotion to improvement and progress, not untempered, perhaps, with that truly English characteristic, a rooted dislike to over-sudden and hasty innovations.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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A Little Music.

THIS is essentially an age of interviewing. In former days the Interviewer flourished only in the land of his birth, the United States; but now he has established himself firmly in this country. He may not perhaps have reached the giddy heights of pertinacity attained in the States, but he is on the high road to success, and in a few years there will be nothing hid from his all-pervading presence and far-searching eye, no details of private life that will not be submitted by him to the ever-increasing greed of a gossip-loving public.

We are all so virtuous, we deprecate this love of gossip, we hold up one hand with horror, while with the other we put down our sixpence for the new number of our pet Society paper. We regret the old-fashioned days when things were so different, in the same way that we regret the good old-fashioned winters and genuine summers. Horace Walpole is found making the same complaint some 100 years ago. He laments the good old days in a precisely similar strain. Now Horace Walpole was not averse to gossip, and I imagine the love of gossip has existed through all time, though Adam and Eve must have often been hard up for topics of conversation in their earlier days.

However, the Society papers exist and flourish and prosper—and Society continues to deprecate—and read—them with equal assiduity. After all do they, if properly conducted, do any harm? As long as they confine themselves to paragraphs about the arrival at a country house of one lady, and the departure of another—or about the presence of certain people at a ball or garden party where they probably particularly wished to be seen and commented on—then there is not much harm done.

To this conclusion we must come.—This is an age of gossip; the world is being flooded with Reminiscences, and the Inter-

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viewer is a power. Even I have been interviewed in my time.—My humble chambers were described in such glowing terms, that I could not recognise them. The account spoke of "silken hangings on the walls." Strictly true, but it was only two yards of Liberty silk festooned over some nail-marks. The description of rooms has much the same effect on the imagination as a photograph. Have your rooms photographed and you will receive a most agreeable surprise. Your room may be humble and mean—the furniture may smack of Tottenham Court Road, and every ornament may bear the fatal impress of that Demon which is called "Cheap." But the photograph is the real *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri.* The room is enlarged to palatial dimensions, everything wears a rich and decorative effect, the glamour of splendour is thrown over your humble goods and chattels, and you feel inclined to write in the corner of the photograph, "East Room at Alton Towers," or "Morning Room at Trentham."

If I am ever interviewed again I shall prepare carefully. I shall be negligently attired in an Eastern smoking suit, smoking "the inevitable cigarette."

Several books, papers, and documents, which I never look at from year's end to year's end, will be very much *en évidence.* On the piano will be songs of my own composition, with perhaps Handel's Suites and a song album of Grieg or Lassen to give the thing a superior tone of Art. This would, I think, easily lead to some such paragraph as:

"Mr. Corney Grain does not, as many might suppose, pass *his* time in singing comic songs, but away from the 'garish lights' of the theatre beguiles the leisure hour with a Gigue or Chaconne of glorious old Handel, or in humming over some weird emotional 'lied' of Grieg or Lassen."

A judicious arrangement of letters, even if answered a week ago, might easily be made to lead to a remark: "Here, said Mr. Grain,"—carelessly turning over an ominous-looking bundle of letters, *billets doux*, appeals and invitations,—"is some of the daily work of the hard-worked singer."

And then, to ensure a dramatic ending to the interview, I would rehearse a little scene with my servant, who should come in at a given signal and say: "I beg your pardon, Sir, for interrupting you, but you have not forgotten the appointment at Marlborough House?" It is wonderful what effect you can produce with a little forethought and careful rehearsal.

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But I have finished with interviewing and I have had my turn. I have been "At Home," I have been a "Worker at play," or a "Player at work," or was it a "Player at play," or a Worker at work"? One of the four, I think. I have also been interviewed by a journal devoted to the Improvement of the Young. I am sure the two former papers will not take it unkindly if I say the latter gave me the most satisfaction. It was so idyllic.

However, I was offered another chance the other day of being interviewed,—the writer said he would be so glad to get my ideas on my vocation and on Art in general. I replied that I thoroughly appreciated the compliment, but—that I had an idea —an idea that I imagined has occurred to many others of late, viz. that I would be my own Interviewer—Interviewed by oneself! a pleasant idea. The Interviewer and the Interviewed would be so thoroughly in accord, they would work with one mind, in a mutual spirit of close neighbourly affection, each endeavouring to bring the other forward and modestly keep himself in the background. I made up my mind, and my Interviewer raising no objection, we started our scheme. The captious cynic might object to it as a scheme of Mutual Admiration. We deny and repel the accusation.—The scheme is one of Mutual Aid!

I asked a distinguished humorous writer the other day, why he didn't write his Reminiscences? "My dear fellow," he said, "I havn't enough imagination. I should have to invent all my best stories!" I submit that this is unnecessary. You can take all stories and declare they happened to a friend. It is a dangerous game, yet I have known it carried out most successfully, but by a very able "*raconteur*." He would generally begin thus: "As the late Lord So-and-So said."—Did some rash youth say, "I thought Sheridan said that," he would look at him pityingly and say, "Yes, it is a common fashion amongst the uninformed to attribute everything to Sheridan—it was really said by "Lord So-and-So!" I admired that man, he had courage and an imperturbable countenance, but, strange to say, his Lords So-and-So were always dead and could contradict no more.

I, or rather we, have not his courage, and we will, *i.e.* the Interviewer and myself, confine ourselves to strict fact.

The Interviewer shall not put any questions, but I will answer a question which may or may not have been put. This is a favourite method in some modern poems of a melodramatic tendency. It is generally an old man, who is apparently one of

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the unemployed, with a turn for rhyme. Sometimes he suddenly bursts out with

> "How Farmer Goodyear met his death?
> By *accident*, you say!
> Old Benjamin knows better;
> And I'll tell ye—(whispers), 'twas *Foul Play*"!!!

Here in four lines we get the narrator, old Benjamin, Farmer Goodyear, and the cause of his death—and no question asked.

Sometimes it takes a home-like form, such as:

> "A pint of 'arf-and-'arf, sir?
> Well, I doan't mind if I du—
> For the work *is* rather 'ard like,
> And the sun be 'ot, 'tis true!"

Under any circumstances it is ingenious, and I adopt it with much satisfaction.

Thus: What are my earlier impressions of music? No one has asked me this question, and perhaps it is a question my Interviewer did not wish to ask, knowing that the answer might take so much longer than he wished. But by my process, which I admit I have borrowed from the modern poetry aforesaid, I make him ask the question, even if it be against his wish and inclination.

What are my earliest impressions of music?

My answer is that my earliest impressions were that music had no charms for me.

I was born in a small village some four miles out of Cambridge. Picture to yourself a by-road turning off the road to Newmarket—a flat country, then a Rectory and Church, a dirty pond, some farm-buildings and cottages; on the opposite side of the way the remains of the village stocks, the Rose and Crown, kept by one Muggleton (good name, I always thought, for a publican); then more cottages, a farm with orchard containing an excellent mulberry tree, the blacksmith's; then a cottage tenanted by an old Mrs. Oliver, who prepared feathers for feather beds; then Hancocks the carpenter's house; and then in some meadows, or, as we called them, closes, our house! A farm-house, covered with ivy, with pretty lawns and gardens, and a moat running round three-quarters of the grounds. A commonplace picture, you will say, of a Cambridgeshire village. Quite so, thoroughly commonplace. We boasted no remarkable

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characters in our village; perhaps the most remarkable was Mr. Hancocks aforesaid. He was a bleary, red-faced, red-eyed old man, with a stubbly unshorn chin and a paper cap. He was principally noted for being frequently drunk, habitually using bad language, and more especially for having once been a clown in a circus.

There were no village schools; I believe an old Mrs. Chapman kept a dame's school, but I doubt if she could read. The clergyman of the parish did no visiting among the poor; he was a Canon of Ely, and I particularly liked the period when he was in residence, because his *locum tenens* presented me with a little box of sweets every Sunday. There were no amusements for the people of the parish—only the Village Feast once a year, which began and ended in beer. The church services were bald, meagre, and altogether disgraceful. In winter there were no lights in church, and the sermon was read by the light of a bedroom candlestick, which was handed up by the footman. Whether it was the association of bed with the candlestick, or the sermon, I don't know, but the result was sleep. Then we knew the sermons by heart, or should have done had we ever listened. They recurred at regular intervals, and the potato disease always brought out a very old friend—on Resignation. We decorated the church at Christmas with extreme simplicity; a gimlet-hole was bored in the top edge of the pews, and small pieces of evergreen were stuck in, and generally declined to stand upright. These sparse and diminutive boughs rather gave the impression of a field that has been bushed for the prevention of poachers' nets. But the crowning-point of the service was the music. The clerk (one Gilson, who soled and heeled shoes in the world) left his desk and went up into a little gallery, in which sat certain gentlemen, viz. Mr. Pomfret, Mr. Muggleton, and Mr. Lane. The two former played clarionets, the latter the violoncello. As a trio the combination of instruments is odd, but not so odd as the sounds produced by the executants. There was no attempt at harmony, or even of melody, in unison. Each individual went his own way, or rather the way his instrument chose to take him. The clarionets were particularly erratic in their ways, and produced "alarums and excursions" at the most unexpected moments. The clerk gave out one line of the hymn, and then proceeded to sing it as a *solo*, while the clarionets and violoncello gambolled round the melody—not quite there, but there or thereabouts. We never

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joined in, but stood respectfully listening to this nasal-voiced shoemaker snuffling forth some dreary tune, while Discord reigned triumphant round and about him.

These were my earliest impressions of music. But there were pleasanter impressions at home. My sisters, who were grown up when I was still quite a little fellow, were musically inclined, and my elder sister possessed an extraordinary natural gift—she played well at sight and from memory, sang sweetly, and was an admirable accompanyist. She is gone now, poor soul! and by her death I lost the best and truest friend I ever had. The earliest song I can remember her singing to me began—

"My father's a hedger and ditcher,
My mother does nothing but spin,
And there's nobody coming to marry me,
And the money comes slowly in.
And it's, oh! dear, what can the matter be?
Oh! dear, what shall I do?
And there's nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo;
And there's nobody coming to woo!"

I only quote from memory; but I should like to find this ballad. Is it in print? Then I remember the music after dinner-parties. I used to come in to dessert, and was so shy in those days that I used to cling to my father's side and eat grapes with my eyes shut. I remember the waiter so well who helped on those occasions. He cut hair by day and waited at night. In those days champagne was not so common, and sherry and hock went round at dinner, and after dinner port wine ruled. I can hear the voice of that waiter now as he suddenly startled you by confidentially saying into your ear "sherry-or-'ock, sir?" as if it were one word. Years after, when grown up, I was dining out in the neighbourhood, and suddenly the old familiar question was blown into my ear. I thought he had been dead for years. No! there he was, looking exactly the same, and he may be alive still, for all I know. He would be about 115 by this time.

After dinner, music began. What times they had over the glees! "Blow, gentle gales!" Oh! that agonizing moment when it comes to "Hark! a signal—a signal rends the air!" "Hark" is on the second beat of the bar, but nervous terror sets in and it is given on the first beat, to the utter confusion of the accompanyist

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and other singers. Then "the Red Cross Knight," which lies sohigh for the sopranos, and consequently leads to a series of dismal squeaks.

But the greatest effort of all was "Yes, Brothers, yes; it is the midnight drum!" I think it was a trio. There came a point in it when the original melody had to be taken up. The first singer said "yes!" the second "yes!" the third "yes!" then all three had to count and come in at a given moment with a stentorian and decided "Yes!!" Oh! the agony of that period; they counted with the whole of their bodies; their frames quivered with counting; they gave an agonized look at each other; the moment had come. "YES!!!" they roared, and the company breathed again, a sigh of relief went up, for we all knew the trio so well that we counted with them; you saw every brow puckered with care; all the lips involuntarily giving one, two, three! and at the "YES!!!" we gave a sort of gasp and snort of relief.

Then came my turn, when I contributed my little mite to the entertainment. My *répertoire* consisted of "Charlie is my darling," and "Cheer, boys, cheer." I had been taken to Cambridge to the Theatre Royal, Barnwell, to hear Mr. Henry Russell in his celebrated entertainment, and I was taken captive by "Cheer, boys, cheer," which was then the rage. I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Henry Russell a year or two ago, and found him ready to sit up in the smoking-room of the Pavilion, Folkestone, till early hours, and tell anecdotes by the score.

Was I precocious and able to play the piano at a very early age? Not a bit. I went to school, learned to play the piano in a somewhat perfunctory manner, received a prize for music (I was the only one who learnt), and at the age of 14 went to Germany to study German. I continued to take my lessons in music, but only as an adjunct, as it were. I heard my first opera in London before going to Germany. "Fra Diavolo," with Angelina Bosio as Zerlina, Ronconi as Lord Allcash, Marai as Lady Allcash, Zelger and Tagliafico as the brigands, and I think Gardoni as Fra Diavolo. My previous theatrical experiences were small. I once saw Wright as Paul Pry at Cambridge; and I was taken when about 8 years old to the Lyceum to see the "Chain of Events," in which I believe the late Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris appeared.

When did I begin to sing comic songs? I was reading for

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the Bar during the years 1863, 1864 and 1865. Then I first saw Mr. John Parry ; and the seeds were sown.

In 1865 I first acted in a back-drawing-room in a real piece. I have looked out an old scrap-book, dusted it, and it lies before me as I write, with its accusing record. I am ashamed to turn over the pages and to think of the calm, cool impudence—partly, let us hope, attributable to that ignorance which is bliss in youth, which enabled me to undertake the part of "Desmarets" in "Plot and Passion"!! The Marquis de Cevennes was played by Mr. J. Calthrop, now known to the public as Mr. John Clayton; and Henri de Neuville was played by —— No! I had better not mention the name. He is a Judge now, and is very serious.—But as I turn over the pages I blush to think of my iniquities, my dramatic iniquities. An amateur actor begins by giving pleasure to himself and affording amusement to his friends. If he continues at this game and persists in his audacious efforts, he is pretty well certain to become the "professional amateur" ; a very melancholy person, who has all the tricks of the trade at his fingers' ends without the necessary experience. The pleasure he affords himself by his acting increases in proportion to the decrease in the amusement he affords his friends. He has become sufficiently acquainted with the outline of the Art of Acting to have attained mediocrity—and mediocrity is dull.

On looking through my old scrap-book, I find myself acting at St. Martin's Hall, where, by the bye, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed gave their first entertainment in 1855, entitled "Holly Lodge," and The Enraged Musician," by William and Robert Brough. This was before they began to give the entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. St. Martin's Hall subsequently became the Queen's Theatre ; then became Clerical Stores, and now I think is a coach-builder's warehouse.

Then I find myself playing at the Polygraphic Hall, King William Street, Strand, where Mr. Woodin, but recently deceased, gave his entertainment of "Our Carpet Bag" ; this Hall then became the Charing Cross, the Folly, and "Toole's Theatre." About this period the *Era* newspaper gave me as nasty a thrust as I had ever experienced in the shape of criticism ; that I thoroughly deserved it I am perfectly willing to admit, but the pain of wounded vanity at the time was bitter. But just imagine my performances, what must they have been like? A raw lanky, slim (yes! at that time) youth of 20—two yards

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of painful incompetence, nevertheless I probably did not think so then, and the criticism touched me very sorely. This is what it said:

"Mr. Potter (R. Corney Grain, Esq.) is, perhaps, a very difficult character to portray, but Tom Taylor, Esq., could never have intended him to be made a decrepit idiot. We are not given to understand that Mr. Potter's voice has turned 'again towards childish treble,' neither is there any reason why he should hobble through the comedy like a broken-kneed and aged cab-horse!"

With this criticism, which caused me exquisite agony twenty-one years ago, I may couple one of a still more virulent nature which was forwarded to me a few months ago. I can honestly say that it has not caused me pain, for the simple reason that the whole British public, even the "cultured" public, are included in its sweeping condemnation. Here is my portrait:

"PLEASED WITH A RATTLE, TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

From the "Chicago Tribune."

"One of the favourites of London this season in an amusement way is a man with the very attractive name of Corney Grain. He is an enormous man—tall, with a tremendously powerful body. His shoulders are broad and exceedingly thick, and, as he stoops badly, it makes them look still more gross and awkward. He is a mouse-colored blond, with sallow complexion, dull, sleepy blue eyes, a large mouth, and thick pug nose. His forehead is low and retreating, but he partly hides it by a loose wave of hair. This man is considered the great wit in London at present, and his appearance is the signal for a laugh before he opens his mouth. I think it would be easier for Americans to laugh at him before he had opened his mouth than after. He is simply a diluted music-hall singer—a music-hall singer with all the fun and dash left out. He seats himself at the piano and the audience laugh. I heard him at a concert the other day at which all the music was good and classical. This man closed the entertainment with one of his songs. The audience consisted of some of the best people in London—people who are among the representative cultured society of the city. Yet there was no part of the programme which received such applause and attention as the shrieking of this coarse elephantine humorist. He sang a vulgar song, without wit or

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originality, of a Scotchman's coming to London and seeing the sights and describing them afterwards to a friend at home. The great point of the song was that all of the women that he saw wore very low-necked dresses, and if his wife did the same he would beat her and send her to bed. The audience fairly shouted with appreciation of this delicate satire, the women enjoying it as much as the men. A friend told me that this Mr. Corney Grain, was invited to Marlborough House to sing to the Prince and Princess of Wales last Sunday evening, and among others he sang this same song. The Prince of Wales went into such fits of laughter over it that he nearly fell off his chair. The only way that I can account for the English people enduring such stuff, is that they are so devoid of wit themselves that they seize upon anything which is labelled funny in order to laugh."

What have I done to offend "him"? or "her," is it?

There was one delightful performance given at this period at the Bijou Theatre, attached to Her Majesty's, burned down some years ago. "The Lighthouse," by Mr. Wilkie Collins, was played, and poor Palgrave Simpson took the chief part in it. Never shall I forget his accents of melodramatic despair when, prior to the commencement of the piece, he came on to the stage to see that the scenery was right. "Jack!" cried he to Mr. John Clayton (still acting as an amateur)—"Jack!! here are we supposed to be starving, and they've painted a ham and pickles on the wall!" Then the man who said, "One night I was taken by some mugglers!" The audience could not imagine what "mugglers" were, until it occurred to an astute individual that "some mugglers" was the melodramatic way of pronouncing "smugglers."

I took no part in that performance, except as an "effect." A large party of us were told off as "effects and elements." I did a distant gong or bell at sea. I remember the scene well: the director of the storm was on his knees in a state of profuse perspiration, reading the "cues" from a "prompt copy" by the light of a wobbley candle on a kitchen-chair.

"Now then," he whispered hoarsely, "wind, please; another howl of wind—softer—die away—keep the wind steady—faint cheer at sea—louder—louder! Now gong! Have you got the soapsuds ready for the spray and foam?" One zealous individual was working away hard, whipping up the soapsuds with

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a painter's brush. "Now, cheer again. Got the rope ready to throw in when he comes to the window of the lighthouse? Another howl of wind!!"

At this moment Mr. Clayton advanced to the window. "It is the 'Lady Grace,'" he cries, "she nears the rocks!" "Now then, ready with the soapsuds—now!" The zealous individual who had whipped up the suds, sent a dash of foam into Mr. Clayton's face; but his zeal outstripped his judgment, and the brush was seen by the audience, and Mr. Clayton was sent spluttering away, nearly choked by soapsuds. "Now then, the rope!!" Mr. Clayton advances to the window again. "Now for the rope!" Mr. Clayton receives the rope in his eye! I don't know whether the audience were amused, but *we* were, behind the scenes.

Then again there was a friend of mine who was the "esprit malin" of all these performances; his tricks were perhaps slightly mischievous, but they certainly afforded amusement afterwards, if not at the time. There was a performance of the "Lady of Lyons," in which I took part. I remember it well, for something went wrong with Claude Melnotte's sword, and he insisted on using mine. I gave it up to him, scabbard and all, and shortly discovered the nature of the accident. The scabbard was broken, and my sword refused to return to its sheath, and insisted on going through it and sticking out. My friend (wild horses shall not drag his name from me, for he is now married and a serious literary man, and has cast off all the follies of his youth and the recollection thereof) played the part of the second officer, supposed to be a very dashing young soldier, ready at any moment to die for his country. "Aha!" he says, "promotion is very rapid in the French army." My friend appeared as a maimed and decrepit old warrior, apparently eighty years of age, and speaking the lines in a quavering voice, weak and broken with age. Needless to say the scene was ruined. Then in rehearsing a piece he would change his conception of a character every day. One day he rehearsed it in broken French, another day in Somersetshire dialect, another day as a Scotchman, and would finally play on the night of the performance as an American. Once he played a Hindoo servant with a brother *farçeur*, and they began a conversation in a sort of jargon with the names of real people, including the audience and actors brought in here and there. Nothing could stop them. The hero of the piece was fretting and fuming—the audience roared, and

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the more they did so, the more the other actors raved and swore. These men were playing the fool and stealing their laughter.

On one occasion he played a nice trick on me. The scene represented a gambling room in a private house. I was at the piano singing some little French or Italian air—not comic, but quaint and melodious. Soon the audience began to titter. Why? I could not guess,—my song was not comic,—I sang on —the laughter increased—and eventually ended in a roar. I left the piano in disgust, and then I discovered the cause of my "fiasco." My friend was gambling with his *last penny*,—tearing his hair, going through remorseful ravings and gestures—the despair of the ruined gambler in dumb show for a penny!!

But to return to my legal career, which was just beginning, for I was called to the Bar in April 1866. It was in jeopardy. I began to sing and give entertainments at Penny Readings (there were no Primrose League Concerts in those days), and such like festivities. I thought nothing of entertaining or trying to entertain people for *two* hours! And now after eighteen years' experience I fight shy of one hour and a half. I wrote a medley song called "Richard Cœur de Lion," and in 1867 another called "Romeo and Juliet." The latter has survived, and will attain its majority this autumn. I seemed to get into a whirl of parties and amateur theatricals.—People I did not know began to ask me out—only in the evening—my position was not sufficiently secure to warrant a dinner. "Would you mind? just a little song, one of your charming little quaint things!" I thought them sincere in those days, but, remember, I was not used to "Society," and knew not its ways.

I did not know the class of "Society" ladies, wealthy and titled ladies, too, who could write as one wealthy and titled lady actually did to a friend of mine: "Dear Mrs. ——, could you come with your charming amateurs and give one of your charming little plays? I have got the King and Queen of —— coming. Do if you can. If you cannot manage it, do you know of any *cheap* glee singers?" I knew not the ways of these people, I plunged into the vortex—my legal *dégringolade* had begun. Mr. John Parry had retired into private life. My old friend Mr. Arthur Cecil made his *début* in 1869. I was weaving my fate—in February 1870 I sang at a public concert and received a fee of one guinea! In May 1870 I joined the German Reed Entertainment, and said good-bye to the "Bar and its moaning."

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But, bless me, I have forgotten my Interviewer. I have never given him a chance, and my pen has run away with me. And the "Little Music," where is it? As a rule "a little music" means a great deal of music, far too much music, or that which fancies it is music. In this case it has been no misnomer. I have kept my word, and the title does not belie itself; so I beg to say *au revoir* to my readers as an "Amateur Theatrical," hoping to make my bow to them next month as a *bonâ fide* "German Reed-er."

R. CORNEY GRAIN.

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A Plea for a British Dollar.

IT is a remarkable fact that this country, which prides itself upon being in the van of progress, especially in commercial enterprise, lags far behind all foreign countries and many of our Colonies in regard to coinage, weights and measures.

It is now over thirty years since an important movement was organized to obtain the introduction of decimal coinage into this country. A resolution in its favour was passed in the House of Commons, in consequence of a Select Committee appointed in 1853 having reported favourably, as the following extracts will show :—

The Report stated, that "with regard to the inconveniences of the existing system the evidence was clear and decided. That system was shown to entail a vast amount of unnecessary labour, and great liability to error, to render accounts needlessly complicated, to confuse questions of foreign exchanges, and to be otherwise inconvenient. On the other hand, the concurrent testimony of the various witnesses was to the effect that the adoption of a Decimal System would lead to greater accuracy, would simplify accounts, would greatly diminish the labour of calculations (to the extent of one half, and in some cases four-fifths, according to Professor De Morgan, who had made the question his especial study), and, by facilitating the comparison between the coinage of this country and other countries that have adopted the Decimal System, would tend to the convenience of all those who are engaged in exchange operations, of travellers, and others. An important benefit would be derived in several departments of the public service, and in every branch of industry, from the economy of skilled labour which would result from the proposed change; at the same time that the education of the people generally would be much facilitated by the introduction into our schools of a system so directly calculated to render easy the acquirement of arithmetic."

The Committee recommended the pound sterling as the unit of the

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new system of coinage. "Considering that the pound is the present standard, and therefore associated with all our ideas of money value, and that it is the basis on which all our exchange operations with the whole world rest, any alteration of it would lead to infinite complication and embarrassment in our commercial dealings; in addition to which its retention would afford the means of introducing the Decimal System with the minimum of change."

The Committee recommended the withdrawal of the half-crown, the 3*d.* and 4*d.* pieces, and the introduction of copper coins of one, two, and five mils, and silver coins of ten and twenty mils.

The Committee summed up their recommendations in the following words:—

"In conclusion, your Committee, having well weighed the comparative merits of the existing system of coinage and the Decimal System, and the obstacles which must necessarily be met with in passing from the one to the other, desire to repeat their decided opinion of the superior advantages of the Decimal System, and to record their conviction that the obstacles referred to are not of a nature to create any doubt of the expediency of introducing that system as soon as the requisite preparations shall have been made for the purpose, by means of cautious but decisive action on the part of the Government."

On the 12th of June, 1855, Mr. W. Brown moved the following resolutions in the House of Commons:—

"1. That, in the opinion of this House, the initiation of the decimal system by the issue of the florin has been eminently successful and satisfactory.

"2. That a further extension of the system will be of public advantage.

"3. That an humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to complete the decimal scale with the pound and florin, as suggested by two Commissions and a Committee of the House of Commons, by authorizing the issue of silver coins to represent the value of the one-hundredth part of a pound, and copper coins to represent the one-thousandth part of a pound, to be called cents and mils respectively, or to bear such names as to Her Majesty may seem advisable."

After a protracted debate the first resolution was carried by a majority of 136 to 56, the second resolution was carried without a division, and the third resolution was withdrawn. In the course of the debate, the Government urged that it was inexpedient to make a change without much more investigation,

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and gave an assurance that the subject should receive the most careful consideration possible.

Then followed the appointment in 1856 of a Royal Commission, which reported in 1857 that the weight of authority and evidence was in favour of the pound and mil scheme, but finally decided against a change unless weights and measures were likewise decimalized.

At that period many of the Great Powers had not yet adopted decimal currencies. Prussia had the thaler of 30 silver groschen of 12 pfennige; Saxony had a similar thaler, with different subdivisions; Hamburg had the mark of 16 schillings; South Germany had the florin of 60 kreuzers; now all Germany has the mark of 100 pfennige. Austria then had the florin of 60 kreuzers; now she has the florin of 100 kreuzers. Scandinavia had then different specie and rigsdalers of 120 skillings; she now has the krone of 100 öre.

Thus all foreign countries have now adopted a decimal currency, leaving us and some of our Colonies high and dry in the rear of commercial progress. Those who have made this reform have never retraced their steps, nor regretted the change. Many of our Colonies now enjoy the facilities conferred by decimal systems—for instance, Canada, Ceylon, Mauritius, Hong-Kong and the Straits Settlements. With regard to Canada, the following letter has recently been received from a banker of long standing in Montreal:—

"I was a resident of Canada at the time when the change from the old notation of pounds, shillings, and pence to a decimal system took place, and can speak without hesitation of the advantage in saving of time and other conveniences which ensued. It would of course be impossible to reduce this saving of time to arithmetical figures, but you will find, I think, a universal concurrence of opinion that the saving is considerable.

"I am not sure whether the adoption of the decimal system has not one drawback. The English method requires and develops a much higher degree of arithmetical ability than ours and that of the United States.

"I need not say that if England adopted the decimal system there would result an immense simplification of accounts and transactions between Canada, the United States, and the Mother-country—China and Japan may perhaps be included. It is almost certain that other British Colonies, like those in Australia and South Africa, would adopt the same system."

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The "drawback" referred to in the foregoing letter really constitutes an additional argument in favour of the decimal system, for it can hardly be desirable to retain a cumbrous mode of calculation in order to develop a higher degree of arithmetical ability.

In Ceylon, Sir Hercules Robinson—the Governor—proposed to decimalize the rupee. There was a great outcry from the native traders, who declared that they would be ruined; but he persisted, and in a fortnight after the change was effected everybody was satisfied. From different parts of the Continent of Europe reports have been received testifying to the advantages obtained by the introduction of a decimal system.

Those advantages in this country may be summarised as follows. The proposed system would shorten the period required for elementary education. It would save time, which in this instance would be money, in preparing accounts and in book-keeping generally. It would give greater facility for carrying on trade, and it would be the precursor of that much larger reform—the introduction of a uniform decimal system of weights and measures.

With regard to elementary education, it has been asserted by a high authority that if the coinage, weights, and measures were decimalized, a saving of time would be effected to the extent of three years in the education of every child.

The Government has now the grave responsibility imposed by compulsory education of seeing that the children of the working classes are not compelled to learn so needless a study as compound arithmetic, which forms no part of elementary education in foreign countries. Every teacher and every scholar would gladly devote the time now absorbed by compound arithmetic to technical education, or to the study of foreign languages, in both of which our young people are behind the Germans, Swiss, &c.

With regard to trade, our present system of accounts and of book-keeping causes errors which would certainly be avoided by a simpler mode of calculation easily acquired by the average trader.

Our business relations with foreign countries would be greatly facilitated by the change, for although it may be impracticable to have a universal currency, the calculation between one decimal currency and another would be comparatively easy. It is now the custom in all large houses trading with foreigners to

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turn our currency into decimals, calculate in decimals, and turn the decimal result again into pounds, shillings and pence. Not only is this a waste of time, but in some instances it is only possible to arrive at an approximate result. The process is a barrier to Englishmen, who have not as a rule a practical and thorough knowledge of decimals. This difficulty is one of the reasons why foreign clerks are so extensively employed by English firms, who would gladly prefer to employ their own countrymen, if the conditions were at all equal.

In spite of our insular prejudice and deeply-rooted apathy, the decimal system is coming more and more into use. In some Government offices, and in the Railway Clearing-house, decimals are used. If our currency were reformed, this simple system would soon be universally adopted. Two arguments influenced the Royal Commission of 1856; the one, that those countries which adopted decimal currencies had previously a worse coinage than ours, and the other, that weights and measures should be decimalized simultaneously. It is evident that no country which has reformed its currency had the slightest idea of adopting a similar system to ours. Even the United States and Canada discarded our duodecimal system in favour of the simpler decimals. When we find that every foreign nation has adopted a decimal currency, and that in no instance has any one of them retraced its steps or regretted the change, how can we flatter ourselves that we alone should be right and all the world wrong?

The chief benefit, however, to be anticipated from this suggested change in our currency—a change in itself easy to be effected and certain to meet with general approval—is that it will pave the way to the larger reform of our system of weights and measures. Already men of science are using the metrical system; assayers and bullion-dealers have decimalized the ounce. The experience gained from the use of the metrical system by three hundred millions of people is permeating this island. It may be asserted that both the reform of the currency and that of weights and measures should be simultaneous. It would, however, be easier to go step by step, especially as in the United States and Canada a decimal currency has been adopted, while our weights and measures have been retained. It may be useful to record the fact that sixty-eight out of the sixty-nine British Chambers of Commerce have recently passed resolutions in favour of decimalizing our currency. They are also generally in favour of a uniform

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and decimal system of weights and measures. The London Chamber of Commerce is actively engaged in promoting this reform.

It may be necessary to consider what should be the nature of the first reform, and what should be the unit. Two points must be regarded as essential; most of our coins must be retained, and the largest possible unit should be employed. We are too loyal to part with our sovereign, and too well accustomed to our shilling to discard it.

The pound and mil system has obtained most favour, because it involves the least change.

We should retain

The Sovereign of 10 florins or	. .	1000 mils
Half-sovereign „ 5 „ „	. .	500 „
5*s.* . . „ 2½ „ „	. .	250 „
4*s.* . . „ 2 „ „	. .	200 „
2*s.* 6*d.* (to be eventually withdrawn)	.	125 „
2*s.* . . of 1 florin or	. .	100 „
1*s.* . . „ ½ „ „	. .	50 „
6*d.* . . „ ¼ „ „	. .	25 „

We should add,—

New Coins.—Silver .	. . .	10 „
„ Nickel	. . .	5 „
„ Copper	. . .	4 „
„ „	. . .	2 „
„ „	. . .	1 „

There are, however, two slight drawbacks to this system. The unit is too large for small traders, and the subdivision into thousandths is somewhat difficult, entailing three places of decimals when a change is made. The existing penny and halfpenny could circulate for some time until prices were adjusted to the new four-mil pieces. There would be an advantage to the working man in receiving 50 new farthings, 25 new halfpennies, or 12½ new pennies for his shilling. The new coins would buy as much as the old. The price of postage-stamps could be easily reduced, although a 10-mil stamp would approximate more closely than 2½*d.* to the 25 centimes used on the Continent under the Postal Convention.

The penny and halfpenny press might suffer slightly by the

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reduction of about 4 per cent. in our new pence and halfpence; but the price of a newspaper is not a vital matter in comparison with the revenue from advertisements, which could be slightly increased. It is the custom for newspaper proprietors to allow from 20 to 30 per cent. to middlemen for the distribution of their papers. Consequently so small a matter as 4 per cent. could be settled between the owners and salesmen.

Another system would ensure all the advantage of the retention of our coins, and avoid the disadvantages already indicated. Why could we not adopt the British Dollar or double florin as our unit? It would be as big as any used outside our Empire, and while sufficiently large for our large traders would be sufficiently small for retailers. We could still speak of the Sovereign when it is made into a five-dollar piece, in the same way as of the American Eagle, the French Napoleon, and the Russian Imperial, although dollars, francs, and roubles are the respective currencies.

Our currency would then be as follows :—

	dollars.	cents.
Sovereign	5	0
Half-sovereign	2½	0
5*s.* (eventually withdrawn)	1¼	0
Double florin, British dollar	1	100
2*s.* 6*d.* (eventually withdrawn)	⅝	62½
2*s.*	½	50
1*s.*	¼	25
6*d.* (eventually withdrawn)	⅛	12½
Dime, new silver coin	1/10	10
Half-dime, „	1/20	5
New copper coin	0	2
„ „	0	1
„ „	0	½

Every one knows that a dollar is about 4*s.*, and a cent a half-penny. Our working men find no difficulty in learning in a few hours the currency of Canada and the United States. Under this system, while retaining most of our coins, including the rich man's sovereign and the poor man's shilling, we shall have the great advantage of requiring but two places of decimals.

Only two countries, Portugal and Brazil, subdivide their unit into thousandths, while all other foreign countries have hundredths, which are decidedly preferable. Should we adopt the four-shilling dollar, there is little doubt that Canada, and

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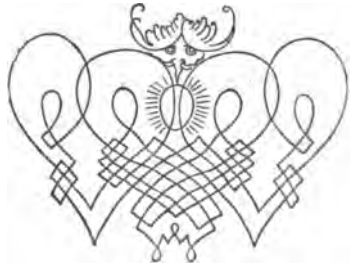
probably the United States, would assimilate their dollar to ours; thus all English-speaking people would ultimately have the same currency.

Should the working classes demand this change, no Government could withhold it: the result would be advantageous to the pupil, the teacher, and the trader, would facilitate home trade, promote foreign commerce, and permit the children of the poor to acquire technical knowledge in the time now so needlessly wasted.

SAMUEL MONTAGU.



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The Waiting Supper.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "THE WOODLANDERS," ETC.

VI.

SOME fifteen years after the date of the foregoing incidents, a man who had dwelt in far countries, and viewed many cities, arrived at Troyton Inn, an isolated tavern on the old western turnpike road, not five miles from Swenn-Everard. He was still barely of middle-age, but it could be seen that a haze of grey was settling upon the locks of his hair, and that his face had lost colour and curve, as if by exposure to bleaching climates and strange atmospheres, or from ailments contracted therein. He seemed to observe little around him, by reason of the intrusion of his musings upon the scene. In truth Nicholas Long was just now the creature of old hopes and fears consequent upon his arrival—this man who once had not cared if his name were blotted out from that district. The evening light showed wistful lines which he could not smooth out by the worldling's gloss of nonchalance that he had learnt to fling over his face.

Troyton Inn was a somewhat unusual place for a man of this sort to choose as a house of sojourn. Before he left home it had been a lively old tavern at which High-flyers, and Heralds, and Tally-hoes had changed horses on their stages up and down the country; but now the house was rather cavernous and chilly, the stable-roofs were hollow-backed, the landlord was asthmatic, and the traffic gone.

He arrived in the afternoon, and when he had sent back the fly and was having a nondescript meal, he put a question to the waiting-maid, with a mien of indifference.

"Squire Everard, of Swenn-Everard Manor, has been dead some years, I believe?"

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She replied in the affirmative.

"And are any of the family left there still?"

"Oh no, bless you, sir! They sold the place years ago—Squire Everard's son did—and went away. I've never heard where they went to. They came quite to nothing."

"Never heard anything of the young lady—the Squire's daughter?"

"No. You see 'twas before I came to these parts."

When the waitress had left the room, Nicholas pushed aside his plate and gazed out of the window. He was not going over into the Swenn Valley altogether on Christine's account, but she had greatly animated his motive in coming that way. Anyhow he would push on there now that he was so near, and not ask questions here where he was liable to be wrongly informed. The fundamental inquiry he had not ventured to make—whether Christine had married before the family went away. He had abstained because of an absurd dread of extinguishing hopeful surmise. That the Everards had left their old home was bad enough intelligence for one day.

Rising from the table he put on his hat and went out, ascending towards the upland which divided this district from his native vale. The first familiar feature that met his eye was a little spot on the distant sky—a clump of trees standing on a barrow which surmounted a yet more remote upland—a point where, in his childhood, he had believed people could stand and see America. He reached the further verge of the plateau on which he had entered. Ah, there was the valley—a greenish-grey stretch of colour—still looking placid and serene, as though it had not much missed him. If Christine was no longer there, why should he pause over it this evening? His uncle and aunt were dead, and to-morrow would be soon enough to inquire for remoter relatives. Thus, disinclined to go further, he turned to retrace his way to the inn.

In the backward path he now perceived the figure of a woman, who had been walking at a distance behind him; and as she drew nearer he began to be startled. Surely, despite the variations introduced into that figure by changing years, its ground-lines were those of Christine?

Nicholas had been sentimental enough to write to Christine immediately on landing at Southampton a day or two before this, addressing his letter at a venture to the old house, and merely telling her that he planned to reach Troyton Inn on the

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present afternoon. The news of the scattering of the Everards had dissipated his hope of hearing of her; but here she was.

So they met—there, alone, on the open down by a pond, just as if the meeting had been carefully arranged.

She threw up her veil. She was still beautiful, though the years had touched her; a little more matronly—much more homely. (Or was it only that he was much less homely now—a man of the world—the sense of homeliness being relative?) Her face had grown to be pre-eminently of the sort that would be called interesting. Her habiliments were of a demure and sober cast, though she was one who had used to dress so airily and so gaily. Years had laid on a few shadows too in this.

"I received your letter," she said, when the momentary embarrassment of their first approach had passed. "And I thought I would walk across the hills to-day, as it was fine. I have just called at the inn, and they told me you were out. I was now on my way homeward."

He hardly listened to this, though he intently gazed at her. "Christine," he said; "one word. Are you free?"

"I—I am in a certain sense," she replied, colouring.

The announcement had a magical effect. The intervening time between past and present closed up for him, and moved by an impulse which he had combated for fifteen years, he seized her two hands and drew her towards him.

She started back, and became almost a mere acquaintance. "I have to tell you," she gasped, "that I have—been married." (Nicholas's rose-coloured dream was immediately toned down to a greyish tinge.)

"I did not marry till many years after you left," she continued in the humble tones of one confessing to a crime. "Oh Nic," she cried reproachfully, "how could you stay away so long!"

"Whom did you marry?"

"Mr. Bellston."

"I—ought to have expected it." He was going to add, "And is he dead?" but he checked himself. Her dress unmistakably suggested widowhood; and she had said she was free.

"I must now hasten home," said she. "I felt that, considering my shortcomings at our parting so many years ago, I owed you the initiative now."

"There is some of your old generosity in that. I'll walk with you, if I may. Where are you living, Christine?"

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"In the same house, but not on the old conditions. I have part of it on lease; the farmer now tenanting the premises found the whole more than he wanted, and the owner allowed me to keep what rooms I chose. I am poor now, you know, Nicholas, and almost friendless. My brother sold the Swenn-Everard estate when it came to him, and the person who bought it turned our home into a farm-house. Till my father's death my husband and I lived in the manor-house with him, so that I have never lived away from the spot."

She was poor. That, and the change of name, sufficiently accounted for the inn-servant's ignorance of her continued existence within the walls of her old home.

It was growing dusk, and he still walked with her. A woman's head arose from the declivity before them, and as she drew nearer, Christine asked him to go back. "This is the wife of the farmer who shares the house," she said. "She is accustomed to come out and meet me whenever I walk far and am benighted. I am obliged to walk everywhere now."

The farmer's wife, seeing that Christine was not alone, paused in her advance, and Nicholas said, "Dear Christine, if you are obliged to do these things, I am not, and what wealth I can command you may command likewise. They say rolling stones gather no moss; but they gather dross sometimes. I was one of the pioneers to the gold-fields, you know, and made a sufficient fortune there for my wants. What is more, I kept it. When I had done this I was coming home, but hearing of my uncle's death I changed my plan, travelled, speculated, and increased my fortune. Now, before we part: you remember you stood with me at the altar once, and therefore I speak with less preparation than I should otherwise use. Before we part then I ask, shall another again intrude between us? Or shall we complete the union we began?"

She trembled—just as she had done at that very minute of standing with him in the church, to which he had recalled her mind. "I will not enter into that now, dear Nicholas," she replied. "There will be more to talk of and consider first—more to explain, which it would have spoiled this meeting to have entered into now."

"Yes, yes; but——"

"Further than the brief answer I first gave, Nic, don't press me to-night. I still have the old affection for you, or I should not have sought you. Let that suffice for the moment."

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"Very well, dear one. And when shall I call to see you?"

"I will write and fix an hour. I will tell you everything of my history then."

And thus they parted, Nicholas feeling that he had not come here fruitlessly. When she and her companion were out of sight he retraced his steps to Troyton, where he made himself as comfortable as he could in the deserted old inn of his boyhood's days. He missed her companionship this evening more than he had done at any time during the whole fifteen years; and it was as though instead of separation there had been constant communion with her throughout that period. The tones of her voice had stirred his heart in places which had lain stagnant ever since he last heard them. They recalled the woman to whom he had once lifted his eyes as to a goddess. Her announcement that she had been another's came as a little shock to him, and he did not now lift his eyes to her in precisely the same way as he had lifted them at first. But he forgave her for marrying Bellston; what could he expect after fifteen years?

He slept at Troyton Inn that night, and in the morning there was a short note from her, repeating more emphatically her statement of the previous evening—that she wished to inform him clearly of her circumstances, and to calmly consider with him the position in which she was placed. Would he call upon her on Sunday afternoon, when she was sure to be alone?

"Nic," she wrote on, "what a cosmopolite you are! I expected to find my old yeoman still; but I was quite awed in the presence of such a citizen of the world. Did I seem rusty and unpractised? Ah—you seemed so once to me!"

Tender, playful words; the old Christine was in them. She said Sunday afternoon, and it was now only Saturday morning. He wished she had said to-day; that short revival of her image had vitalized to sudden heat feelings that had almost been stilled. Whatever she might have to explain as to her position —and it was awkwardly narrowed, no doubt—he could not give her up. Miss Everard or Mrs. Bellston, what mattered it?—she was the same Christine.

He did not go outside the inn all Saturday. He had no wish to see or do anything but to await the coming interview. So he smoked, and read the local newspaper of the previous week, and stowed himself in the chimney-corner. In the evening he felt that he could remain indoors no longer, and the moon being near the full, he started from the inn on foot in the same

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direction as that of yesterday, with the view of contemplating the old village and its precincts, and hovering round her house under the cloak of night.

With a stout stick in his hand he climbed over the five miles of upland in a comparatively short space of time. Nicholas had seen many strange lands and trodden many strange ways since he last walked that path, but as he trudged he seemed wonderfully like his old self, and had not the slightest difficulty in finding the way. In descending to the meads the streams perplexed him a little, some of the old foot-bridges having been removed; but he ultimately got across the larger water-courses, and pushed on to the village, avoiding her residence for the moment, lest she should encounter him, and think he had not respected the time of her appointment.

He found his way to the churchyard, and first ascertained where lay the two relations he had left alive at his departure; then he observed the gravestones of other inhabitants with whom he had been well acquainted, till by degrees he seemed to be in the society of all the elder Swenn-Everard population, as he had known the place. Side by side as they had lived in his day here were they now. They had moved house in mass.

But no tomb of Mr. Bellston was visible, though, as he had lived at the manor-house, it would have been natural to find it here. In truth Nicholas was more anxious to discover that than anything, being curious to know how long he had been dead. Seeing from the glimmer of a light in the church that somebody was there cleaning for Sunday he entered, and looked round upon the walls as well as he could. But there was no monument to her husband, though one had been erected to the Squire.

Nicholas addressed the young man who was sweeping. "I don't see any monument or tomb to the late Mr. Bellston?"

"Oh no, sir; you won't see that," said the young man drily.

"Why, pray?"

"Because he's not buried here. He's not Christian-buried anywhere, as far as we know. In short, perhaps he's not buried at all; and between ourselves, perhaps he's alive."

Nicholas sank an inch shorter. "Ah," he answered.

"Then you don't know the peculiar circumstances, sir?"

"I am a stranger here—as to late years."

"Mr. Bellston was a traveller—an explorer—it was his calling; you may have heard his name as such?"

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"I remember." Nicholas recalled the fact that this very bent of Mr. Bellston's was the incentive to his own roaming.

"Well, when he married he came and lived here with his wife and his wife's father, and said he would travel no more. But after a time he got weary of biding quiet here, and weary of her—he was not a good husband to the young lady by any means—and he betook himself again to his old trick of roving—with her money. Away he went, quite out of the realm of human foot, into the bowels of Asia, and never was heard of more. He was murdered, it is said, but nobody knows; though as that was nine years ago he's dead enough in principle, if not in corporation. His widow lives quite humble, for between her husband and her brother she's left in very lean pasturage."

Nicholas went back to Troyton Inn without hovering round her dwelling. This then was the explanation which she had wanted to make. Not dead, but missing. How could he have expected that the first fair promise of happiness held out to him would remain untarnished? She had said that she was free; and legally she was free, no doubt. Moreover, from her tone and manner he felt himself justified in concluding that she would be willing to run the risk of a union with him, in the improbability of her husband's existence. Even if that husband lived, his return was not a likely event, to judge from his character. A man who could spend her money on his own personal adventures would not be anxious to disturb her poverty after such a lapse of time.

Well, the prospect was not so unclouded as it had seemed. But could he, even now, give up Christine?

VII.

Two months more brought the year nearly to a close, and found Nicholas Long tenant of a spacious house in the market-town nearest to Swenn-Everard. A man of means, genial character, and a bachelor, he was an object of great interest to his neighbours, and to his neighbours' wives and daughters. But he took little note of this, and had made it his business to go twice a-week, no matter what the weather, to the now farm-house at Swenn-Everard, a wing of which had been retained as the refuge of Christine. He always walked, to give no trouble in putting up a horse to a housekeeper whose staff was limited.

The two had put their heads together on the situation, had

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gone to a solicitor, had balanced possibilities, and had resolved to make the plunge of matrimony. "Nothing venture nothing have," Christine had said, with some of her old audacity.

With almost gratuitous honesty they had let their intentions be widely known. Christine, it is true, had rather shrunk from publicity at first; but Nicholas argued that their boldness in this respect would have good results. With his friends he held that there was not the slightest probability of her being other than a widow, and a challenge to the missing man now, followed by no response, would stultify any unpleasant remarks which might be thrown at her after their union. To this end a paragraph was inserted in the Wessex papers, announcing that their marriage was proposed to be celebrated on such and such a day in December.

His periodic walks along the south side of the valley to visit her were among the happiest experiences of his life. The yellow leaves falling around him in the foreground, the well-watered meads on the right hand, and the woman he loved awaiting him at the back of the scene, promised a future of much serenity, as far as human judgment could foresee. On arriving, he would sit with her in the "parlour" of the wing she retained, her general sitting-room, where the only relics of her early surroundings were an old clock from the other end of the house, and her own piano. Before it was quite dark they would stand, hand in hand, looking out of the window across the flat turf to the dark clump of trees which hid further view from their eyes.

"Do you wish you were still mistress here, dear?" he once said.

"Not at all," said she cheerfully. "I have a good enough room, and a good enough fire, and a good enough friend. Besides, my latter days as mistress of the house were not happy ones, and they spoilt the place for me. It was a punishment for my faithlessness. Nic, you do forgive me? Really you do?"

The twenty-third of December, the eve of the wedding-day, had arrived at last in the train of such uneventful ones as these. Nicholas had arranged to visit her that day a little later than usual, and see that everything was ready with her for the morrow's event and her removal to his house; for he had begun to look after her domestic affairs, and to lighten as much as possible the duties of her housekeeping.

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He was to come to an early supper, which she had arranged to take the place of a wedding-breakfast next day—the latter not being feasible in her present situation. An hour or so after dark the wife of the farmer who lived in the other part of the house entered Christine's parlour to lay the cloth.

"What with getting the ham skinned, and the black-puddings hotted up," she said; "it will take me all my time before he's here, if I begin this minute."

"I'll lay the table myself," said Christine, jumping up. "Do you attend to the cooking."

"Thank you, ma'am. And perhaps 'tis no matter, seeing that it is the last night you'll have to do such work. I knew this sort of life wouldn't last long for ye, being born to better things."

"It has lasted rather long, Mrs. Wake. And if he had not found me out it would have lasted all my days."

"But he did find you out."

"He did. And I'll lay the cloth immediately."

Mrs. Wake went back to the kitchen, and Christine began to bustle about. She greatly enjoyed preparing this table for Nicholas and herself with her own hands. She took artistic pleasure in adjusting each article to its position, as if half an inch error were a point of high importance. Finally she placed the two candles where they were to stand, and sat down by the fire.

Mrs. Wake re-entered and regarded the effect. "Why not have another candle or two, ma'am?" she said. "'Twould make it livelier. Say four."

"Very well," said Christine; and four candles were lighted. "Really," she added, surveying them, "I have been now so long accustomed to little economies that they look quite extravagant."

"Ah, you'll soon think nothing of forty in his grand new house! Shall I bring in supper directly he comes, ma'am?"

"No, not for half an hour; and, Mrs. Wake, you and Betsy are busy in the kitchen, I know; so when he knocks don't disturb yourselves; I can let him in."

She was again left alone, and, as it still wanted some time to Nicholas's appointment, she stood by the fire, looking at herself in the glass over the mantel. Reflectively raising a lock of her hair just above her temple she uncovered a small scar. That scar had a history. The terrible temper of her late husband—those sudden moods of irascibility which had made even his

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friendly excitements look like anger—had once caused him to set that mark upon her with the bezel of a ring he wore. He declared that the whole thing was an accident. She was a woman, and kept her own opinion.

Christine then turned her back to the glass and scanned the table and the candles, shining one at each corner like types of the four Evangelists, and thought they looked too assuming—too confident. She glanced up at the clock, which stood also in this room, there not being space enough for it in the passage. It was nearly seven, and she expected Nicholas at half-past. She liked the company of this venerable article in her lonely life: its tickings and whizzings were a sort of conversation. It now began to strike the hour. At the end something grated slightly. Then, without any warning, the clock slowly inclined forward and fell at full length upon the floor.

The crash brought the farmer's wife rushing into the room. Christine had well-nigh sprung out of her shoes. Mrs. Wake's inquiry what had happened was answered by the evidence of her own eyes.

"How did it occur?" she said.

"I cannot say; it was not firmly fixed, I suppose. Dear me, how sorry I am! My dear father's hall-clock! And now I suppose it is ruined."

Assisted by Mrs. Wake, she lifted the clock. Every inch of glass was, of course, shattered, but very little harm besides appeared to be done. They propped it up temporarily, though it would not go again.

Christine had soon recovered her composure, but she saw that Mrs. Wake was gloomy. "What does it mean, Mrs. Wake?" she said. "Is it ominous?"

"It is a sign of a violent death in the family."

"Don't talk of it. I don't believe such things; and don't mention it to Mr. Long when he comes. *He's* not in the family yet, you know."

"Oh, no, it cannot refer to him," said Mrs. Wake musingly.

"Some remote cousin, perhaps," observed Christine, no less willing to humour her than to get rid of a shapeless dread which the incident had caused in her own mind. "And—supper is almost ready, Mrs. Wake?"

"In three-quarters of an hour."

Mrs. Wake left the room, and Christine sat on. Though it still wanted fifteen minutes to the hour at which Nicholas had

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promised to be there, she began to grow impatient. After the accustomed ticking the dead silence was oppressive. But she had not to wait so long as she had expected; steps were heard approaching the door, and there was a knock.

Christine was already there to open to it. The entrance had no lamp, but it was not particularly dark out of doors. She could see the outline of a man, and cried cheerfully, "You are early; it is very good of you."

"Early am I? I thought I was late."

The voice was not the voice of Nicholas.

"I beg pardon," said she. "I did not—I expected some one else. Will you come in? You wish to see Mrs. Wake?"

The new-comer did not answer, but followed her up the passage and into her own room. She turned to look at him, and by degrees recognised that her husband, James Bellston, stood before her.

She sank into a chair. He was now a much-bearded man, his beard growing almost straight from his face like spines. Corpulent he was too, and short in his breathing, but unmistakable. He placed a small leather portmanteau of a common kind on the floor and said, "You did not expect me?"

"I did not," she gasped. "I thought you were——"

"Dead. Good. So did others. It was natural, Christine, and I have a good deal to blame myself for in that respect; but I could bring you home neither money nor fame, and what was the use of my coming? However, I heard, or rather read, the account of your approaching marriage, and that forced my hand. It was to have been to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"I knew by seeing the date mentioned in the papers. That was why I came to-night, though I had the greatest difficulty in getting here, owing to my having taken passage in a sailing vessel, which was delayed by contrary winds. I meant to have arrived much sooner. And so the old house and manor are gone from your family at last?" he said, seating himself.

"Yes," said she; and than she spasmodically began to tell him of things that were more pertinent to the moment—how Nicholas Long had come back a comparatively rich man; that he was going to call that evening, and that the very supper-table before their eyes was laid for him.

"Then he may enter at any minute?" said her husband.

"Certainly."

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"That will be awkward. In common civility he ought to be forewarned. All this comes of my being so delayed. . . . My dear, I think the proper plan will be for me to go out for half-an-hour, during which time he will arrive, I presume. You can break to him what has happened, and please convey my apologies to him for this abrupt return, which I really could not help. I will come back to the house when he is gone, and so an unpleasant encounter will be avoided. If I allow him an hour from this time to be out of the house it will be long enough probably?"

"Yes. And the supper———"

"Can wait till I come. Thank you, dear. Now I'll go and stroll round, and see how the familiar old places look after such a long interval."

He placed his portmanteau in a corner, imprinted a business-like kiss upon her cheek, and withdrew.

She was alone; but what a solitude!

She stood in the middle of the room just as he had left her, in the gloomy silence of the stopped clock, till at length she heard another tread without, coming from an opposite direction to that of her husband's retreat, and there was a second knocking at the door.

She did not respond to it; and Nicholas—for it was he—thinking that he was not heard by reason of concentration on to-morrow's proceedings, opened the door softly, and came on to the door of her room, which stood unclosed, just as it had been left by her husband.

Nicholas uttered a blithe greeting, cast his eye round the parlour, which with its tall candles, blazing fire, snow-white cloth, and prettily-spread table, formed a cheerful spectacle enough for a man who had been walking in the dark for an hour.

"My bride—almost, at last!" he cried, encircling her with his arms.

Instead of responding, her figure became limp, frigid, heavy; her head fell back, and he found that she had fainted.

It was natural, he thought. She had had many little worrying matters to attend to, and but slight assistance. He ought to have seen more effectually to her affairs; the closeness of the event had over-excited her. Nicholas kissed her unconscious face—more than once, little thinking whose lips had lately made a lodging there. Loth to call Miss Wake, he carried Christine

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to a couch and laid her down. This had the effect of reviving her. Nicholas bent and whispered in her ear, "Lie quiet, dearest, no hurry; and dream, dream, dream of happy days. It is only I. You will soon be better." He held her by the hand.

"No, no, no!" she moaned. "Oh, how can this be?"

Nicholas was alarmed and perplexed, but the disclosure was not long delayed. When she had sat up, and by degrees made the stunning event known to him, he stood as if transfixed.

"Ah—is it so!" said he. Then, becoming quite meek, "And why was he so cruel as to—delay his return till now?"

She dutifully recited the explanation her husband had given her; but her mechanical manner of telling it showed how much she doubted its truth. It was too unlikely that his arrival at such a dramatic moment should not be a contrived surprise, quite of a piece with his previous dealings towards her.

"He—seems very kind now—not as he used to be," she faltered. "And perhaps, Nicholas, he is a changed man—we'll hope he is. I suppose I ought not to have listened to my legal advisers, and assumed his death so surely! Anyhow, I am roughly received back into—the right way!"

Nicholas burst out bitterly: "Oh what too, too honest fools we were!—to so court daylight upon our intention! Why could we not have married privately, and gone away, so that he would never have known what had become of you, even if he had returned? Christine, he has done it to . . . . But I'll say no more. Of course we—might fly now."

"No, no; we might not," said she hastily.

"Very well. But this is hard to bear! 'When I looked for good then evil came unto me, and when I waited for light there came darkness.' So once said a sorely tried man in the land of Uz, and so say I now! . . . Is he near at this moment?"

She told him how Bellston had gone out for a short walk whilst she broke the news; that he would be in soon.

"And is this meal laid for him, or for me?"

"It was laid for you."

"And it will be eaten by him?"

"Yes."

"Christine, are you *sure* that he is come, or have you been sleeping over the fire and dreaming it?"

She pointed to the portmanteau in the corner, with the initials "J.B." in white letters.

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"Well, good-bye—good-bye! Curse that parson for not marrying us fifteen years ago!"

It is unnecessary to dwell further upon that parting. There are scenes wherein the words spoken do not even approximate to the level of the mental communion between the actors. Suffice it to say that part they did, and quickly; and Nicholas, more dead than alive, went out of the house homewards.

Why had he ever come back? During his absence he had not cared for Christine as he cared now. His last state was worse than his first. He was more than once tempted to descend into the meads instead of keeping along their edge. The Swenn was down there, and he knew of quiet pools in that stream to which death would come easily. One thought, however, kept him from seriously contemplating any desperate act. His affection for her was strongly protective, and in the event of her requiring a friend's support in future troubles there was none but himself left in the world to afford it. So he walked on.

Meanwhile Christine had resigned herself to circumstances. A resolve to continue worthy of her history and of her family lent her heroism and dignity. She called Mrs. Wake, and explained to that worthy woman as much of what had occurred as she deemed necessary. Mrs. Wake was too amazed to reply; she retreated slowly, her lips parted; till at the door she said with a dry mouth, "And the beautiful supper, ma'am?"

"Serve it when he comes."

"When Mr. Bellston—yes, ma'am, I will." She still stood gazing, as if she could hardly take in the order.

"That will do, Mrs. Wake. I am much obliged to you for all your kindness." And Christine was left alone again, and then she wept.

She sat down and waited. That awful silence of the stopped clock began anew, but she did not mind it now. She was listening for a footfall, in a state of mental tensity which almost took away from her the power of motion. It seemed to her that the prescribed hour of her husband's absence must have expired; but she was not sure, and waited on.

Mrs. Wake again came in. "You have not rung for supper——"

"He is not yet come, Mrs. Wake. If you want to go to bed, bring in the supper and set it on the table. It will be equally good cold. Leave the door unbarred."

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Mrs. Wake did as was suggested, made up the fire, and went away. Shortly afterwards Christine heard her retire to her chamber. But Christine still sat on, and still her husband postponed his entry.

She aroused herself once or twice to make up the fire, but was ignorant how the night was going. Her watch was upstairs and she did not make the effort to go up to consult it. In her seat she continued; and still the supper waited, and still he did not come.

At length she was so nearly persuaded that his visit must have been a dream after all, that she again went over to his portmanteau, felt it and examined it. His it unquestionably was; it was unlocked, and contained only some common articles of wearing apparel. She sighed and sat down again.

Presently she fell into a doze, and when she again became conscious she found that the four candles had burnt into their sockets and gone out. The fire still emitted a feeble shine. Christine did not take the trouble to get more candles, but stirred the fire and sat on.

After a long period she heard a creaking of the chamber floor and stairs at the other end of the house, and knew that the farmer's family were getting up. By-and-by Mrs. Wake entered the room, candle in hand, bouncing open the door in her morning manner, obviously without any expectation of finding a person there.

"Lord-a-mercy! What sitting here again, ma'am?"

"Yes, I am sitting here still."

"You've been there ever since last night?"

"Yes."

"Then ——"

"He's not come."

"Well, he won't come at this time o' morning," said the farmer's wife. "Do 'ee get on to bed, ma'am. You must be scrammed to death!"

It occurred to Christine now that possibly her husband had thought better of obtruding herself upon her company within an hour of revealing his existence to her, and had decided to pay a more formal visit next day. She therefore adopted Mrs. Wake's suggestion and retired.

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VIII.

Nicholas had gone straight home, neither speaking to nor seeing a soul. From that hour a change seemed to come over him. He had ever possessed a full share of self-consciousness; he had been readily piqued, had shown an unusual dread of being personally obtrusive. But now his sense of self, as an individual provoking opinion, appeared to leave him. When, therefore, after a day or two of seclusion, he came forth again, and the few acquaintances he had formed in the town condoled with him on what had happened, and pitied his haggard looks, he did not shrink from their regard as he would have done formerly, but took their sympathy as it would have been accepted by a child.

It reached his ears that Bellston had not reappeared on the evening of his arrival, either at his wife's house or at any hotel in the town or neighbourhood. "That's a part of his cruelty," thought Nicholas. And when two or three days had passed, and still no account came to him of Bellston having joined her, he ventured to set out for Swenn-Everard.

Christine was so shaken that she was obliged to receive him as she lay on a sofa, beside the square table which was to have borne their evening feast. She fixed her eyes wistfully upon him, and smiled a sad smile.

"He has not come back?" said Nicholas under his breath.

"He has not."

Then Nicholas sat beside her, and they talked on general topics merely like saddened old friends. But they could not keep away the subject of Bellston, their voices dropping as it forced its way in. Christine, no less than Nicholas, knowing her husband's character, inferred that, having stopped her game, as he would have phrased it, he was taking things leisurely, and, finding nothing very attractive in her limited mode of living, was meaning to return to her only when he had nothing better to do.

The bolt which laid low their hopes had struck so recently, that they could hardly look each other in the face when speaking that day. But when a week or two had passed, and all the horizon still remained as vacant of Bellston as before, Nicholas and she could talk of the event with calm wonderment. Why had he come, to go again like this?

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And then there set in a period of resigned surmise, during which

"So like, so very like, was day to day,"

that to tell of one of them is to tell of all. Nicholas would arrive between three and four in the afternoon, a faint trepidation influencing his walk as he neared her door. He would knock; she would always reply in person, having watched for him from the window. Then he would whisper—

"He has not come back?"

"He has not," she would say.

Nicholas would enter then, and she being ready bonneted, they would walk into the Sallows together as far as the waterfall, the spot which they had frequently made their place of appointment in their youthful days. A plank bridge, which Bellston had caused to be thrown over the fall during his residence with her in the manor-house, was now again removed, and all was just the same as in Nicholas's time, when he had been accustomed to wade across on the edge of the cascade and come up to her like a merman from the deep. Here on the felled trunk, which still lay rotting in its old place, they would now sit, gazing at the descending sheet of water, with its never-ending sarcastic hiss at their baffled attempts to make themselves one flesh. Returning to the house they would sit down together to tea, after which, and the confidential chat that accompanied it, he walked home by the declining light. This proceeding became as periodic as an astronomical recurrence. Twice a week he came—all through that winter, all through the spring following, through the summer, through the autumn, the next winter, the next year, and the next, till an appreciable span of human life had passed by. Bellston still tarried.

Years and years Nic walked that way, at this interval of three days, from his house in the neighbouring town; and in every instance the aforesaid order of things was customary; and still on his arrival the form of words went on—

"He has not come back?"

"He has not."

So they grew older. The dim shape of that third one stood continually between them; they could not displace it; neither, on the other hand, could it effectually part them. They were in close communion, yet not indissolubly united; lovers, yet never cured of love. By the time that the fifth year of his visiting had arrived, on about the five-hundredth occasion of his presence

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at her tea-table, he noticed that the bleaching process which had begun upon his own locks was also spreading to hers. He told her so, and they laughed. Yet she was in good health: a condition of suspense, which would have half-killed a man, had been endured by her without complaint, and even with composure.

One day, when these years of abeyance had numbered seven, they had strolled as usual as far as the waterfall, whose faint roar formed a sort of calling voice sufficient in the circumstances to direct their listlessness. Pausing there, he looked up at her face and said, "Why should we not try again, Christine? We are legally at liberty to do so now. Nothing venture nothing have."

But she would not. Perhaps a little primness of idea was by this time ousting the native daring of Christine. "What he has done once he can do twice," she said. "He is not dead, and if we were to marry he would say we had 'forced his hand,' as he said before, and duly reappear."

Some years after, when Christine was about fifty, and Nicholas fifty-three, a new trouble of a minor kind arrived. He found an inconvenience in traversing the distance between their two houses, particularly in damp weather, the years he had spent in trying climates abroad having sown the seeds of rheumatism, which made a journey undesirable on inclement days, even in a carriage. He told her of this new difficulty, as he did of everything.

"If you could live nearer," suggested she.

Unluckily there was no house near. But Nicholas, though not a millionaire, was a man of means; he obtained a small piece of ground on lease at the nearest spot to her home that it could be so obtained, which was on the opposite brink of the Swenn, this river forming the boundary of the Swenn-Everard manor; and here he built a house large enough for his wants. This took time, and when he got into it he found its situation a great comfort to him. He was not more than two hundred yards from her now, and gained a new pleasure in feeling that all sounds which greeted his ears, in the day or in the night, also fell upon hers—the caw of a particular rook, the voice of a neighbouring nightingale, the whistle of a local breeze, or the purl of the fall in the meadows, whose rush was a material rendering of Time's ceaseless scour over themselves, wearing them away without uniting them.

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Christine's missing husband was taking shape as a myth among the surrounding residents; but he was still believed in as corporeally imminent by Christine herself, and also, in a milder degree, by Nicholas. For a curious unconsciousness of the long lapse of time since his revelation of himself seemed to affect the pair. There had been no passing events to serve as chronological milestones, and the evening on which she had kept supper waiting for him still loomed out with startling nearness in their retrospects.

In the seventeenth pensive year of this their parallel march towards the common bourne, a labourer came in a hurry one day to Nicholas's house and brought strange tidings. The present owner of Swenn-Everard—a non-resident—had been improving his property in sundry ways, and one of these was by dredging the stream which, in the course of years, had become choked with mud and weeds in its passage through the Sallows. The process necessitated a reconstruction of the waterfall. When the river had been pumped dry for this purpose, the skeleton of a man had been found jammed among the piles supporting the edge of the fall. Every particle of his flesh and clothing had been eaten by fishes or abraded to nothing by the water, but the relics of a gold watch remained, and on the inside of the case was engraved "J. Bellston: 1838."

Nicholas, deeply agitated, hastened down to the place and examined the remains attentively, afterwards going across to Christine, and breaking the discovery to her. She would not come to view the skeleton, which lay extended on the grass, not a finger or toe-bone missing, so neatly had the aquatic operators done their work. Conjecture was directed to the question how Bellston had got there; and conjecture alone could give an explanation.

It was supposed that, after calling upon her, he had gone rambling about the grounds, with which he was naturally very familiar, and coming to the fall under the trees had expected to find there the plank by which, during his occupancy of the premises, he had been accustomed to cross into the meads on the other side. Before discovering its removal he had probably overbalanced himself, and was thus precipitated into the cascade, the piles beneath the descending current holding him between them like the prongs of a pitchfork, and effectually preventing the rising of his body, over which the weeds grew. Such was

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the reasonable supposition concerning the discovery; but proof was never forthcoming.

"To think," said Nicholas, when the remains had been decently interred, and he was again sitting with Christine—though not beside the waterfall—"to think how we visited him! How we sat over him, hours and hours, gazing at him, bewailing our fate, when all the time he was ironically hissing at us from the spot, in an unknown tongue, that we could marry if we chose!"

She echoed the sentiment with a sigh.

"You might have married me on the day we had fixed, and there would have been no impediment. You would now have been seventeen years my wife, and we might have had tall sons and daughters."

"It might have been so," she murmured.

"Well—is it still better late than never?"

The question was one which had become complicated by the increasing years of each. Their wills were somewhat enfeebled now, their hearts sickened of tender enterprise by hope too long deferred. Having postponed the consideration of their course till a year after the interment of Bellston, each seemed less disposed than formerly to take it up again.

"Is it worth while, after so many years?" she said to him. "We are fairly happy as we are—perhaps happier than we should be in any other relation, seeing what old people we have grown. The weight is gone from our lives; the shadow no longer divides us: then let us be joyful together as we are, dearest Nic, in the days of our vanity; and

'With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come!"

He fell in with these views of hers to some extent. But occasionally he ventured to urge her to reconsider the case, though he spoke not with the fervour of his earlier years.

THE END.

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A Defence of Politicians.

ALL politicians are not rogues. Perhaps no politician is wholly a rogue. I at least suspect that in the most cynical of the race there may be detected some principle or prejudice, for which, under influences favourable to heroic virtue, he will be ready to sacrifice both power and pay; and it is because I have this robust faith in the latent possibilities of politicians that I go out of my way to write this paper.

Surely it is high time that some one of the non-political public should undertake the defence of politicians. On a spring day, seven years ago, I was in a pleasant old-fashioned New England town, the American Worcester. All the noise of the town was concentrated on that day in a hall, wherein delegates were being chosen who should go up to the great meeting of the Republican party at Chicago. Every one inside the hall was hot and earnest; every one outside was indifferent and cool. When I had had enough of oratory I went out to the better air, and after strolling a while I got into a horse-car. Presently another man entered and began to talk to the Conductor. He alluded to the important meeting which was in progress, and asked the Conductor if he knew a certain gentleman, who was likely to be chosen. The Conductor shook his head with a smile. "They say," said the passenger with the air of one who is saying a bold thing—"they say that he is an honest man." "Well," said the Conductor, "that is a pity, for they will make him as big a rogue as the rest of them." That is what the Conductor of the train said; but I will not be certain that he did not use instead of rogue some word more distinctly American. However he meant rogue. I could not help smiling at the time, especially at the gravity of the Conductor, who seemed neither bitter nor funny. His was the last word; I allowed it to pass without protest.

After that day in Worcester I spent many months in

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America; and East and West I met the Conductor's point of view at every corner. I visited the august Senate at Washington and the scarcely less august House of Representatives; and there was the Conductor's smile in the gallery. In Chicago it pervaded the straight imposing streets; in Colorado it was wider and more humorous. The whole population of the United States seemed to be divided into two classes—the one of politicians, frenzied by the strife between two parties, which promised precisely similar policies; the other of men busy with their own affairs, and regarding the politicians with good-humoured contempt. Such was the impression received by a friendly and unprejudiced observer.

Now it seems to me that this absolute and, as I think, excessive condemnation of politicians by those not actively engaged in politics has been growing stronger and more common of late years in this country too. Perhaps some of it has been imported directly from America, with such other better things as American humour, American wives, and American axes. Some of it is without doubt due to jealousy; for it cannot be seriously maintained that man is faultless, even when he keeps clear of politics. There is considerable jealousy of politicians and of the noise which they make in the world. After all this is an island of moderate size, and politicians seem to fill too large a space therein. Moreover the good plain Briton is not incapable of an obvious argument, though he is not logical, like a mere Frenchman. The obvious argument which is thrust upon him is something of this sort.

Politicians are divided into two parties, A. and B. A. asserts that B. is unworthy of confidence. B. asserts that A. is unworthy of confidence. If politicians are worthy of confidence, then both A. and B. are to be believed. A. is to be believed when it asserts that B. is unworthy of confidence: and B. is to be believed when it asserts that A. is unworthy of confidence.

So we must believe that both A. and B. are unworthy of confidence—*i.e.* Politicians are unworthy of confidence. Of course, the game may be continued as follows:—Now, since politicians are unworthy of confidence, A. and B. are not to be believed. A. is not to be believed when it asserts that B. is unworthy of confidence; and B. is not to be believed when it asserts that A. is unworthy of confidence.

So we may believe that both A. and B. are worthy of confidence—*i e.* Politicians are worthy of confidence.

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But the good plain Briton turns away from such a game, and will not, like a logical little Jack Horner, sit picking out fallacies therefrom. What he says is this: "This half of the politicians of the country are always pointing out that that half are rogues; and that half are always pointing out that this half are rogues. Two blacks don't make a white. I am beginning to think that they are all rogues together. There is not a penny to choose between them. They are all much of a muchness." "Much of a muchness" is the phrase most often on his lips. His is the state of the Worcester Conductor, with something more of irascibility and something less of humour. He dismisses them all, perhaps with an oath or two, as a self-seeking pack, who don't care a pin for the wants of the country.

Now it must be confessed that there is some excuse for this condemnation of politicians. The struggle for office is patent to all; and those who are lucky enough to secure it do not do the business of the country with a combination of efficiency and economy which defies criticism. The most zealous defender of politicians cannot say that. On one day we find that they use a good lump of our money for the assistance of their party candidates; on the next, that they purchase with our money diseased food and bending bayonets for the glory and comfort of our soldiers. If Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, whose names were dragged not long ago into political controversy, were to conduct their business as the business of the country is conducted by august departments of the State, it cannot be doubted that bankruptcy would be their doom. As legislators also our politicians appear to have laid themselves open to comment. The good plain Briton finds certain evils under his nose, and is inclined to enquire rather angrily if the Great Legislative Machine can do nothing for their cure. Under his nose perhaps is a stinking river, which was once the silver Thames, and a poisonous slum, which is part of the property of a millionaire. From farms, which have ceased to be tilled, he sees the agricultural labourers pour into the towns, only to meet to their amazement foreign paupers new-landed on the quay, and to stumble over town-bred children already swarming in the street. So lodging becomes scarce and infamously bad, though food is cheap. So many willing workers are forced to stand idle; and so a genuine and dangerous element is introduced into the hybrid army of the unemployed. Now the plain man asks what the politicians do to remedy these evils. For

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how many years have they been talking of making land quite easy to buy and sell, by freeing it from the last shreds and patches of those feudal laws, which had a meaning in the time of the Conquest? The plain man thinks that, if this were done, landlords, farmers and labourers would be all in a better position. Poor landlords would sell to richer men, who could afford to improve their land, and to give back great slices of rent in years, like the late years, of great agricultural depression. So farmers would be able to retain and work their farms. So labourers would still find employment on the farms, and not be pushed superfluous into the teeming towns. He thinks too that the best of these labourers would be able to buy small bits of coveted land, when the legal expenses of such buying had ceased to be greater than the value of the bit of land to be bought; and that he would see in his lifetime the steady growth of a most useful and able class of small proprietors. Perhaps the plain man thinks too that, if the labourers are not wanted on English farms, something might be done to direct them to such parts of the wide Colonies as need their labour, and to turn them from the crowded courts and alleys, where they can be nothing but a nuisance. Certainly he thinks that foreign paupers should not be allowed to land in English cities, which are amply supplied with paupers of native growth, and which have not work enough for their own willing workers. It is too much to expect that even the good plain Briton will not have some views about Ireland. Perhaps he thinks that the pressing need of Ireland is the settlement of the Land Question; and that it would be no bad thing if politicians would give more study to that question and less to each other's old speeches, from which inconsistency may be triumphantly demonstrated. "It is as superfluous to prove the inconsistency of a politician," says the good plain man in his heart, "as to prove the most striking attribute of the skunk."

Now talk of this sort is, in my opinion, too strong. The truth is that this Briton, who has lost his faith in politicians, has been overdosed with speeches, which have produced no practical result. He thinks that politicians are only fit to talk, and to talk themselves into office. His quiet life is disturbed by the trampling of their armies, by the great contention of the speakers. Leaflets are thrust under his door exhorting him to trust in Jones, and to beware of the insidious Robinson; or to trust in Robinson, and to beware of the pernicious Jones. He goes for

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a walk in the country, and finds a party newspaper sticking in the innocent hedgerow, or meets another careering over the open downs. It seems to him that the boasted Press of his country is no more than a vast and complicated machine for the manufacture of mutual recrimination—party organ balanced by party organ, skilful editor revolving round skilful editor, purses emptying at every corner, a perfect spider's web of wires, wheels within wheels and all in motion, a ceaseless buzzing, a clacking as of innumerable tongues. All this vast machine he believed in his salad-days to exist for the public good. "But what," he asks at length, "is the product of it all? I behold mountains of machinery in labour; I am sick of waiting for even the inadequate mouse."

Now I have undertaken a defence of politicians, and I am quite aware of the difficulty of the task. I think that my best plan will be to make a slight sketch of the career of a politician. I will put aside the politicians by accident—elderly gentlemen who doze and vote in the House of Commons when the real labours of their day are done. I will take the young man who adopts politics as the business of his life, and I will ask you to note at the outset that he is not a being of a single motive, a mere rogue, with no desire but for his own advancement in the world.

Behold the young politician then on the day when, trembling and cold in the feet, he appears before the three hundred of Middle Barking to engage in the competition of oratory. As a man he has a thousand motives; but we, who are regarding him as a politician, may limit our view to the recognition of three leading motives. He desires his own advancement; he desires the success of his party; he desires the good of his countrymen. Now at Middle Barking all goes smoothly with him. He has been in communication with their leading spirits, and has found himself in general agreement with them. It is clearly for his advantage that he should become their member; he agrees with them in devotion to the leader of his party and to his declared policy; he has no doubt that the triumph of that leader and policy are for the good of his countrymen. So his three motives are all in harmony; and, when the plaudits of the three hundred have assured him that he has surpassed the other competitors in the contest of rhetoric, he prepares to contest the tumultuous division with his feelings all in tune.

He is successful again when the time of election comes, and

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he enters the House of Commons with a boyish blush and a boyish air of pomposity. Still all goes well. He sits among the sympathetic and votes straight; he listens to interesting people and goes to evening parties; he sees before him the plain way of success; he feels the comfort of a warm faith in his party; he is sure that they, and not the gentlemen opposite, are the true friends of the people. So he goes on his way in gladness. Presently he speaks a little, and then a little more; he is heard with approval, and then with applause. Middle Barking is pleased; he speaks for the division with effect; his name is always in the right list. When he delivers an oration in the Town Hall, the men of Barking shout with joy; and when he has returned to his duties at Westminster, they pursue him with their affection, and with modest reminders of their promising nephews and their languishing local charities. Time passes, and the young politician, growing older, is returned again and again. At last, on one fine day, he obtains a small place and a convenient salary. All Nature smiles; Whips, even leaders, smile. He is on the high road to the highest honours. How should he not be happy? He is successful; and, unlike other successful men, he believes that he is not only feathering his nest, but also working hard for the good of his fellow-men. It is the cheapest philanthropy in the world.

At last comes the first day of trial. Before this day two of his three motives have pulled together as pleasantly as two well-trained horses in a tandem; and the third motive has given no trouble worthy of mention. If he has had a doubt now and then of some detail of his leader's Bills, he has put it aside as a detail, has bowed to the greater experience and kept silence. But now has come the day of trial. A Bill is to be produced by his party; he believes that it will be injurious to his countrymen. He cannot dismiss it as a detail; he knows at a glance that it is inconsistent with one of the articles of his political faith. Then begins the painful conflict. Two of his strong motives work together still. If he desert his party, he will not only injure his party, but he will lose his place. Probably he will lose his seat in Parliament also; Middle Barking will turn and rend him; perhaps he will be forced for ever from the career which he loves. Self-love and party-spirit are on one side; his belief that the measure in question will injure his countrymen, is on the other; the strife is very bitter.

Then it is known that he falters, and persuasion enters on the

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field. There is plain-speaking of Whips, a word in season from a trusted leader, the eager arguments of friends and well-wishers. Great is the power of the persuasion, which comes from without; greater is the power of the persuasion which comes from within. Indeed here appears the peculiar temptation of the politician. His business is to persuade. From the day when first he shone as the light of a boy's debating society, he has been practising the art of persuasion. Babbling of affairs he was but a clumsy advocate; but from that day to this day of trial, he has been improving in the use of the art, until now he knows the joy of swaying at his will the passions of a crowded pump-room, or charming with a nicer skill the more capricious spirits of the House of Commons. This power, which he can use so well, he is tempted now to turn against his own virtue.

Often, when he has sat down after a stirring speech, he has found that his oration has had a distinct effect upon himself. His arguments have sounded so well, that persuading others he has persuaded himself also; and the case, in which he believed when he rose, has become a firmer article of his faith when he sat down. But never before this first crisis of his career has he turned his whole power of persuasion upon himself alone. He begins by saying to himself that he must not refuse a hearing to the arguments on the other side. He is sure that his belief is fixed, and that to review the arguments, which seem to tell against it, will but confirm his faith. For that reason, if there were no other, it were well to give those arguments a hearing; he begins to look for them; he finds them in plenty. He has acquired a habit of finding ingenious arguments; he finds them in plenty; he had no idea that so much could be said on that side. If only his awkward belief were not so strong! Certainly there is a great deal to be said against it; he is obliged to confess to himself that after all the matter is open to debate. And now, since it is open to debate, self-love and love of party pull their best. If only he could persuade himself by these really very strong arguments that love of his countrymen drew him in the same direction! He passes some uncomfortable days; he looks yellow in the eyes of his friends; but presently the crisis is past; he has yielded to his own cunning; he has persuaded himself.

Then comes a quiet time; he goes on smoothly with his party and with no great conflict of motives. But in due course comes a second crisis. Again the party leaders are about to do that

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which he has always believed to be bad. Again there is the conflict within him; but the conflict is much milder than before. With far less trouble does he now persuade himself that he was wrong, and that it is his duty to stick to the party. At the third crisis the conflict is almost none; and less and ever less, if other crises should occur, until the politician has found rest for ever on that happy plain, where love of self, and love of party and love of country, like to three smiling Graces, lead him ever in one path with ropes of paper flowers. He is serene in a serene air. He has taught himself to believe that it is always for the good of his countrymen that his party, and he too, should be in office. If his party seem to have made a mess of anything, he is serenely confident that the mess of the other party, had they been in office, would have been as the mess of Benjamin in comparison. His state is happy. The wire-puller has but to whisper in his ear that this or that move will serve the party cause, and lo! it is a move toward the Empyrean. For him the cat jumps ever in the direction of divine right. He is the absolutely conscientious politician, the sublime product of a long course of persistent self-sophistication.

Whither have I been borne in my effort to defend politicians? This at least I have succeeded in pointing out—that the politician at the outset of his career is not wholly vile. He is not a rogue seeking only and at all costs his own advancement; but a youth who adds to a healthy personal ambition an admirable zeal for his party, and an honest desire for the good of his countrymen. If in the course of his career he is apt to become worse than other men, I have shown that he is more open than other men to a peculiar and most insidious temptation.

But I will go further in my defence of politicians. I will say that the politician, whose career I have sketched, is an extreme case. Few attain to that beatific state. With the greater number, the three motives are never wholly merged into one. They remain distinct to the end, and again and again are in conflict. Nor is it true that the desire for the good of the politician's countrymen goes always to the wall. On the contrary, I will repeat my belief that the most cynical of politicians cherishes somewhere, as an old maid her pet economy, some principle or prejudice, for which he will sacrifice both power and pay.

But I will go further still. I will venture to express my

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belief that there have been times in this country when politicians were worse than they are now. Macaulay, defending his admired William for calling to his counsels a notorious traitor and apostate, pointed out that the King held proofs that all the eminent politicians, who surrounded him at the moment, were as bad as he. To pursue two rival kings with vows of eternal loyalty was the mere commonplace of politics. Surely such treason and perjury as this would be distasteful to many politicians of our day! Skip a short period, and call to mind that well-worn saying of Sir Robert Walpole about men and their price. If a Prime Minister of our day were to state bluntly, and even coarsely, that every man can be bought, would not many of his followers be pained? Ribands, peerages, even baronetcies, have not lost their charm; but surely there are many worthy Members of Parliament, who would be shocked by a direct offer to purchase their votes. It is not true that every man, or even every politician, has his price.

And why should I stop here in my defence? May I not go a step further, and say not only that our politicians are on the whole better than their fore-runners, but also that this hour is an hour bright with hope. It is possible that even the Worcester Conductor takes to-day a less cynical view of politicians; for only a few years after my visit to America some able and honest politicians, disapproving of the candidate of their party, broke away from their party, and secured the election of the present President of the United States. These dissentients neither sought nor accepted anything for themselves; they defeated the party to which they had always belonged; it was impossible to assign any motive for their conduct but the desire for the public good. Indeed, among their most trusted leaders were American kinsmen and good friends of my own; and I am proud to send my humble testimony from this side of the water to the high integrity and pure public spirit, which beyond the sea needs no defence of any man.

And a like movement has been seen here in England. This defence of mine is concerned only with virtue. To other pens —and there are pens galore—may be left the question of the wisdom of the Liberal Unionists. But, wise or unwise, there is not one of their leaders who did not offer to the eyes of men the amazing and stimulating spectacle of politicians refusing or resigning high office. Hope leaps at the sight. It leapt in Mr. Gladstone too. Perhaps it has become impossible to keep

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the name of Mr. Gladstone out of any paper. At any rate, since it has appeared here, I will quote the words with which Mr. Gladstone drew the attention of Yorkshire friends and fellow-diners, and of the universe at large, to the hopeful lesson which may be learned from the division of the Liberal party. "This schism," said the Liberal leader, "ought to confute and explode the foolish cant of very superficial observers, falling foul of what they call party spirit, and complaining that in this country everything is governed by party spirit;" and he added, that in this case the interests of party had been deliberately sacrificed by the dissentient Liberals, as well as by his own faithful followers, for objects which they held to be higher than the interests of party.

Truly the omens are fair. If politicians have fallen into some disfavour, is not that too a sign of better things? It is the brilliant repartee and the dexterous misrepresentation, of which we have grown weary, and the fine flood of promises which are never fulfilled. We have been fed too long upon the wind of words. Therefore the young politician now starting on his course is positively tempted to virtue. Plain men are eager to applaud his devotion to their good, his efforts to emancipate them from the absurdities of obsolete laws, and to cure the most obvious evils of their lives, and his care that the daily business of state departments should be done with more efficiency and with a less fantastic extravagance. Plain men stand ready to applaud, as, wearied by the endless pickings and pilferings of the great, they applauded the elder Pitt, when to the amazement of his fellow-politicians, he determined to confine his profits as Paymaster of the Forces to the bare salary of his office. Such virtue is more common now; and the morrow dawns with promise of a virtue yet more rare. Not indeed of that high and priceless quality which leads the hero to the lonely ramparts of Khartoum;—this we demand not of politicians:—for them is a more worldly, a more work-a-day integrity, which involves no sublime sacrifice of self. Now, if ever, patient study and plain speaking will help them further towards their goal than the most skilful doublings and all the art of long ambiguous speech; and the dull pathway of honest endeavour, if dull it be, will lead them straight, as only straight roads lead, to the gain of fortune and to the heights of fame.

JULIAN STURGIS.

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A Year's Comedy.

'TWAS April, when the brown-birds sing,
And woods with bursting buds are gray ;
We met—and watched the face of spring
Growing more lovely every day.
Before the woods were green, or half
The blue eggs hatched, one sunny morning
We found that we were made to laugh,
You at my love, I at your scorning.

When summer, with her rose ablaze
Passed over all the trancëd earth,
We found the sumptuous burning days
Too stately for such trivial mirth ;
And ere July had well passed by
We fell in love with melancholy,
And dreamed that we were made to sigh,
I at my woe, you at my folly.

We walked where woods were red and brown,
When autumn crowned the hills with gold ;
And while the leaves came rustling down,
Love's story, once again, was told.
September's sun was gold above
The full earth's fruitful, golden dower ;
We knew that we were made to love—
I to love you—and you, your power.

But when, through paths made dead with snow,
By grey-brown, lichen-covered trees,
One happy day we chanced to go
Under blue sky and biting breeze,
You slipped—I turned—a hand to give—
A hand to kiss—the play was over!
We vowed that we were made to live,
I for my Love—you for your lover.

E. NESBIT.

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Are Bazaars a Form of True Charity?

THERE are so many definitions of the beautiful and "excellent gift of charity" that it is hard to select the one that may most fully express my meaning of it in the present discussion, wherein I hope to point out some of the forms and methods by which it is exhibited at the present day.

There is no doubt that the application of the term has become greatly narrowed and perverted by using it for alms-giving alone. It would be, I venture to think, both interesting and instructive were we able to trace the history of the course and progress of what we will continue to call charity, through various ages to the present time. I fear, however, that it will be quite impossible to discover the period when the idea was first promulgated, that charity could ever be considered a term or a method synonymous with the purchase either of goods or amusements, or when the two proceedings became confounded, as at the present day. Equally instructive it would be to discover when the Eastern name for a shop, store, or market, for the sale of goods, came to be applied to the dissimilar affairs which have now adopted the name of their Eastern originals.

Charity has been defined as "fervent, unselfish love." We may perhaps bear this in mind as a text in our investigations, for though I am not about to preach a sermon on religious duties, it must be remembered that the matter is one which claims a high and lofty position, as affecting our very noblest and purest principles, and that the question of motives underlying our actions, is at the very foundation of the inquiry. We cannot cast it aside as a matter of no moment, about which a few persons are making an unnecessary fuss. So wide and far-spreading is the system of exciting and promoting charity by modern, and even novel, schemes, that we are bound to ask

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the question, is it right or wrong? and if not absolutely wrong, and to be condemned from the highest point of view, is it, at least, harmless and desirable? I believe I am correct in saying that the system is essentially English, but there is no doubt that the examples and methods of "charitable England" are rapidly extending to other countries also, and thus the necessity becomes still greater of endeavouring to create and spread abroad a right judgment as to the principles on which they are carried out.

I can hardly refrain from referring to the instructions given in that Book on which all our practice is or should be founded, and from this point of view I will take that grand and remarkable chapter in the first book of the Chronicles, which describes the gathering together of the materials for the future Temple, for surely this can be no unfitting guide for our purpose, seeing how many similar demands are made at the present day. We there read that "the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord." And even after the erection of the building had been provided for, we may be sure that further liberality was required, and given in the same spirit, for the maintenance of the Holy House and its services. In future reigns, when repairs were found to be needed, we read that the High Priest provided a chest beside the Altar, into which was put the "money that cometh into any man's heart to bring into the House of the Lord."

This instance well testifies to the spirit of the old times. It is supplemented by precepts of similar import throughout all the books of the Bible, and even in the earlier ones of the Pentateuch. From all, prophets, priests and teachers alike, from the beginning to the end, we learn that giving of our substance is to be done "devoutly," "willingly," "cheerfully," "ungrudgingly," "freely," "secretly," as far as may be, looking for nothing in return, and therefore certainly not for a full equivalent, either in the shape of goods or amusements.

Can we honestly say that any of these conditions are complied with in such methods as we are now considering? The system was probably unknown before the beginning of the century, but owing to the immense increase and multiplication of societies and objects requiring support during the last fifty years (not, I fear, in all respects a matter for rejoicing), the plans hitherto generally employed for procuring money were found to be in-

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sufficient—such as the annual guinea subscription, or the occasional "charity sermon" (now much less frequently resorted to, but surely preferable to many other schemes); and thus other and more exciting methods were devised.

Fifty years ago these schemes were probably adopted at the suggestion of some who could give time and labour, but not money, to charitable objects; thus dolls were dressed, clothes were made, or drawings painted, by ladies who had not the means of giving directly to an object they wished to help. But though my memory extends back for a considerable distance, I have no recollection until recently of any *public* exhibitions or sales of such articles; certainly there were none of the attendant circumstances of modern times; and the limited extent to which the system formerly prevailed renders any comparison impossible.

The same arguments are used in favour of the present state of things; but let us see how far we have departed from the older methods, even if it be granted that they were altogether harmless. There was then, certainly, the principle of barter, of obtaining something for your money, which of course did away with the highest motives to charity in the purchasers (if my definition of charity is correct); but the still more destructive and anomalous element of *amusement* had not then been introduced. It remained for a later period, which prides itself on the revival of active life and renewed religious vigour, to hold forth, in order to stimulate the flagging zeal and love of Christian people, such temptations as gambling (for which the milder term of raffling is substituted), dramatic performances, concerts, mediæval villages and fairs (on which enormous sums are spent), and other means even more childish or objectionable, the half of which we cannot enumerate or describe. Costly articles bought at shops, at home or abroad, are substituted for the work done by needy persons, and resold at fictitious prices, the supply in all instances being so far in excess of the demand, that the burden of unsold goods becomes ever greater, and they are either passed on to other places, or fresh schemes have to be resorted to in order to dispose of them; while the public who can be found to attend these displays becomes naturally overburdened with the purchases they are called upon to make.

But it may perhaps be said, "We do not pretend this is charity in the highest sense; it is merely combining two actions for useful purposes, serving ourselves and helping a good work." This explanation may perhaps satisfy the somewhat troubled

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consciences of weaker brethren, but when "Charity Bazaars" for special purposes are openly proclaimed as such, their intention can hardly thus be evaded or denied, and we must face the fact that we *are* called upon to do a charitable work in patronising them.

The chief argument adduced in favour of these plans has hitherto been their success, for we have rarely found any supporters to justify them on other grounds; on the contrary, many, though reluctantly taking part in them, do not hesitate to express their dislike, or even stronger disapproval, doubting the plea of expediency, and of the end justifying the means. "Mais, que faire? Money must be obtained, and this is the easiest way," seems the only reply to the arguments of objectors. But even on this score we have a word to say, and the success, if hitherto great, is hardly likely to be maintained. I am assured that in one gigantic effort of the last season, the expense of the preparations amounted to no less a sum than £1000, out of the £1700 that was gained. And who can estimate the cost of precious time and labour expended during previous months of preparation for what ought never to have been required in support of a true and genuine object of Christian work, for which thousands profess zeal and enthusiasm? I am also credibly informed that the cost of the fancy dresses of the stall-holders is (at least in some instances) provided out of the receipts taken. Though, as I have said, the principle is the chief point on which I desire to dwell, there are still other objections to which I would draw attention. The extravagances of a system ought not, perhaps, to be named as condemning it, but at least they serve to show its tendency, and the results to which they inevitably lead when the path is once entered upon. A few years ago we should have found at least certain objects excluded from the sphere of any such aid as we are contemplating. Amongst these would have been church-building or restoration, and we may surely add, all work for the help and rescue of the fallen, such as penitentiaries and refuges. It is not long ago that attention was drawn to an instance of this latter kind in which the anomaly was so striking that it could not fail to be perceived. The object and the purpose was well known and advertised, yet a public exhibition of fantastic costumes amid grotesque surroundings was not thought incongruous, in order to furnish the means for carrying on one of the most sacred, as well as sad, duties that Christian people

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can be called to perform, a work that I do not hesitate to say, in the recent words of a good Bishop, "has to be done with as little public show as possible, by dogged perseverance in quiet, rather than by earnestness in public. There are occasions, no doubt, when it is necessary to compel men to listen to the awful story of the evil that lies hidden under the decent veil of society; but these occasions are rare, and, as a rule, the less that is publicly known of what we are doing in this conflict the better."

In endeavouring to justify the system (which I have rarely found attempted) it has been asked, what harm would there be, for instance, if a tradesman determined to devote the results of one day's sale to charitable purposes, and why should we not therefore sell also? I should be glad indeed if many tradesmen were disposed to act thus, but I should hardly consider that his customers were "doing charity" by going to make purchases on that particular day, even if he proclaimed his intention beforehand. And in the same way, if ladies or artists or needle-women can dispose of their work or their talents at fair and reasonable prices, and give the proceeds away, their action is commendable, but do not let us suppose that the purchasers of goods or tickets, who want, or suppose they want, the articles, can have any claim to a share in the good work. They have their reward in their money's worth, and that must suffice for them. "Sales of work" are justified by many who would condemn the other schemes to which I have alluded, and if the right principle be kept in view there is neither delusion nor falseness in the plan. But mark that even here deceit begins to be practised and creep in. "A sale of work" recently advertised added to its announcement that there would also be a stall for Art pottery, which can have none of the same claims to exemption, unless painted by the same hands that did the needlework.

And here I may be allowed to say a word on behalf of the tradesmen who are universally complaining of hard times and bad trade. Have they nothing to say about the system that can hardly fail to injure many of them by withdrawing custom from their shops? It is obviously impossible for purchasers to spend their money at both shop and bazaar, especially when "useful articles" are among those enumerated at the latter. Some articles may be procured originally from the shops, but if so, probably at a lower rate, unless a fictitious price is added on afterwards.

The latest announcement was that of a sale of Christmas

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presents, suitable for all classes, at a private house. Can there be any doubt that this must be a serious injury to the shops which rely greatly on such sales?

A noble protest has been raised against receiving money thus acquired, by one of our oldest and most respected Societies for the furtherance of Christianity throughout the world, by the propagation of the principles of truth, honesty, and sincerity. I can but trust such an example may be largely and widely followed, and that powerful voices will be raised in support of what that Society has thus ventured to affirm. Fashion and custom are strongly against us. Royal and noble personages, in the kindness of their good nature, not pausing to reflect before they agree to perform an easy act in aid, as they are told, of some great and good work, do not hesitate to grant the favour requested, and so an added sanction is given to the system by their encouragement.

One of the saddest aspects of these exhibitions is perhaps when little children are brought on to the scene, frequently in varied and fantastic costumes, with the object of importuning their elders to purchase, or offering some special attraction of display or vanity. Surely the innocence and self-forgetfulness natural to children carefully trained and sheltered, should not be exposed to lose its early bloom thus prematurely by contact with such scenes as these! To bring children forward in any way as taking part in active philanthropy, is a question which, to many minds, is fraught with objections and dangers well worth consideration. But hardly less painful is it to see girls of older, but still of tender, years, walking about to importune strangers of the other sex to purchase some trifle or partake of some amusement.

It may be objected that these are but the views of a few individual minds, and are over-balanced by the majority who give a different judgment. But I think not so unworthily of English feeling as to believe this. Anyhow, in reply, I venture to give the thoughts of a few writers on the subject which will surely not be lightly esteemed, and may, I trust, carry more weight than my poor words can hope to do.

An esteemed Bishop of a Colonial Church, finding that the English methods for collecting money were rapidly spreading, has recently spoken out strongly and plainly as to this matter, condemning the "unscriptural and utterly fallacious methods of raising money for Church purposes;" he then formally inhibits

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all churches and congregations within his diocese from using the following methods: 1. Raffling, throwing of dice, games of chance, or gambling of any kind. 2. All theatrical, dramatic, or impersonating exhibitions, whether public or private. He then proceeds to say that "the only true and scriptural method by which we can raise money for the cause of Christ" (and does not that include *all* charitable work?) "is the exercise of the Divine principle of *self-renunciation.* The spirit too often invoked is that of self-gratification or aggrandisement. Our offerings, to be acceptable to God, must represent, not the price which some have paid for amusement and others for gain; but the self-denial of our hearts for the love we bear to Christ." Let us hear again the words of John Ruskin, which may have weight with some who have long admired his talents and his noble generosity. "Thus bazaars, concerts, private theatricals, even football matches, are made the means of wheedling money out of people who are too indifferent or too niggardly to give. We are simple enough to believe that the motive qualifies the gift, and that money reluctantly extorted brings no blessing with it. Voting charities appeal to the commercial instinct, and offer a *quid pro quo* in the shape of patronage. You give a guinea and get a guinea's worth. You are giver and taker at once, and are twice blessed." Hear, again, one of the most eloquent preachers of the present day, when he condemns "all kinds of methods to spice charity with fashion and idleness, and to galvanise one or two thousand pounds out of a spurious and spasmodic philanthropy."

I can hardly wonder at the effects and results of a system so demoralising, because based on so unsound a foundation as I have endeavoured to describe. The pure springs of charity, from which alone the true stream can flow, are apt to be forgotten and lost sight of in the vain and frantic efforts that are made to increase its bulk, but which are more likely to result in choking it. There are not wanting signs that a climax has been reached, and that the palled and satiated appetite for novelty cannot long continue to be fed with still newer and more exciting draughts, and then the system must collapse. I believe that a conviction of the unsoundness, the unworthiness, of the principle has reached many hearts, who would gladly speak out their dissatisfaction, but who are still following the leading multitude in ways they secretly condemn.

Let us have the faith and courage to believe that work which is worthy of support will receive it when sought in true and

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honest ways, and when the present mists of delusion have passed away.

We hear occasionally some remarkable and cheering facts in support of this assertion—small parishes contributing sums large in proportion to their size and means, for missionary and other purposes. One such example is now before me, when a population of 500 helped in the restoration of their old parish church; "there was scarcely a poor person who was not eager to aid the work, and the small tradesmen collected from £6 to £8 each!" In another case a parish, in the East-end of London, containing about 6000 people, chiefly dock-labourers, contributed over £160 to the Bishop of Bedford's fund.

If we believe that the systems now adopted for procuring money by means of bazaars are undermining the spring and source of the Divine virtue, as we have it described by the highest authority, by confusing and warping all our ideas and motives concerning it, surely we shall do well to pause and consider our ways.

Those who have looked with pride on our "charitable England," the centre of wealth, as of true, generous benevolence, may well reflect with sorrow, not unmixed with alarm, on these present aspects of alms-giving, for whatever may be the immediate results in a few instances, they must inevitably end in failure and disaster to the great cause of which I have been endeavouring to speak.

LOUISA TWINING.

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As England Expected.

ONE starlight night in mid-ocean, on one of the large passenger steamers that run from London to Australia, a curious little interior was suddenly disclosed to my view as I passed down the covered way, or "alloway," on the port side, which led from the quarter-deck to the fore-part of the ship, past the engine house, cook's galley, and so on.

On my left hand, as I walked for'ard, I passed the engineer's quarters. The open door of the first berth presented a picture in strong contrast to the white stars shining in the dark blue heavens, across which the black masts slowly rocked to and fro. Framed in the doorway, as in a picture, was the berth, with its polished woodwork, red curtains, and brass rail, the small pillow and smooth coverings all neat and mathematically straight. On the table on the left hand, among books and papers and mathematical instruments, lay a blue, peaked cap with its three lines of gold braid and badge. On the right was the couch, on which the owner of the little room was lying asleep. The swinging oil-lamp threw its light, with regular irregularity, over his slight but strongly built frame and fair head.

Lying sleeping, he looked very boyish in spite of the manly beard and creased broad brow. The deep-set keen grey eyes were hidden by their white lids, fringed by long dark lashes. These said lashes, so rare with the golden-red hair which is peculiar to Highlanders, were the young fellow's chief beauty; yet there was something very winning in the young face, pale and worn-looking from the nature of his work in a hot atmosphere, and yet full of hard Scotch strength.

A woman would have said, "he must be very like his mother; and she must be very fond of him;" and she would probably have been right. Sleeping there, with his strong brown hands clasped over his hair, and the closed lips showing slightly under

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the silky moustache, he looked, with his pointed beard, like a picture of one of the young knights of the Holy Grail; serious and rather wistful. I could hardly realize that he was the same young fellow I had seen earlier in the night, standing with his hands in his pockets, a pipe between his white teeth, and his cap at the back of his head, after dancing a Scotch reel on the quarter-deck in the starlight, his grey eyes full of fun and mischief—the very picture of a light-hearted young dare-devil of a sailor.

He had turned in early that night, because the second engineer was ill, and he was going to take watch below, in his place. As a rule on these large steamers, the chief engineer, like the Captain, takes no watch, but overlooks all the others and is responsible for all. And a great responsibility it is too. Alec Graeme was very young to hold the post, but he was a steady, clever young fellow, and a smart officer. I had had several talks with him, pacing up and down the deck on his short beat. It is curious that sailors of all sorts seem to prefer a short stretch to walk, and turn and retrace their steps, pacing up and down like caged lions, though they may have the whole deck to walk on. Why they do so I don't think they know themselves. They give all sorts of reasons, but none of them seem to me conclusive. However, reason or no reason, Graeme did so, and what is more, I learned to do the same. During our quiet strolls together, each armed with a favourite pipe, I had grown to know him very well; and the better I knew him, the more I liked him. There was a fund of quiet enthusiasm in him for his work, and the prospects of his own line of science, rather rare among the younger men of the profession to which he belonged. An hour later, I met Graeme just going below. It was nearly twelve, and a cold dark night. The look of things inside the engine-room door was very inviting, and I stepped with him on to the top platform, and stood chatting, and watching the swaying lamp gleam on the polished steel and brass of the huge, pulsating monster below us. We could see through the iron bars of the light skeleton-gallery where we stood, the steps and lower platforms, where a black figure, like an attendant spirit, was watching and waiting on the fate-like revolution of the monster.

As we stood there, leaning on the rail, shaken all through our being by the mighty pulsations, we saw one of the "spirits" below, take a flaring lamp, and hang it on the set of steps leading

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to the lowest platform. Just below these steps there hung a long spear-like piece of steel, swaying like a pendulum, as the ship rolled. The spirit struck this eight times, with a shorter bar of steel, making it "eight bells," as sailors call the clear, gong-like notes that represent midnight at sea.

I had just asked Graeme if it were not very dangerous work, moving about among the machinery, while the ship rolled so heavily; and we were both laughing at his characteristic reply.

"Dangerous? Of course not! For any one who understands her she's as gentle as a child. A little rolling like this is nothing. I'll stand on my head on the valve-cover right away, and show you how much difference the rolling makes, if you like," and he laid both hands on the rail, after cramming his cap tighter over his golden hair, quite prepared to carry out his mad suggestion.

"No, no, Mr. Chief Engineer," said I, "don't make me an accessory before the fact; when you break your neck, my business is to patch you together afterwards, you know; so, if you're bent on gymnastics in the midst of the infernal regions, I'm off. Good night."

"Well, good night, doctor," said Graeme, as he ran down the steps, and turned at the bottom to call up to me, as he took off his coat, and hung it up, "Talk of infernal regions!"

"Find it too hot for uniform?" I called back.

"Rather," laughed Graeme. "Dirty too," he added, catching up his lamp.

I watched him start on his night's watch, looking at the indicator, holding the lamp up on a line with his head to do so, and then go systematically round, looking at, and testing everything.

I took a couple of turns on the quarter-deck, everything looking white and ghostly in the moonlight after the yellow glare of the engine lamps; but I soon found it too coldly æsthetic for my taste, and so, after a moment or two spent with the heavenly bodies, and a few more with a little good Scotch spirit, I turned in, leaving my own and several hundreds of my fellow-passengers' safety in the hands of the officer on the bridge, and the steady young fellow, who was watching, feeding, guiding, and keeping in check the great panting, fiery creature in the depths of the ship, that could, according to the way in which it was treated, take us safely into the haven where we would be, or blow us into a thousand pieces.

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However, I felt very little anxiety on my own, or any one else's account, as I turned over in my berth, and rocked luxuriously by the rolling of the vessel, prepared to sleep. If ever, I thought to myself, there was a man certain to do his duty, and do it well, Graeme's the man.

It must have been about a couple of hours afterwards I awoke with that most curious sensation one sometimes gets, that something extraordinary had happened or was going to happen. I sat up a little dazed, under the impression that I had lost a leg or an arm, or some other essential part of me, and then became aware of the fact that we were not moving! To me the sudden stoppage of the engines at sea is a physically painful sensation—one feels as if something vital had ceased to act inside one—as if one were suddenly deprived of a sense. It is a distinct shock; and I suspect is very similar to the feeling produced by the first shock of an earthquake on land. For a steamer to stop without apparent cause at sea, is quite as shocking to one's sense of the fitness of things, as for a house to begin to move on the solid earth. I felt annoyed and disturbed, and waited a moment, sitting upright in my berth, thinking it was only in my fancy that the engines were still, and the ship at rest, save for a slow lateral movement, as we doctors say. A second or two of the dead silence, broken only by the swish and lapping of the waves, were enough to convince me, sleepy as I was. We *had* stopped! Stopped suddenly in the midst of the ocean.

I was sailor enough to know that this must mean either some injury to the engines, or that we had stopped to pick up something. There had been no blow, so we had run into, or on to nothing. In a few moments I was on deck, with an overcoat pulled over my sleeping flannels.

When I reached the bridge steps, I met the Captain similarly attired, running down.

"What's the matter, Captain?" I asked.

"I don't know yet, Doctor. Nothing on the bridge," he said, and ran down into the engine-room.

As I got to the top of the steps where I had parted from Graeme an hour or so earlier, the third engineer appeared at the door of his berth, remarking—

"Great Scott! What's up now? Let's see, who's below? Holy powers, the Chief, as I'm alive! I wonder what he's done this for?" and together we stepped on to the platform.

Below us the machinery was hidden by great volumes of

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steam, and the lamps shone like lights in a slight fog. We heard the Captain, half-way down the next stairs say—

"Where's the officer of the watch? What's happened? And the Greaser's voice replies from the depths, "I dunno, sir, Mr. Graeme, sir; he was on the watch. Somethink bust, and the connecting-rod got adrift, and all the 'ole place was a flyin' about; and I see him creep on his hands and knees into the very thickest of it, and shet off the steam at the 'andles, and he never come back"—and the Cockney utterance of Joe sank into a husky whisper. "I think somethink 'it 'im, sir."

"Guid God, mon!" we heard the Captain say, becoming very Scotch in his anxiety.

"Get awa' doon, Joe, and let me come to him. Who's beside him?"

"The fourth engineer and some of the boys from the stoke 'ole, sir," returned Joe; and they both disappeared down the steps.

We followed; the Captain turning back to call out—

"Come down, Doctor. I'm afraid this is a job for you."

At the foot of the last steps we found three of the firemen preparing to carry young Graeme up the narrow steps.

He was lying on his face, right in front of the starting handles; his right arm twisted behind his back, and his shirt torn to ribbons.

I saw the arm was terribly shattered, and nearly torn from the shoulder, so I slipped my hand under him, just as he lay, and felt for the heart's beats; but there were none.

Graeme was dead. At the moment he had stopped the mad career of the engine, one of the flying shattered rods, displaced by the accident, had swung in its hideous, unguided strength and dashed to the ground the cool young head. The gallant fellow, whose prompt, calm daring had saved us from a terrible death, had died a sacrifice to the untamed fury of the force he had guided and controlled so well.

At his post, and face to the foe, like a soldier he had died, and, like a soldier, when his work was done.

We carried him on deck, and laid him for one more short rest, among all his belongings, in his own small cabin.

The next day we buried him, very quietly, laying him in the heaving waves.

It was a dull hazy day, and the sun came out, just for a moment, and softly touched the bare heads of the ring of his comrades on the deck, and the bright colours of the Union Jack,

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which covered him. Under it on his breast was a sprig of white heather we had found in his cabin, stuck in the frame of a picture under which was written, "Our house at hame."

We managed to sail into the course of homeward bound vessels, and eventually were towed back to Santa Cruz, where the damage was repaired; and the vessel then proceeded on her voyage.

A few months afterwards, when I was back in London, I was greatly astonished to see in the papers, after a long account of the accident to the ship, and her safe arrival, that all the record of one of the most noble sacrifices of life to duty was contained in the following words—

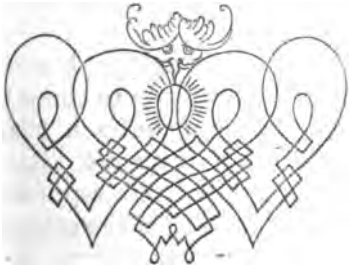
"At the time of the accident, the chief engineer was killed, and one of the firemen was slightly burned."

That was all! Truly, I thought, England expects tnat every man will do his duty, even though he do lose his life in the doing of it.

"Of course he is paid for it." Paid for it, indeed! Who's to pay for the loss felt in the far distant Highland home? What is to pay society at large for the loss of one of its finest young fellows that ever helped to make England what she is? What is to pay?—but there, what is the good of growling? Graeme would have been the last man in the world to fret about want of recognition.

And after all, the brave lad was lucky! It isn't every man gets the chance, as he did, to die like a hero, and does it—as he did.

E. HARRISON CLUBBE.



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The Production of the Voice.

THE claims of an amateur to speak or write with authority on so special and difficult a subject as the production of the voice will not readily be conceded by the musical profession. Numerous books have been written by those apparently most qualified to deal with it, and it would appear almost impertinent, or at least superfluous, for an amateur to devote his attention to a subject so treated. But, in the first place, are the results so satisfactory that things may be left as they are? And, secondly, is an amateur necessarily less capable of forming an opinion than one whose first aim is to make a livelihood? There is an old saying that "lookers on see the most of a game." Is it not possible that those who have watched our Professors disagree, who have themselves been subject to vocal treatments as various as doctors' prescriptions for a physical ailment, may have something to say on the subject that is worth saying? Add to this that, nowadays, the musical amateur sees a great variety of musical art. He has probably sung with choirs innumerable, taken part in hundreds of provincial concerts, and, if he has also made a study of the voice, may he not fairly lay claim to an experience unsurpassed by many leading professionals?

On some such assumption as this I venture to write this article, although I am quite ready to admit that no amount of general training in itself constitutes a claim to speak with authority on the subject of the voice. Rather is it my contention that a man may do all this, especially in a professional character, and yet know nothing of the subject. Who does not know half-a-dozen small towns or villages, in which resides the man who gives lessons in every branch of the musical art? That man probably conducts at least one society, sings himself, has a varied experience in musical matters, and yet knows less

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than nothing about the voice. But let a man study the method of such masters as Mr. Santley and Mr. Lloyd, and, after listening to their magnificent efforts, and with their notes still ringing in his ears, adjourn to some private house, where the average amateur is exhibiting his vocal powers; he cannot fail to observe that, apart from greater causes, the style and method are entirely different. Technical knowledge and wide experience will mark and accentuate the difference, but a good ear and critical observation are alone required to detect the faulty production.

Let me at once state that the object of this article is not only to endeavour to suggest to the vocalist the right way—a task which cannot wholly be performed in writing, and still less so in the short space of an article—but also to strike a blow at that loose method of musical instruction prevalent throughout the country, which nearly always, whether in our schools, universities, or local towns, starts the vocalist in the wrong road, until it requires a very sharp pull up from one of the few capable teachers in London, if he is lucky enough to fall in with one, and if not too late, to give him a fresh start in the right direction. How many who have managed to struggle through adverse circumstances can look back on their school-days without a shudder at the thought of what might have happened under the culpable neglect of those who ought to have been responsible for the careful husbanding of their voices! And how many of those, who now seem unable to manage their voices, cannot distinctly trace the misfortune to those who allowed and assisted them to misuse that most precious of gifts! Is not the following a fair specimen of what happens at our schools? A boy is gifted with a lovely soprano voice, and, owing to its being in great requisition, makes unusual progress with his music. When the voice begins to break, it seems a pity to lose his services altogether, and the choirmaster relegates him to the altos. In that company he endeavours to fit in his cracking voice, until the man's quality predominates. If anything worth having is left, he is permitted to choose that part which he thinks fits him best. Should his proper compass be that of a baritone, the common English voice, he has probably not yet developed sufficient depth of tone to find a place with the basses, and accordingly he takes his seat with the tenors. Unable to reach the high music with any degree of comfort, he drops into *falsetto*, or cranes

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his neck, and produces notes which are generally recognized as "throaty," by which time his voice is far advanced on the high road to ruin. Sometimes a boy's sagacity stops the ruin, sometimes a sagacious parent steps in, and sometimes a lucky accident occurs; but the majority of voices are done to death in this manner.

Let us assume that the boy escapes without serious injury, and that the next stage in musical instruction is gone through at the University. I cannot speak for all University towns, but probably my own experience, some twelve or fourteen years ago, is typical. I was recommended to a man who conducted the leading society in the town. He was a first-rate conductor, and did that part of his work admirably; but he possessed no vocal powers himself and developed none in his pupils. He had no more notion of what the production of the voice meant than my classical coach, and money, amounting to £7 10*s.*, was literally thrown away. Dissatisfied, I changed my master. This one had a fine rough bass voice, and used to delight me by his rendering of such songs as "O ruddier than the Cherry," and "Nasce al bosco." In vain I endeavoured to imitate him, but, not having a bass voice, I presume I hardly succeeded. Not a word was ever said on the subject of "production," and I doubt if I gained tenpence-worth of benefit for the £10 I paid him. Then suddenly a *deus ex machinâ* appeared in the shape of a young man who had just returned from Italy after two years' study. What a heaven was opened to us young enthusiasts! We soon discovered the difference between our style of singing and that now laid before us; the half-strangled throaty notes were banished to the winds; for the first time we heard of such a thing as *timbre*, and indeed it would be true to say that for the first time we heard that there was such a thing as the production of the voice at all. So much for musical instruction at Oxford. It may be imagined what time and patience it took to unlearn all our previous errors; nor do I boast that any of us attained any particular excellence; we were, after all, but amateurs, and did not aspire to that standard which a professional training alone can enable one to reach. But that we had gained a mastery over the voice, such as we had never before experienced, was undoubted; and, I ask, is it not reprehensible that, in the places specially set apart for the instruction of the young, it should be impossible to learn how to form the voice; and not only so, but that the

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instruction, either provided or attainable, should be actually prejudicial?

But, putting personal experiences on one side, let us shortly discuss some of the elementary rules to be observed in forming the voice.

In the first place, it should be produced with perfect ease, though not necessarily without effort. If you find a man straining his neck to catch a note, you may be sure that he is on the wrong tack. And not only is this apparent to the observer, but the singer himself feels acutely his own discomfort. Some notes are rendered with difficulty, there is no uniformity in the tone, and the voice can stand no strain. If an example of this style of singing is needed, I point to the body of tenors in most amateur, and not a few professional, choirs. By craning the neck, and skilfully introducing the *falsetto*, a man is able to increase his upper register, and this at first sight leads a young singer to suppose that he has a tenor voice. I know choirs in which there is a body of tenors with hardly a single tenor voice among them. The notes are attained by elongating the neck, and contracting the windpipe, but not one of them could produce a note as Mr. Lloyd produces it. The reason is not far to seek. It is due, on the one hand, to the school education which has permitted *falsetto* and "throat notes" to be unduly developed; on the other, it is due to the singer's own desire to preserve notes, which are often sweet, though, as it were, emasculated, and which, owing to the rarity of tenors proper, gives his voice a value which is fictitious.

In the second place, the vibration, or tone, should be preserved equally throughout the voice. This is the very essence of the method which I advocate, without which, so far as I am aware, no singer has ever attained or retained a position of the first rank. The singer, like the poet, often *nascitur non fit.* A great singer will produce the voice correctly, not exactly without training, but sometimes in spite of bad teaching. It is possible that some of our great singers could hardly explain how they produced their voices. When the voice comes naturally, and has not been led from the outset into improper channels, there may be no need to cultivate its production. One calls to mind the story of Rossini, who, hearing the fine notes of a common man, engaged in lifting mud from the Arno, and sweetening his labour by song, exclaimed, "that is the voice for me!" But whether the voice can be naturally produced or

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not, let any one watch any of our great singers, and he will observe that the head is perfectly naturally posed, and keeps its position; the only observable effort is the effort required in taking a long breath to steady the chest, when the singer increases the volume of sound; each note has the same amount of vibration or tone, and, *cæteris paribus*, this will be preserved throughout the scale, the notes being louder as they ascend, on account of the necessity of greater effort in preserving the tone, and on account of their greater penetration. A composer will sometimes inadvertently try the voice severely by writing a *piano* passage in high notes, and a *forte* passage in low ones, it being natural that the higher notes, in which greater effort is required to preserve the tone, should be the loudest. On the other hand, great effects may sometimes be produced in this way. Rossini, more than any other composer, understood the art of writing for the singer, and his phrasing is perfect.

In the third place, it is essential that certain rules relating to open and closed tones should be carefully borne in mind. It has been made a cause of complaint against English singers that their tones are not sufficiently open. Whatever Italians may be able to compass with the advantage of a language free from guttural sounds, and the consequent training of their throats to open sounds from childhood, it is certain that English singers cannot, as a rule, keep the tone open, at the same time preserving the *timbre*, beyond a certain limit, varying of course with the quality of the voice. A well-known Italian Professor in London used to teach his pupils to sing in nothing but open tones, saying that, even if they were not required in the actual performance, the practice improved the closed tones; and he himself, a high baritone, could sing an open high F. But English singers cannot, as a rule, do this, and the enormous strain on the vocal chords required to obtain such a mastery over the voice would probably break most of them down.

But in this matter of closed and open tones we are able to test the ordinary singers. Let us assume him to be a baritone, and to produce his voice correctly; he will be able to sing up to C sharp, or perhaps D, with an open tone, giving forth a grand note and perfectly preserving the *timbre*. But, if he endeavours to carry the open tone beyond that, he will, in his endeavours to preserve the quality of the note, produce a shout. In order to avoid this he will close the tone. Let any one listen closely to Mr. Santley, and he will find that his closed tones commence

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even lower than the limit I have given. Now what does the incorrect singer do? To begin with, he has no fixed quality of tone; and after A or B flat each note in the ascending scale loses *timbre*, until, in order to prevent a shout, there is no vibration left in the voice at all. The voice, instead of becoming stronger as it ascends, becomes weaker, and it is only the greater penetration attaching to a high note which saves it, if it does save it, from sounding ridiculously feeble. Sometimes the elongation of the neck contracts the windpipe, and the notes in consequence sound throttled; but under either condition the voice has lost all its power and tone. But it is often the case that notes so produced in spite of being, or perhaps because they are, emasculated, have a certain sweetness, which in a drawing-room is effective, and captivates the not too critical listeners. It is true that a high note so produced is liable to crack just when the most touching point is reached, but that is a misfortune which the singer trusts to his good-fortune to avoid. Putting the possibility of such a mischance aside, it may be conceded that the notes so produced do often possess a sweetness of tone; and this brings us to a further point, whether the use of these notes is ever permissible in a good singer for the purpose of giving effect to a delicate passage.

Before considering that question, let us sum up briefly the effect of what has been said on this subject of closed and open tones. When the latter are used at the proper time, the vocalist can put into his notes the whole power that his lungs are capable of giving forth, without the trace of a shout. When the closed tones are not used, the vocalist dare not use his full powers for fear of shouting, or cannot use them for physical reasons. In fact, he can never appear in a big concert hall with effect. In the former case he can always rely on his voice, which, with proper use, never tires. In the latter case he is never sure whether his voice will not crack, or he is almost certain to wear it out before the conclusion of a performance.

Now as to the use of *falsetto*, and what I will venture to call "throat" notes, I have a very strong feeling that they ought to be used seldom or never. I have never heard such men as Mr. Santley, Mr. Lloyd, or Signor Foli use such notes, and as far as tenors and basses are concerned, I should give a very unqualified "never," were it not that in male quartettes the most subdued singing is sometimes required. With sopranos the case is different. High sopranos have no chest notes, and

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when they are singing their high notes softly, they are using a perfectly legitimate voice, which is not *falsetto.* But this possession frequently leads to the loss of dramatic effect. I call to mind the surprise, not to say disgust, I felt at hearing one of our most popular opera singers, after ringing out a high A, take the still higher C, the climax of the passage, in this "head" voice; the band easing, so as to permit the note to be heard. It would have been much better to have eliminated the passage altogether. It may sometimes be inevitable that a dramatic effect is missed, but it often results from a mezzo-soprano posing as a soprano, in the same manner as the warbling tenor is often a baritone in tenor garb. It should be constantly recollected that the English voice rarely runs to extremes; in nine cases out of ten it is mezzo-soprano or baritone; and that insane desire to reach higher or lower notes than the natural limit of the voice should be restrained with a firm hand. That is a veritable platitude, and yet how few school choirmasters pay the smallest attention to the matter!

It is not in my opinion true, as has been alleged, that professionals must be "one thing or the other"; by which is meant one of the four usual voices. Taking male voices, there is such a quantity of music written for the intermediate voice, the baritone, that I have no hesitation in saying there are many more parts for him than for the bass proper. For instance, the Elijah part is written for a baritone—the low part in "the Messiah" for a bass. Though a bass might sing Elijah and a baritone the bass part in "the Messiah," these parts are rarely taken (never to my knowledge) by other than the voices for which they are written. In operas there are sometimes two baritone parts for one of bass, and often, as in "Faust," the crack song is baritone. Therefore I say that, when a man possesses a baritone voice, there is no occasion for him to pose as a tenor or bass; and not only no occasion, but a high baritone who thinks himself a tenor, and works as such, literally kills his voice, and it is a mere question of physique how long he can continue the strain. And even at his best, those who understand the voice do not appreciate him at all.

The same with mezzo-sopranos. It has lately been the fashion to write music high, and our pitch in England has been horribly high. All the same, there has been plenty of legitimate work for mezzo-sopranos. Remember that it is only a question of a couple of notes. There is a great mass of soprano music which never goes above G or A, and is well within the mezzo's

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compass. I quite see the temptation to a young singer, when invited to sing a certain part on good terms, to accept the engagement; but if beyond her legitimate compass, she will do well to refuse it.

While speaking of *piano* singing, let me mention that, in my opinion, the method which many masters adopt of teaching their pupils to commence *piano* is entirely a mistake. The foundation of the sound is not low enough in the throat to allow of pressure, and the moment a young singer tries to press, away goes the voice. But by placing the larynx lower at the commencement the foundation becomes fixed, and "those that can *more* can always *less*." A young singer (*i.e.* a beginner) cannot sing *piano* on his high notes, at the same time producing the voice correctly. A finished singer alone can do that. Let a man get his *forte* from the proper quarter, and he will in time get his *piano*. A soprano might tell you differently, because she can fall back on a different voice for her *piano;* but from my own experience with the voice, the above view is correct.

The determination of the quality of the voice is often found to be no easy task. With a perfectly fresh or untrained voice there should be little difficulty; but, in the case of a singer who has unduly strained one portion of the voice, he may deceive any but the most competent master. The incompetent master proceeds to work upon that part which he finds developed, without regard to its production, and with the natural consequence that, however good the voice may be for the drawing-room or village concerts, it will never make its mark in a higher sphere. The competent master perceives the error, and, if not too late, corrects it; but occasionally it happens that a master will say, "I cannot now put your voice back; you had better go on as you have begun." Who cannot call to mind instances of ruined voices? One acquaintance commenced his vocal career as a baritone—his undoubted voice; but tempted by the possession of good high notes, he moved up to the tenors, and, when I last heard him, he was singing alto out of tune. Another acquaintance, appearing to have a sort of natural alto, was advised by his master to take to tenor. I have no hesitation in saying he was a baritone; but the voice was ruined—the choppings and changings had left their mark, and he can now take no part with any satisfaction to himself or his friends.

When a man has a real tenor or a real bass voice, there is no possibility of making a mistake. The one cannot sing a low

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note, and the other cannot sing a high note. But it is with that numerous intermediate class that a difficulty arises. First of all, let it be borne in mind that, because a man can sing a top G or a low G, he is not necessarily a tenor or a bass. There is no mistaking the ringing top G of the baritone, if the voice be rightly produced. It could not possibly be mistaken for a tenor note. It is when a "throat" note is used that the mistake may arise, because the quality is thinned, and the two approximate. Similarly the lower G of the baritone is scarcely worthy of the name of a note when placed side by side with that of the bass. A baritone may on a pinch take the lower part of a quartette, but he can never be really effective in that capacity, and no one ought to mistake him for a bass.

If there is found to be a difficulty in determining the voice by the quality of the tone produced, perhaps the simplest test will be to find out at what point the open tones naturally cease. This is rather putting the cart before the horse, because that point should be determined by the quality of the voice. But there is no particular objection to inverting the process. If the voice is correctly produced, the test is a very simple one, for the open tones of a bass will cease at B or C, a baritone at C sharp or D, and a tenor at E flat or E. If the voice is not correctly produced, leave its compass alone for a time, and practise the notes from G to B with the broad A, using all the tone or *timbre* you can throw into them. Then gradually carry the voice higher until you reach the stopping-place; the moment you feel that you are shouting, and that ordinary practice will not enable you to use your full power without shouting, apply the closed tone, and the point reached will surely determine the character of the voice. That point is also the most effective part of the voice. The notes from A to C sharp are the centre of the baritone voice, and he could sing for a great length of time on these notes at full power without tiring. Similarly the tenor's centre is from C to E flat; and though a baritone can reach these notes equally well, he cannot long dwell on them without tiring. It should never be forgotten that, as one swallow does not make a summer, so a high G does not make a tenor voice. It is an effective note, which a baritone will do well to indulge in rarely.

Let me here endeavour to explain a little more fully what is meant by "closed tones." These are considered by some to be true "head" notes, on account of the manner of their produc-

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tion. In singing the open sound, the vowel used is "a," pronounced as in "father," with the larynx steadied all up the scale. But for the closed sound, or "head" notes, introduced after the singer has come to the end of his open notes, the larynx should be in the same position, but the vowel should be changed to a sound which is something between "o" and "u." The breath should be allowed to pass up the cavity at the back of the throat into the nostrils, and the singer will himself feel that the breath, after vibrating the chords in the larynx, is directed more into the head and into the back part of the upper teeth. Yet in spite of a manifest difference in the production of open and closed tones, the same quality of voice must be preserved; in other words, each note, whether closed or open, must be subjected to the same amount of vibration.

It is a very difficult matter to prevent baritones becoming tenors. The temptation to the high notes is great, and the difficulty of fitting a baritone into a choir makes him anxious to throw in his lot with that part where his voice is most effective. He feels himself swallowed up in the basses, and he is a power among the tenors. But let the baritone avoid the temptation as he would the plague. It means ruin to the quality of the voice, unless his chest be made of iron. Let him take his place among the first basses, and, as soon as possible, get his voice "placed" by some competent master. With increase of years will come corresponding depth of tone, and, after all, the solo voice is the first consideration. But baritones are not all of one quality; sometimes the voice will verge on tenor, and we then get the *tenore robusto.* He is nothing more than a high baritone; but, tenors being scarce, he does tenor's duty. How many of these voices have succumbed to the strain of endeavouring to do the work of the tenor proper! How many get worn out at the end of an evening's work! I recollect two such occasions. The first was the performance of Gade's "Crusaders," in which the tenor broke down, after having got through the rehearsal splendidly. The second was the performance of Barnett's "Ancient Mariner." The newspaper account was about as unintentionally satirical as it could be. It spoke of the tenor as evidently suffering from a severe cold—which he was not. The *tenore robusto* may have a most useful voice, but he should never forget that he is more of a baritone than a tenor, and that, if he wishes to preserve his voice, he must eschew high tenor parts.

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I have already touched upon the musical education a boy receives at school and the instruction likely to be obtained in provincial towns and villages. It is remarkable that, whereas not one in a hundred of these local professors knows anything about the production of the voice, beautiful and perfectly produced voices are often to be found in the provinces. In a choir of my own near London, my leading soprano has a lovely voice, perfectly produced. The leading sopranos in Mr. Leslie's Welsh choir had splendid voices, and, in the North of England, finely produced voices are to be found. I am probably correct in assuming that few of these have the advantage of training, and that the voices are perfectly natural. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the fact that these voices have not been forced prematurely, and in this respect the poorer classes have an advantage over the rich, whose sons, if they possess a voice, are made to sing in such a manner, and at such a time, that it is a miracle if they do not go wrong.

But, leaving the provinces, let us come to London and see what are the chances of good instruction there. Who that has done much singing has not often had said to him, "Is So-and-so a good man?" or "What master do you recommend for my son?" Surely it ought to be easy enough to satisfy such a question, and yet it is with fear and trembling that one hazards the answer. The master named has a great reputation. But what an imposture that reputation may be! If a young singer of promise is coming out in London, it is almost certain that he will put himself in the hands of one of our leading Professors before making his *début*. It may be the veriest shadow of veneer that is put on a voice already formed, perhaps by the hand of nature, perhaps by an unknown master. Yet the Professor will receive and take the credit for bringing out the pupil. How difficult to assail the position of a Professor who can produce such evidence of his handiwork! I am far from saying that most reputations are built up in this manner, but that it is sometimes the case I know by experience. Everything in connection with the teaching of the voice is so unreliable, that one feels one is rarely on sure ground. Why should this be so? Why should not the Professors at our leading institutions in London be absolutely reliable? On a recent occasion I applied to the Secretary of one of them to send me a good tenor for a provincial concert. More than one name was submitted of those who had recently finished their course of study, in case of

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previous engagements. The one I engaged proved thoroughly incompetent. Every tenor in the choir would have acquitted himself better, and I was ashamed of having had anything to do with engaging him. Why are such things possible? That is a very difficult question; but it is safe, at any rate, to answer that England is not yet a musical nation, and that there is no recognized method or standard of singing in England. There are many able Professors at our leading institutions; but I am sure that, from the specimens of their handiwork which come before the public, there are some who know very little of that art which they make it their business to cultivate in others. But if such things can be done in the green tree, what can we expect in the dry? If we cannot trust the Professors in the leading institutions of the Metropolis, what can we expect in the Provinces? I must leave this proposition to any one who can discern a way out of the difficulty. For myself I cannot see a glimmer of light, unless it can be discerned in the direction of the recently founded Royal College of Music.

There was a book published some years ago entitled, 'The Choice of a Profession.' It was placed in my hands, with the view of assisting me in the selection of my future walk in life. I cannot say that I found it at all helpful. Similarly, it is doubtful if a disquisition on the 'Choice of a Professor' will be of much assistance; at the same time, the observance of a certain general rule might, it seems to me, be of advantage. The rule is that a pupil should endeavour to find a master possessed of the same quality of voice as himself. It is true that many of the most famous Professors have not been singers; but an ounce of practical illustration is better than a pound of theory, and a man who can sing a song, or even a note for his pupil's imitation, goes a great way towards teaching him. Nothing is so easy as imitation, and nothing illustrates a pupil's defect better than by setting his notes against the master's. Pupil as well as master can tell in a moment if the tone is rightly produced. It is not difficult for a baritone or tenor—to my knowledge—to find a master worthy of imitation; and though there may be better masters, who do not fulfil this requirement, for more advanced pupils, the beginner cannot do better than find a master possessing his own quality of voice.

After having made a beginning in this manner, there is no better practice than to study the singing of some great vocalist.

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Let the baritone go and sit at the feet of Mr. Santley, and not only study his method of singing in general, but his manner of singing particular songs. To listen to his rendering of music is better than many a lesson, and he must be an inapt student indeed who cannot carry away something from the example of so great a master.

Many singers, especially young singers, fall into the habit of using the "tremolo" or "vibrato." The former is, as the word implies, a trembling of the voice, and may be dismissed as simply vulgar and offensive. The "vibrato" stands on a different footing. It is impossible to pass a sweeping condemnation upon it, seeing that it is adopted by nearly the whole Italian School—that school to which we are accustomed to look for the proper production of the voice. Where it does not arise from an unsteadiness due to straining the open tones in large theatres and music halls, it would appear upon analysis to be an exaggeration of the ordinary vibration, which is essential to every well-produced note. It enables the singer to obtain much greater power, a desideratum in opera singing and in the large concert halls, and, if kept within bounds, is not open to objection. But some singers use it to such an exaggerated extent that it is sometimes difficult to tell on what note the singer intends to dwell. The voice is swayed backwards and forwards instead of resting on the note, and this exaggeration produces a most unpleasant sensation on a sensitive ear. There is one of our leading sopranos at the present day who will make a nervous person with a sensitive ear fidget on his chair from the irritation her singing causes; and yet her singing is always spoken of with enthusiasm by the entire press. On the whole, I may say that, happily, our English singers have declined to follow the Italian School into this exaggerated style, but it is not altogether unnecessary to warn the beginner against it.

Let me, in conclusion, and at the risk of reiteration, put in a summary form a few general rules concerning the production of the voice, premising, however, that rules by themselves are of little use.

1. The position of the head should be easy and stationary. The badly produced voice compels the raising of the chin on the ascending scale. A simple test is the apple in the throat. This should be as nearly as possible stationary; if anything, inclining downwards as the voice ascends.

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2. The quality of each note should be the same; in other words, there should be the same amount of tone or *timbre* used for every note; in which case each ascending note will increase in power. Every note should be like the beating of a strong man's pulse, round, firm, and even.

3. Although there may be exceptions in individual cases, the ordinary limit for open tones (as has been already stated) is B or C for basses, C sharp or D for baritones, and E flat or E for tenors. The transition from open to closed tones should not be quite abrupt. When a difficulty is felt in preserving the *timbre*, slightly close the tone. Open tones are more effective than closed, but on no account must *timbre* be sacrificed.

4. Every note should be produced with ease, though not necessarily without effort. A powerful note cannot be produced without physical exertion, but there should be no trace of a strain on the voice, though the face may reveal the effort.

5. The mouth should be open loosely, so as to allow two fingers to be inserted between the teeth: the tongue should be down flat under the teeth all round the mouth; and the lower jaw should be entirely relaxed—all this before the long steady breath is taken. In the absence of a Professor, the looking-glass will be the best guide.

It will be seen that the foregoing pages, so far as actual production is concerned, deal almost exclusively with the male voice. I have purposely avoided dealing specifically with the female voice, partly from considerations of space, and partly because, having had less experience in, and made less observations on the production of women's voices, I prefer not to trespass on ground which others can tread more profitably. At the same time it will be seen that, with the exception of a portion of Rule 3, all the rules above given will apply equally to all voices. I will only suggest as a last word that, as I believe them to constitute the very essence and to be the *sine quâ non* of all good singing, so a pupil should not rest satisfied with any master, however great his reputation, who swerves one hair's-breadth from these fundamental rules.

HOLCOMBE INGLEBY.

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A Counsel of Perfection.

BY LUCAS MALET.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," "MRS. LORIMER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"Moi, je flâne ;
Qu'on m'approuve ou me condamne !
Moi, je flâne,
Je vois tout,
Je suis partout."

ANTONY HAMMOND stood looking out of window. Looking out, that is to say, as well as he could for the double layer of very blue, very starched lace curtain interposed between his eyes and the glass. And it rained. Rained with a vigour and persistence peculiar, fortunately, to mountainous countries. Hammond was the happiest-tempered of men ; but he had come down to Interlaken the day before in the expectation of meeting a lady of his acquaintance whom he had not seen for some years, and with whom he had formerly been on extremely friendly terms. The lady had not, however, put in an appearance. Consequently he felt slightly bored ; or, to be quite accurate, he was sensible of a suspension of interest, sensible of an emotional vacuum. And to this he objected strongly.

The dripping verandah, the plashy roadway, the deserted promenade under the great walnut-trees, the cloudy emptiness in place of mountains beyond, seen through this barrier of lace curtain, did not serve to fill the vacuum or resolve his uninterest into interest.

Hammond glanced at the long table encumbered with newspapers of all nations ; at the perspective of Utrecht velvet-covered chairs and sofas ; at a couple of German women, blessed with buff-coloured complexions and reddish hair,—the latter from

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its extreme sleekness suggesting the idea that it had been laid on with a paint-brush and subsequently varnished,—who occupied one of the said sofas, engaged in perpetrating enormities in wool-work and in giggling; and at the pale striped walls of the long narrow room. But none of these objects, animate or inanimate, appeared to him in the least fruitful of entertainment.

Finally his glance rested upon Miss Casteen. She was sitting at the far end of the *salle de conversation*, and was working at a piece of embroidery. A number of hanks of faintly-tinted silk were spread out on the small inlaid table before her.

Hammond was a little short-sighted. He put up his single eye-glass for a moment and permitted himself to inspect Miss Casteen. His friends, the Denisons, had introduced him to her the night before after *table d'hôte;* but Hammond had not made the most of the opportunity. His mind was fixed on the possible appearance of Madame Cyfveer. He was in a hurry to get away, and go the round of the principal Interlaken hotels in search of that lady's unmistakable and highly civilized figure. So he had paid but limited attention to this new acquaintance. —"By no means young and by no means smart," had been his mental comment. "Somebody that good lunatic, Denison, wants to do a kindness to—a *protégée* of his rather than of his wife's, I imagine."—And this last reflection had afforded Hammond some amusement. It was among Mr. Denison's merits, in his friend's eyes, that he frequently afforded amusement—without in the least intending it.

But now, as Hammond inspected Miss Casteen, he fancied he had been a little obtuse. He had not quite done her justice. On this deplorably bad day he was particularly disposed to be thankful for small mercies. He would give her a chance of partially filling the vacuum, at all events.

So he walked the length of the room, one hand in his trouser pocket, the other dangling the fine silver string of his eye-glass, and stopped opposite Lydia's small table—looked out of window again, and then looked down at her.

"This is cheerful weather, Miss Casteen," he said, "isn't it?"

Lydia raised her head, a hint of surprise in her expression. She was not in the habit of talking to semi-strangers; and for an instant she was disposed to think this gentleman too free and easy in his address. His very pleasant smile and air of imperturbable good-temper, however, struck her as re-assuring.

"I am very sorry it rains," she answered. "Do you think it

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will last—I mean, do you think the weather has really broken up?"

"You would be greatly disappointed if it lasted."

—No, decidedly the lady was not young, Hammond remarked to himself—not at all young. Yet her eyes were those of a child; they had in them a wonderful clearness and candour. And the shape of her head was exceedingly pretty. Her brown hair—Hammond was afraid there were streaks of grey through it—grew up from the low forehead and had a charming natural crimp in it. It was gathered away into a close sitting knot of plaits behind. Her teeth, too, were excellently white and even. Hammond guessed she was nearer forty than thirty. And at that age if a woman's eyes, hair, and teeth are admirable, she had really done more than her duty in the way of good looks—that, at least, was Antony Hammond's opinion.

A trace of anxiety, which he noted in Miss Casteen's tone, had prompted his last remark. This time she answered without looking up.

"I am afraid I shall be rather disappointed. But really I ought not to be so. I have seen a great deal already."

"Of course," Hammond returned.—It was his habit, and he found as a rule it paid capitally, to take for granted—in words anyhow—that the person he happened to be addressing had a very extensive acquaintance with things in general.—"Of course you know all this by heart. Interlaken is tremendously hackneyed. One has to apologize to oneself, indeed, for doing anything so desperately unoriginal as coming here at all. If it is going to rain it may as well rain here as anywhere. It gives one an opportunity of doing one's duty by this vile spot in the way of abuse."

"Oh! I did not mean that!" Lydia said, in some slight confusion, looking up again.

—Really, Hammond felt, it was highly meritorious of any woman to possess such deliciously innocent eyes.—

"This place seems to me most beautiful."

"You are most merciful," Hammond observed with his pleasant smile.

Lydia hesitated. She was conscious of new impulses in herself, which she found slightly bewildering. Yesterday the sun had shone with almost merciless heat. The great snow mountains had shown diaphanous and fairy-like under the radiant sky. In the flat hay-meadows, stretching away to the base

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of the foot-hills, the big green locusts and myriads of little brown grasshoppers had kept up a merry concert from dawn till long after sundown. Lydia had never seen anything half so gay, so enchantingly unexpected, so unreasonably and lavishly brilliant, as the long line of hotels with their flags and awnings and flowers; as the promenade shaded by the cool odorous foliage of the enormous walnut-trees; as the polyglot crowd, moving hither and thither, like a flight of bright-coloured butterflies in the sunshine; as the horses with their jingling bells; as the swift-rushing bottle-green river; as the quaint old town, its crooked streets, deep-browed wooden houses, little red-brick towers, its ill-bred dogs, its pervasive and portentous smells—the nimble eager breeze playing around it all, fresh and pure from the shining upper world of those mysterious mountains. Lydia had gone to bed feeling almost light-headed. This earth was a far more exquisite place than she had ever supposed it; and, dear me, how very much more lively!

And still, to-day, though the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain descended as out of buckets, the glamour of yesterday's brilliancy was upon her. The quiet rectory at Marston, its subdued lights and bookish atmosphere, appeared to her curiously remote and unreal. Lydia's pulse beat a little quicker. She was conscious of an inward tremor of excitement. Thoughts and desires came to her that had never come before, and which her calmer judgment might have condemned. She longed to speak, to explain herself, to give voice to the new range of sensation which she experienced. And so, when Hammond with that pleasant, half-bantering smile of his, said to her: "You are most merciful;" she answered after a moment's hesitation—the words seeming to her heavy with meaning:—

"No, I am only most ignorant."

"Ignorant!" he said. "Why you told me just now you had seen a great deal. Denison gave me next to no account of your movements last night; but you've been out here some time, haven't you?"

"We came through from London on Monday. I have never been abroad before," Lydia replied.

Hammond looked down at his dangling eye-glass with a sense of satisfaction. Yes—he had been obtuse; for there was a distinct flavour of originality in this slim maiden lady. She repaid cultivation.

"You came through on Monday, and this is Friday," he said.

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"And you have already seen so much that you bow with unembittered resignation to the inevitable in the form of rain? I congratulate you, Miss Casteen."

Lydia had spent all her days so far among serious people. She did not quite understand that form of intercourse commonly known as "chaff." Consequently she was surprised, even hurt. She coloured a little, as she glanced at Antony Hammond.

"I am afraid you take pleasure in misconstruing what I say," she remarked.

"Ah, pardon me," he exclaimed. "It is you who misconstrue the intention of my poor innocent observations. My respect for your philosophic indifference is profound. But when I try to express it I displease you."

Hammond pulled a chair up to the side of the table opposite Lydia; sat down, and crossed his legs, holding his right ankle in his left hand. He leaned back, and permitted himself to look full and very good-temperedly at her, while he said:—

"Extend the area of your mercy. Tell me how I am to make my peace with you now, Miss Casteen?"

Lydia drew herself up.

"I am quite unaware that there is any peace to make or to break," she answered coldly. And then fell to stitching diligently at her embroidery again.

Antony Hammond, however, was a man by no means easily snubbed. On the contrary, he was charmed at this slight ruffling up of feathers on the part of his new acquaintance. It showed she had spirit. Spirit is an admirable thing in a woman—if she is not nearly connected with you either by birth or marriage; if, in short, you are in no way responsible for her. And Hammond did not feel in the very least responsible for Miss Casteen.

But then it would be exceedingly difficult to say for what that gentleman ever had felt responsible, except for supplying himself with a continuous series of mild diversions. Hammond disliked excitement. He loved the minor arts and the professors of them. His own two prettily-bound volumes of *vers de société* are surely very well known? They afford an excellent index to his character and mental constitution—charming, good-tempered, graceful nothings, with delightful moments both of humour and of sentimentality. Facile verse, facile smiles, facile tears, if needs be; tears which, as they fall, never make the eyes smart or in the least injure the complexion of the weeping one.

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Hammond's personal appearance always struck me as very expressive of his character also. At the time I speak of he was rather stout. It is even conceivable that an enemy might have described him as podgy. His neat features were set in a rather superfluous amount of cheek. He was quite clean-shaven, and his chin had a distinct dimple in it. In looking at him you immediately perceived that he must have been a conspicuously pretty baby. His expression was one of permanent amusement —of a quiet sort, for he rarely laughed. Hammond, in fact, possessed a face and figure eminently fitted for genteel comedy; but though sincerely fond of the stage, and author of several "first pieces," which have gained a nice little success, he was not a member of the dramatic profession. He had, indeed, eaten his full number of those mysteriously qualifying dinners which enable a man to practise at the Bar; but a comfortable—though moderate—income permitted him to waste time and considerable talent with impunity. He did waste both, had wasted them now for a number of years, and was, I regret to report, not aware of being, either morally or spiritually, in the very least the worse for so doing. It requires a finely-tempered nature to be actively conscious of defect or shortcoming. Antony Hammond never pretended to the possession of a finely-tempered nature, and probably he was very much happier without it. Thickness of hide is an undeniable, though perhaps unromantic, advantage in a world where sticks are many and the layers-on of them very fairly active and muscular.

And it was precisely this comfortable density of cuticle which made him impervious to snubs. He, therefore, on the occasion in question, merely rubbed his ankle meditatively—watching Miss Casteen's hands the while, as they moved to and fro about the strip of pale primrose-coloured satin on which she wrought out an elaborate pattern of rather impossible chrysanthemums—and said, with perfect equanimity:—

"Thank you. Well, I have got my answer."

Then he leaned forward and began fingering her silks as they lay on the table.

"Frankly now," he said, "I feel quite kindly towards the rain. I derive great satisfaction from knowing that if it rains down here it almost certainly rains very much more up in the mountains. If you have never experienced the joys of a mountain hotel in wet weather, Miss Casteen, your state is the more gracious. Nature is vile under such circumstances, but man is viler still. The wise

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people rush down into the valleys; the unwise ones stay. You are shut up tight with them. Everybody is cross. Everybody—except me—is self-assertive. Everybody thinks everybody else wants to get the better of them, to take precedence, to impress. There is nothing to do but quarrel. I never quarrel but I suffer. *Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère?* I ask myself that twenty times a day. And the answer usually is that I have been weakly amiable. I am there to please my little sister. And that is why the present aspect of nature appears to me positively cheerful, I had almost said hilarious. This time I have not been weakly amiable. My sister is up in the mountains, and I am safe down here. And it must be supremely horrible up in the mountains."

Hammond's impenetrability to snubbing was very disarming. Lydia could not help listening to him, and yet she was somewhat suspicious of him. She looked up now inquiringly.

"I don't think I quite follow you," she said.

"I dare say not," he answered, still fingering the silks. "I don't see how you could very well without knowing my sister, and without an acquaintance with the family history."

Lydia coloured slightly.

"Oh! I did not mean that—I did not mean to inquire into—to ask any questions about—to——." She paused in evident embarrassment.

Hammond was charmed. He rejoined with his best smile, and extreme alacrity:—

"Pray don't apologize, Miss Casteen. To begin with, you did not ask any question; and if you had, what greater pleasure could I possibly have than in answering you? There could be no indiscretion in my doing so. My sister is the least secretive of young women. And she has a small army of charming confidantes into whose sympathetic ears all—all, is poured. So, as you may imagine, the family history is pretty well common property by now. But to answer that unasked question of yours.—My sister is employed in a most foolish speculation. Or rather, for there really is nothing mercenary in the business—I could find it in my heart to wish there was—rather, I say, she has adopted a new form of religion. She is a renegade. She has become the devout worshipper of a false god.

Lydia's suspicions increased. Picturesque statement did not obtain greatly at Marston Rectory. And so this last announcement appeared to her little short of astounding. She let her

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work rest on her lap and regarded the speaker with some severity.

"I do not understand," she said.

"It is almost incomprehensible," Hammond returned, with feeling. "I have great difficulty in comprehending it myself, I own, Miss Casteen. She used to be such a good devoted little girl. But the change has been creeping over her for some years. Now it is complete."

He leaned back in his chair and began fondling his right ankle again.

"I feel it terribly, Miss Casteen, for she used to worship me. That was the faith in which I had reared her—and a very commendable sort of faith,—specially, perhaps, in my sight—it was! I thought it was absolutely ingrained in her. I assure you I took a lot of trouble with her religious education. I counted on her being a thorough-going disciple through life. I leave you to imagine what an awful blow it was to me when I first observed this falling away, back-sliding, luke-warmness. And it all began in one of those villainous little mountain hotels."

Hammond whirled the silver string of his eye-glass round his forefinger as he sat watching Miss Casteen.

"He is an Alpine Club man," he went on; "quite detestably strong, and able, and virtuous, and enduring, and athletic. In fact he is exactly the reverse of me. I have thought a great deal about it, but I have never yet been able to decide which is the biggest—his appetite or his boots. He is a younger son, with a remarkably limited income, by profession an Assistant School Inspector. Fancy what a calling! And my sister adores him. She is up in the mountains adoring him now, with my aunt, Mrs. Cumberbatch. And that is why I find this wet weather gratifying, Miss Casteen. I revel in the wicked hope that it may wash a little of the gilt off the gingerbread. The young man's holiday is limited, like his income. And is it not conceivable that even he may display a seamy side to his character, and turn slightly rusty at spending it in a damp wooden inn of primitive proportions, with nothing more lively to do than listen to the devout cooings of my poor little sister?"

Lydia turned her head, and looked out at the splashing rain.

"I hope they will be very happy," she said softly.

"Happy! they will be blissful," Hammond exclaimed—"a sort of select society for the promotion of permanent rapture. Oh, distinctly they will be very happy, for they are both such

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good creatures that they will never discover when the temperature of their affections sinks from boiling point to moderate—as of course it is bound to sink eventually. Even my little sister must cease to boil some day, and merely simmer. But she won't know it. She will sing upon the matrimonial hob, through any number of years, like the most comfortably contented of kettles."

Hammond smiled very pleasantly as he spoke—so pleasantly that Lydia's suspicion was for the moment dissipated.

"He seems to laugh at everything; but he is really very kind hearted," she thought.

As to Hammond, just then, he was entertaining himself by drawing a rather elaborate comparison between his present companion and that very striking-looking lady, with her emphatic figure and superabundance of blonde hair, Madame Cyfveer. Certainly the two women were singularly different. Miss Casteen's flavour—so Hammond put it to himself—was as that of fresh-plucked fruit, with the dew still on it, out of some quiet English country garden. While Madame Cyfveer's flavour was as that of some very highly scented confection from behind a plate-glass window of a Parisian *boulevard*. Hammond rejoiced in the catholicity of his own taste. He could relish both. This fruit was just a wee bit unripe, possibly; there was hint of tartness about it. But Hammond did not mind that. It was refreshingly pure, native, wholesome. He decided to take another bite at it—a good large one this time.

"But, after all, Miss Casteen," he said, "I think it is a little too bad of you to ignore me altogether, and go over in this wholesale way to the enemy. I flattered myself that I had put the case tellingly. I was counting, after this recital of my wrongs, on a word or two of compassion. But that's the way of the world—sympathy lavished, as usual, on those who have least need of it."

Hammond whirled the string of his eye-glass round his finger again.

"Of course you're in love with love and lovers, like everybody else," he said."

Lydia's face was grave as she answered, and her clear eyes were very full of that look of patient expectation.

"I have always supposed it must be very beautiful," she replied, simply.

Then she picked up her strip of primrose-coloured satin again. There was a pause. Hammond was silent. He was touched.

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She was charming. But he fancied, if he waited, there might be a further revelation, and he was right. Impelled by that strange sense of inward excitement which the new sights and experiences of the last few days had bred in her, impelled, too, by a consequent longing for self-expression, Lydia added, after a minute—

"But I have no right to speak on the subject. I know nothing about it—except through books, of course."

Hammond stared hard at her. Had he misread Miss Casteen? was she, after all, though so demure, a very accomplished coquette? In that case he was quite equal to making her a florid speech, couched in terms of rather extravagant compliment,—he had a fine assortment of such wares on hand and available at the shortest notice. But, as he watched her bending quietly over her needlework, he very speedily became convinced that she had spoken in good faith and in obedience to a movement of inward rectitude. He reflected that frequently the most innocent persons say the most surprising things; and that conventional modesty and native modesty are by no means necessarily alike. For Hammond possessed in a fine degree the modern spirit of ingenious analysis; and could find a hundred and one reasons for the speech and action of even the most recent acquaintance. In the present case, I may add that his analysis was perfectly just. Lydia was very ignorant of the ways of the world and its doubtfully real standard of propriety in these matters.

In a very few seconds he had arrived at the conclusion that Miss Casteen's statement was one of the most deliciously piteous things he ever had listened to. It was not only that, here in person, he beheld one of the million and odd English women whom statistics prove to us to be superfluous, predestined to be mateless—a prodigious collection of left-hand gloves, so to speak, for whom it has not entered into the general economy to supply right-hand ones and so complete the pair. Marriage was not, in his estimation, the *summum bonum* of existence. But love—that was quite another matter. And to say in plain terms that you know nothing about that most delectable condition,—quietly, calmly, without a flush on the cheek, without, apparently, any strong sense of injury—and at nearly forty, too!—a woman who had charming hair, who was still pretty, who once upon a time must have been very pretty—heaven help us! as Hammond took in the idea in its completeness it positively appalled him.

Love, love,—why, in some form or other—in acute forms it

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rather bored him, it must be owned—love was, in Hammond's opinion, the heart of life, the spice of life, the colour, the purpose, he was almost prepared to say the sum and substance of life. His experiences under this head were very numerous. I hasten to add they were mostly, also, very innocent. But they had gone far to supply the subject-matter of those two prettily bound volumes of poems. He declared afterwards, when describing this interview to his sister, that these few words of Lydia Casteen's had really given him a horrible turn. It was as though he had talked with her about the glorious Swiss country, and she had turned her sweet childlike eyes upon him, and said quite composedly :—"Yes, no doubt. But I do not see it, I am blind."

He got up from his chair, and stood looking at her.

"Ah! impossible, impossible," he exclaimed quickly.

Lydia rose too, and gathered her silks together. She was vexed at her own outburst of frankness—disturbed and fluttered. She ignored Hammond's exclamation.

"I must go up to Mrs. Denison," she said rather hurriedly. "She has been resting. I promised I would go and read to her at a quarter to five."

Hammond drew the little table aside, making room for her to pass. Suddenly she turned to him. He almost fancied her voice trembled as she spoke.

"You don't really think that the weather has broken, that the rain will go on, do you?"

"No, no, no," he answered smilingly. "To-morrow will be glorious. It must be. It shall be. I swear to you by all the accumulated virtues of my future brother-in-law that it shall, Miss Casteen."

Subsequently Hammond stood about in the hall and smoked a cigarette. The hotel omnibus, returning from the railway station, rumbled up. Whereupon the hall-porter banged hideously upon a gong; the manager, all smiles, emerged from his office, and the head waiter rushed out from the *salle à manger*.

Hammond was aware that he watched the disembowelling of the commodious vehicle with a measure of trepidation. And it caused him but the very smallest modicum of regret to find that his friend Madame Cyfveer was not among the new arrivals. He felt he could quite well survive her absence for a day or two longer. For the emotional vacuum showed signs of filling. Antony Hammond was quite happy. He had discovered a new source of amusement.

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CHAPTER IV.

"In learning to be wise
Not only ye, poor babes, are over-wrought
Scholars are also we,
Our master Vanity,
Worldly success our prize
And in vain quibbles are we daily taught."

"And now, my dear Mrs. Denison, tell me—who is your lady-in-waiting?"

The speaker, Antony Hammond, sat very much at his ease on a wide green wooden bench, with a crimson cushion to it, stationed upon the verandah of the hotel.

The morning was really superb. The flat meadows and orchards, studded with single houses or picturesque hamlets, stretching away to the base of the wooded foot-hills and the gigantic cliffs and crags that guard the entrance to the Lauterbrunnen Valley, danced and glittered in the sunshine after the night's rain. Hammond saw all this loveliness as on a long narrow canvas; framed above by the pinked edge of the yellow and brown awning, and below by the ironwork railing of the verandah, wreathed with the clean semi-transparent leaves and vivid scarlet and orange flowers of climbing nasturtiums and canariensis.

It is hardly necessary to say that the gentleman in question was not an ascetic. He had no quarrel at all with his senses. He set a high value upon agreeable sights, sounds, and sensations. He encouraged them to permeate and to possess him. There are lots of delightful things in the world. Why meet them in an ungenerous spirit? Lend yourself a little to them. Offer yourself to them. Solicit them. Hammond obeyed the precepts of his own philosophy. He offered himself ungrudgingly to the influences of this delectable August morning. He did something more. He offered himself, also, to the thought of Lydia Casteen

Idle persons possess this great privilege—if they would only recognise and make use of it—that they are at liberty to take a leisurely, and therefore truly artistic, view of their fellow-creatures. Hammond claimed this privilege in regard to his new acquaintance. Every landscape, in his opinion, requires some human figure in the foreground to give it dramatic purpose and

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interest. Mentally, therefore, he placed the spare modestly-dressed figure of Miss Casteen in the foreground of his picture of this resplendent summer morning. He permitted his imagination to play freely around it—around the lady's eyes, her age, her amazing little confession, her pretty hair. And he found the occupation a very edifying one. It enabled him to listen with praiseworthy equanimity to the confidences of Mrs. Denison, who, armed with a parasol, a very neat walking-stick, a large black fan, a half-knitted sock, and a book of sermons—for she had her moments of rather nervous piety, specially in the earlier and less social hours of the day—reposed in a rocking-chair at right angles to his bench.

Hammond believed that there is a right and a wrong way of commencing every conversation. In conversing with Mrs. Denison unquestionably the right way of beginning was to begin with the lady herself. So he asked a few leading questions; and then listened, while she meandered, during a good half-hour, through the vague and devious ways of her health—which she was pleased to suppose bad; of her establishment, both in town and country—which she was pleased to suppose curiously difficult to manage; of her husband—the worthiest and mildest of advanced Liberals who ever did his best to scuttle the Ship of State, or cut the throat of the British Constitution—whom she persistently tried to represent, both to herself and others, as a dark, Byronic, mysterious sort of character. Mrs. Denison had flourished and fattened on this trinity of small delusions for years. Hammond acquainted himself duly with the last phase of them. And then asked his question:—

"Who is your lady-in-waiting?"

Mrs. Denison, in reply, laughed a little, and bridled with that rather exaggerated assumption of girlishness sometimes observable in childless women of middle age.

"My dear Mr. Hammond!" she protested. "Lady-in-waiting! Why, I am quite devoted to her. She has been one of my very dearest friends for years. She is so good, and excellent, and clever, don't you know! And that gives me such a feeling for her; for, of course, I'm not the least clever myself, and so"——

"Oh! oh!" interrupted Hammond—who held that shrewdness and folly were so subtly and inextricably welded together in his companion, that you were entirely and equally justified in regarding her as a goose or as a sage.

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Just now it was obviously the civil thing to regard her as the latter.

"No, indeed, I'm not," she said, looking down at the fan, the sermons and the sock lying upon her lap. "And I never pretend to be. But I delight in clever people, don't you know. And I always feel it is so wonderfully dear and sweet of a really superior woman like Lydia Casteen to care about me. Of course, you know, I feel I have so little to offer her in return in the way of conversation and all that sort of thing."

"Indeed," Hammond returned with his best smile,—"I don't think you need be anxious on that score."

"Really? don't you? How nice of you!"

Mrs. Denison crossed her feet on the little wooden stool in front of her; and patted the skirt of her black and white striped travelling-gown into place over them. Her clothes and appointments were all excellent, in what may be described as the English-country-house style.

"Dear Lydia knows Latin and Greek and all sorts of dreadful, deep things," she continued. "I ought to be dreadfully afraid of her; and I never can quite understand why I'm not. But she really is so sweet and nice; and she never puts her learning forward. And then the Sultan,"—for it was by this title, varied by that of "the Grand Lama," that Mrs. Denison elected to designate her spouse.—"The Sultan, you know, likes her so much. She keeps him amused, don't you know. They talk about statistics, about population, and political economy, and the poor-law, and finance and other light subjects of that kind that I don't in the least understand. I never could understand finance and that sort of thing. And it is such a relief to feel the dear good Sultan has got somebody worthy of him to play about with, you know, and to walk with him. They're out walking somewhere now, in all this frightful heat. And I really can't walk, Mr. Hammond. It simply kills me. And that's a thing I cannot get the Sultan to understand."

Here Mrs. Denison sighed and leaned languidly back in her chair.

Hammond regarded her in silence for a few seconds. He relished her keenly. She afforded him an abiding sense of satisfaction.

"Still you know," he remarked presently, "you haven't answered my question. You haven't told me who she is?"

"Who she is? Oh! well, between ourselves"—Mrs. Denison

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sunk her voice a little and became confidential—"between ourselves, Mr. Hammond—she really is so sweet, and you understand I am quite devoted to her—but she really isn't anybody, you know. Her father is our rector down in Midlandshire, at Bishop's Marston—Layton is in Marston, in the parish I mean. And he really is the most wonderful old man, and the most perfect gentleman. And tremendously learned and distinguished, and so on, and——"

"—And nobody," put in Hammond. He really could not resist it.

Mrs. Denison had a delicate red-and-brown complexion, and small, very bright, brown eyes. She was a comely, and at the same time a well-bred looking woman. But she was troubled with a curious fluttering motion of the eyelids, at moments, that gave a certain ambiguity to the expression of her face;—an ambiguity, which, in a person of lower social standing, would probably have been frankly described as deceitful. Mrs. Denison was, in point of fact, very kind and very shifty. Her eyelids were slightly agitated now.

"Ah! you think me terribly *mondaine*, Mr. Hammond," she said.

"I think you sufficiently a child of this world, my dear lady, to know accurately what you say and why you say it," he returned. "No one in their senses will deny that there are distinctions and distinctions. The lady-in-waiting's father is distinguished in the school-mastering line, I suppose?"

"No—not exactly. But he writes lots of books. That sweet Lydia always gives them to me; and, of course, I never attempt to read them. They're far beyond me. But I always make my maid, Runciman, cut them privately; because I couldn't bear dear Lydia's feelings to be hurt. And then one can just put a paper-knife in somewhere and let them lie about on the table, without being afraid of discoveries or revelations, don't you know."

"Is that the way you treated my last poor little volume of poems?" Hammond asked smilingly.

Mrs. Denison bridled.

"Ah! those delightful little poems!" she said. "But there were some of them I tried not to understand, you know. I'm afraid they were rather, rather naughty. But Dr. Casteen, you know,—as I was saying he is writing something now, frightfully learned, about the Church and heresies."

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"Good gracious! you don't mean to say he is Dr. Casteen, the historian?"

"Oh! how very interesting then you know him!" the lady exclaimed. "How very nice! It's so odd, you know, I never met anybody before who knew dear Dr. Casteen."

Hammond was greatly edified by this last remark. He smiled most amiably as he replied:—

"I am afraid I, like all your other acquaintances, can't claim the honour of knowing Dr. Casteen, personally, Mrs. Denison. But he is well enough known by reputation both in England and out of it. I suppose he is about the greatest living authority in all questions of Church history."

Hammond leant back on the green bench and slowly whirled the string of his eye-glass round his forefinger.

"And the lady-in-waiting is his daughter! Dear me!" he said.

"Yes—and she helps him in the sweetest way," Mrs. Denison went on. "He is the most delightful old man, you know—just like George Herbert, or Jeremy Taylor, or somebody of that sort," —here Mrs. Denison patted the volume of sermons—"so clever, and good, and unworldly, and so on. I'm sure I feel it quite an honour—as you say, don't you know—when he will come down out of the clouds and talk to a poor, ordinary, foolish creature like me. And he is so beautifully absorbed in his work, and Lydia is so utterly devoted to him. It really is too touching—just like something in a religious biography. And, dear old man, he is a perfect anchorite, or hermit, or whatever you call it, living there all alone away from everything interesting. So holy, don't you know; and the most complete egotist, as those sort of people always are."

For once Hammond laughed.

"Ah! what is the matter? what have I said?" exclaimed Mrs. Denison.

"Nothing, nothing—pray go on," Hammond answered.

"And we discovered, a little while ago, that that poor sweet Lydia hadn't been away for years. And so as she amuses the Grand Lama, and as we had to come abroad on account of my wretched health, I insisted upon her coming too. Of course, it was a dreadful thing to drag her away from the anchorite and the heresies. I fancy the anchorite was rather cross. He sent me messages of acceptance quite *dans le style élevé*, don't you know. And I gathered from Lydia's manner that there was something —just something—that Casteen *père* was a trifle fractious, in short.

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Of course I was very sorry, really quite unhappy about it. I should have given way, I think; but the Sultan was so determined. The Sultan quite, you know, took the bit between his teeth. It was his idea from the first. He said Lydia Casteen was being murdered, actually murdered by the dear Church and the heresies. So what could I do?"

"Evidently precisely what you did," Hammond returned.

"Yes—poor dear thing! and she really is so touchingly grateful."

Mrs. Denison raised her fan, half opened it. Her eyelids fluttered slightly.

"How does she strike you, Mr. Hammond?" she asked confidentially. "Very—don't you know, or only rather—you know what I mean? Her dress is—is, shall I say, undeveloped?"

"She strikes me as charming," he declared. "I like her straight up and down gowns, and her little air of primness."

"You don't think—I wouldn't say it, of course, for the world to anybody but you—but you don't think she looks very odd then?"—Mrs. Denison sunk her voice almost to a whisper. "The Sultan never understands that sort of thing. He would walk about with a Hottentot in her national costume, if necessary, and never perceive that there was anything peculiar in it or see that people were staring. There is a side of the dear Sultan, you know, that is very guileless."

"He is the best fellow in the world," Hammond exclaimed with conviction.

Mrs. Denison's expression became extremely ambiguous.

"Yes, isn't he?" she said, effusively. "But dear Lydia, you know, I was just mentioning, just asking—you remember?"

A transitory feeling of disgust took possession of Hammond. He answered rather brutally.

"She is a thorough lady. Any one of average intelligence and knowledge of the world can see that at a glance. She is not in the least likely to discredit you socially. There is something very attractive and distinct about her."

Mrs. Denison settled her shoulders against the back of her ocking-chair with a movement of comfort, as of one relieved of a certain weight of anxiety.

"That is exactly what I have always said myself. I am so glad you think so too, Mr. Hammond. I have always told everyone that though she lived out of the world, and might seem just a wee bit provincial, she was wonderfully adaptive and receptive.

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She never pretends to be *au fait* of things she knows nothing about. That is such a blessing. There is nothing so vulgar as little assumptions of that kind."

"Oh! decidedly she assumes nothing," Hammond said, smiling.

"She really is so wonderfully good, and devoted and so on, don't you know," the lady murmured vaguely. "Ah! there they both are! Lydia—here dearest, we are here."

Miss Casteen had just come up the steps. She turned quickly at the sound of her friend's voice, and walked along the verandah.

Hammond quitted his bench, crossed to the other side, and stood leaning against one of the iron uprights—one hand in his pocket, the other dangling his eye-glass. The late conversation had deepened his interest in Miss Casteen. He watched her now with careful, though smiling, attention. And he observed that she moved unusually well, with a light even step and finely upright carriage. A fresh, soft colour was on her cheeks, and her clear eyes were bright. She looked barely thirty. Hammond felt that she made a very far from unpleasing foreground to his mental picture. What had most men been thinking of? It seemed to him almost incredible that this graceful person possessed no private chronicle of affairs of the heart!

Lydia passed Antony Hammond without speaking. She went straight up to Mrs. Denison, sat down beside her and laid her hand lightly upon the arm of the rocking-chair.

"My dear, you look blooming, positively blooming," that lady exclaimed. "I hope the Grand Lama has been agreeable, and that you have had a nice walk in this dreadful heat."

Miss Casteen hesitated a moment. Her usually quiet face was eloquent with emotion that she found it alike difficult to control or to express.

"Oh! it has been so beautiful," she said at last, looking full at Mrs. Denison. "And I have been divinely happy. It seems almost too much, almost wrong. How can I ever thank you enough for having brought me here?"

The elder lady patted the back of her hand, as it rested on the arm of the chair.

"You dear, sweet, enthusiastic thing," she said. "Really this little journey seems to be a success, quite a success. Ah! and here is the Sultan. Well, Albert, where have you been? Lydia seems absolutely entranced with her walk."

Mr. Denison nodded to Hammond, and then dragged up the nearest chair—making a powerful scraping of its front legs upon

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the flagged floor of the verandah, and thereby causing his wife's eyelids to flutter considerably.

He was a tall, lean man, whose limbs appeared to be but loosely hitched together. He had mild blue eyes, and a sparse sandy beard. He wore a flannel shirt; and a turned-down collar, exposing a long length of skinny throat; and a rough light suit, that hung upon, rather than fitted, his person. He also wore a brilliantly red necktie arranged in a sailor's knot. His voice was monotonous yet remonstrative. He was several years younger than his wife.

Veracity, further, compels me to add that he had a most notable incapacity for sitting still. Among the diseases described by mediæval writers is the peculiarly objectionable one of the removal of the spinal-cord by devils, and the insertion of a serpent in its place. Had Mr. Denison been unfortunate enough to occupy a position upon this planet during the rather gloomy Ages of Faith, instead of in the clear noonday of our beloved Nineteenth Century, his ceaseless wrigglings might very well have justified the supposition that he was the victim of some such satanic surgical operation.

"The time is understated in Baedeker," he said, fixing his mild eyes sadly upon the left-hand rocker of his wife's chair. "Miss Casteen is a capital walker; but it took us at least seven minutes over the time mentioned to reach Gsteigwyler. It's—er—perfectly abominable to make mistakes of that kind. I shall write to the editor about it."

"The dear Sultan is always writing to somebody to correct something, you know," Mrs. Denison said under her breath, patting Lydia's hand again and looking absently at Hammond.

"The very *raison d'être* of a guide-book is to give accurate information. All statements of time should be—er—regulated by that made by the average pedestrian.

The speaker twisted round violently upon his chair.

"You agree, don't you now, Hammond?" he said. "We're altogether in the hands of these guide-book people, you see, and they ought to be careful. It is a public duty. I always feel bound to write, at once, and correct any error of this kind. Most people hang back in a reprehensible manner about making corrections. They are shockingly un-public-spirited about it. And that really is very wrong, very—er—wrong indeed. Upon my word it seems to me positively little short of wicked, if you have the opportunity of testing a statement and you find it

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incorrect, not to mention the fact in the proper quarter. If you possess superior information, I hold it is morally wrong not to communicate it, for the benefit of society. You feel that too, Hammond, now don't you?"

Antony Hammond looked rather hard at Miss Casteen. But she seemed absorbed in her own thoughts and provokingly indifferent to him, as she sat gazing out over the vivid nasturtium blossoms, at the gay movement of the crowded roadway and promenade, and at the open country, stretching away to the blue flanks of the great mountains beyond.

"That entirely depends upon the nature of my superior information," Hammond answered, smiling. "Sometimes I have the good fortune to become the possessor of a bit of knowledge that really is too precious to part with. I am not such a radical as you, Denison. I have a prodigious respect for the rights of private property, particularly when the property happens to be my own. My good aunt, Mrs. Cumberbatch, brought me up upon a highly-desirable little French book, which informed confiding infancy that—'*un bonheur partagé double de prix.*' I very, very soon discovered that to be a positive, if a pious, fraud. And I have never seen any reason to change my opinion. To communicate a truth is simply to make your inferior your equal. Keep it to yourself, my dear fellow, glory in the ignorance of others. That's the paying thing to do."

As comment Mr. Denison wriggled badly. In early youth he had sat down, with great seriousness of purpose, to the moral banquet of life. At over forty he continued sitting hard. Time had not modified his rather gluttonous appetite for reform. He had no notion of merely playing with his knife and fork.

"I—er—I'm sorry," he said, in a tone of mournful remonstrance. "I can't feel with you there, Hammond. I can't think that is right. Accuracy is everything. Ignorance or mistaken views may be so utterly disastrous—pernicious they invariably are—that even in minor matters we all ought to feel it incumbent upon us to share every scrap and—er—in fact—shred of truth."

"The dear Sultan is so wonderfully conscientious, don't you know," his wife murmured with her most ambiguous expression of face.

Hammond moved into the middle of the verandah and stood in front of Lydia whirling his eye-glass.

"I am delighted to hear it, for everybody is not conscientious. Miss Casteen, for instance, is very far from conscientious."

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Hammond threw a good deal of emphasis into his tone, causing Lydia to look up at him in quick surprise.

"Why," she said, "what have I ——"

But here Mr. Denison broke in. It was not among that gentleman's many excellences that he appreciated the nature of a joke.

"There I can't agree with you, Hammond," he said. "You are grossly mistaken. If Miss Casteen will pardon my saying so, she is—er— I'm sure, pre-eminently distinguished for the possession of that particular virtue."

"Then Miss Casteen is giving that particular virtue a holiday," Hammond rejoined, while Lydia turned from one speaker to the other with a very engaging little air of embarrassment.—"She is under a heavy obligation to me, which, I regret to say, she hasn't made the very smallest attempt to acknowledge. And I had been counting upon the acknowledgment. 'We live by admiration, hope, and love,' the poet says, you know, Miss Casteen; and I have been subsisting on hope ever since I got up this morning and saw that it was fine—hope of a charming exhibition of gratitude. It hasn't come. Isn't that a little too bad? I engaged to provide you with good weather. I have kept my engagement royally. Where are the thanks?"

We have already said that the experiences of her foreign journey somewhat affected Lydia's mental atmosphere,—that she was conscious of making acquaintance not only with new countries, but with a new self. A self young, hopeful, almost dangerously capable of enjoyment. It was this new self which had made the confession that so startled Hammond yesterday. It was the new self that answered him in smiling, gentle gaiety now.

"I fancy thanks are not likely to be very much valued that are given so readily. If you want them you must do a little more to win them."

Lydia got up. There was a kind of exultation in the expression of her clear eyes.

"Provide us with four or five such enchanting days as this," she said; "and then, I think, you will not have reason to accuse me of being thankless or ungrateful."

"Oh! you are greedy, you're greedy," he said.

Mrs. Denison had witnessed this small passage of arms, with attention. Now, after a slight struggle and lurch, she arose from

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the rocking-chair, scattering the fan, the sock, and the sermons, to right and left.

"It must be luncheon time," she said.—"Ah, my book, yes—a thousand thanks, Mr. Hammond. My dear Albert, do take care—don't tread on my knitting. Lydia, dearest, you must want to take off your hat."

Mrs. Denison hesitated slightly :—

"If we drive this afternoon, you will come too, Mr. Hammond, won't you ?"

Hammond expressed the most entire readiness to drive. Then the lady moved away down the verandah, accompanied by her husband,—whose shins, owing to his habit of talking continuously with his head in the air and never looking where he was going, came freely and violently in contact with sundry and manifold chairs, and benches, and tables.

Lydia stood for a little while gazing at the great snow mountains, from under the edge of the brown and yellow awning, and Hammond permitted himself to take up his station beside her.

"Joking apart, this is most inspiringly lovely," he remarked presently.

"Yes, yes—I know."

Then she turned her back on the view with a curiously decided movement.

"I fear you are right," she said softly and even sadly. "It is all so pleasant. It makes one selfish. I am afraid I am greedy."

"No, no, you are not," he cried. "You are not a bit greedy. It was idiotic of me to use the word. You are only making up for a long period of abstinence, Miss Casteen. You have been half starved. I have had a chat with our friend Mrs. Denison. I know all about it now."

Lydia drew herself up.

"You are labouring under some misapprehension," she said, rather coldly.

Hammond watched Lydia till she passed in at the open doorway. Then he leaned both elbows on the rail of the verandah, and began pulling absently at a spray of canariensis.

"She is very much too good by half," he thought. "And that historical old father bullies her, works her, represses her. She doesn't see it, and that is irritating; she shall come to see it. There are several little things I feel it incumbent upon me—as Denison would say—to explain to Miss Casteen."

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CHAPTER V.

. . . "l'homme obéit à son tempérament aussi fatalement que l'animal obéit à son instinct."

The hymn informs us that—"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." And so it may have been owing to the fine field which his permanent idleness presented to evil powers in search of a career, that Antony Hammond proceeded to devote himself to the enlightenment of Miss Casteen.

He did not, however, carry out this doubtfully beneficent process without some checks, some moments of difficulty and anxiety. To begin with, there was the chance of the arrival of Madame Cyfveer; and Hammond was well aware that the Denisons and Miss Casteen would amalgamate with that lady just about as comfortably as water with fire. He was convinced that there would be a prodigious hissing and sputtering if they came in contact. For Madame Cyfveer, he owned, belonged to quite a different natural order to these good people. Her present gowns came from Worth. Her present husband came from Holland—or rather remained in that nice, little country of red roofs, canals and windmills; this predilection for home appearing to his distinguished-looking wife about the happiest trait in his otherwise monotonous character. Her former husband, by name Muirhead, had been an English artist of some notoriety during the early days of the æsthetic movement. Mrs. Muirhead was among the first of our countrywomen who draped rather than dressed themselves. She possessed an immense amount of fair hair, large light-grey eyes with rather regrettably pale eyelashes, and an enviably white skin. Not the dirtiest blues or most unwholesome and fungoid of greens could mar the purity of her complexion. She was precious in the sight of many enthusiasts—Antony Hammond among them—as a triumphantly effective advertisement of decorative art.

But it was later, during the conjugal interregnum, between the decease of Muirhead and annexation of Cyfveer, that Hammond's friendship for the lady blossomed most freely. With both of them it was a period of transition. Both had cooled somewhat in the cause of æstheticism. Mrs. Muir-

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head's figure became gradually more mundane, its contours more emphatic; a delicate blush gradually invaded her cheeks. Hammond had no doubt that she was handsomer than ever; while she, on her part, had no doubt that this pleasant man's friendship was on the eve of passing into a still tenderer relation. But Hammond had a fine talent for backing out. He perceived, just in time, that he had come perilously near marrying this very effective woman; and it occurred to him that as a constant companion she might prove rather too highly flavoured and substantial a blessing.

So he travelled for a winter on the Continent. Mrs. Muirhead sold her small house in Kensington and what remained to her of her late husband's pictures. They did not produce a very large sum—the public fancy, like that of the lady herself, having taken a turn in another direction. And she, too, started on her travels. But she got no further than Amsterdam, for the old merchant M. Cyfveer's bid was a heavy one. It was commonly reported that his yearly income ran into six figures; and the glitter of so much gold proved somewhat dazzling to Mrs. Muirhead's large light-grey eyes. For two or three years Hammond heard very little of her. Then, about six months before the time our narrative opens, she began to write to him again. The correspondence ended in her announcement of a visit to Interlaken.

Hammond, with an agreeable consciousness of the heavy solid Dutch husband in the background, was more than willing that a meeting should take place. It was no longer dangerous; it might prove entertaining. He imagined that Madame Cyfveer had enlarged her borders considerably in knowledge of the world, since the days of "intenseness" down in Kensington. He looked forward to conversations of an intimately interesting nature. But the appearance of that wholly innocent marplot, Lydia Casteen, had made the wind veer to another quarter. And it was with a sensation of entire resignation that about four days after the Denisons' arrival he received a letter from Madame Cyfveer—smelling inordinately of champaka—and announcing that a bad cold,—summer colds are always so detestably difficult to get rid of, held her captive at the *Hôtel du Nord*, Cologne. Hammond wrote back full of regrets and entreaties that she would on no account run any risk of renewing her cold by travelling too soon. Then he turned his undivided attention to the enlightenment of Miss Casteen.

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For that lady's own confession, and Mrs. Denison's graphic, though somewhat disjointed, sketch of her home, her father, and her occupations, had filled him with the liveliest desire, as we are already aware, to protest. And, as he came to know Lydia better, that desire only increased in volume and vivacity. The thought of this woman dedicating the last lingering brightness of her youth to the unearthing of mouldy old-world heresies, to digging and delving among musty records of virulent theologic hatreds, delusions, abuses, in company with a stuffy—Hammond had constructed Dr. Casteen in mental effigy, and was convinced that that distinguished man of letters was abominably stuffy—self-absorbed, old historian, seemed to him abundantly pathetic.

Hammond—for him—felt quite strongly. He was, indeed, at first a good deal diverted at the intensity of his own feeling, and perhaps a trifle proud of it at the same time, for there was invariably a degree of complexity in Antony Hammond's emotions. But to prevent the generation of any agitating amount of fervour, he delivered himself of a couple of highly ingenious sonnets, in the 13th-century Italian manner, entitled respectively, "Love-apathy," and "Love-blindness." They attracted a good deal of attention about eighteen months later in the pages of a well-known magazine; and would, I imagine, have caused unmitigated astonishment and even a measure of disgust to the lady who inspired them, had she ever read them and learnt their history.

Finally he set to work to make himself practically agreeable to Miss Casteen. He laid himself out to please her; and, perhaps unfortunately, he succeeded very well. I do not wish to depreciate Hammond or present him to the reader from an antagonistic stand-point; for he had many excellent qualities and was always remarkably good company. But I must frankly admit he was playing a game he had very frequently played before. In fairness it must be added though, that, as the days went on, he became unconscious, except at isolated moments, that it was a game at all. The very charm of the proceeding consisted in a growing conviction of his own sincerity. Now at last he had found the woman of all women. Now at last his heart was truly touched.

Little Janie Hammond up in the mountains, along with her aunt and muscular Assistant School Inspector, received several long letters from her brother, at this period, which caused her both to laugh and to cry. For they appeared to her really

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beautiful letters. Antony was evidently in a fair way, at last, to graduate effectually in the tender passion;—was beginning to acquire an experimental esoteric knowledge of it,—was beginning to understand, even those high abnormal and mysterious feelings which a good, pretty, plump, and perfectly ordinary young English girl may entertain towards a sandy-haired member of the Alpine Club, whose respectability is as unimpeachable as his boot-soles!

Nice little Janie Hammond became quite pious over these famous epistles, and studiously avoided remembering that she had ever received any of a like nature and purport before. Her sympathy, as is the way with generous-minded women, not content with the present, took a leap forward and expended itself upon visions of a marrying and settling second only in interest to her own. She frequently exhaled her affectionate heart in blessings upon very blotty foreign paper, by means of a pen, that should, if justice be not an utter fiction, have been superannuated with a good service pension very long ago.

"She really is the best little soul going," Hammond said to himself, not without passing embarrassment, as he perused these artless prophetic effusions. "Her husband will have a precious easy time of it. But, all the same, she is 'a little too previous.' We haven't got quite as far as all that yet."

Mrs. Denison, indirectly, did somewhat to promote the increasing intimacy between Hammond and Lydia, by absenting herself a good deal from their society and from that of her husband. For as luck would have it, she happened at the beginning of the second week of their stay at Interlaken to run across a certain Lady Louisa Barking, *née* Quayle—a daughter of Lord Fallowfeild's and wife of the senior partner in the well-known banking firm of "Barking Brothers and Barking." Even the lesser lights of the aristocratic heaven exercised a strange fascination over the mind of Mrs. Denison, causing her to hover, moth-like, about the dubious brightness of their shining. She therefore, devoted herself to Lady Louisa; who, as she informed both Hammond and Miss Casteen, on many occasions, was one of her "very greatest friends." Adding one day, confidentially, when alone with the former:—

"You know, she really is the most delightful person. And she has always been so wise and full of tact; and has managed to keep herself so wonderfully clear of the Barkings. They are rather, rather *nouveaux riches*, don't you know. And everybody

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said dear old Lord Fallowfeild didn't at all care about it; but, you see, with the eldest son, Shotover's racing debts, and all those rows and rows of younger children, he felt somebody must do something; and so dear Lady Louisa came forward in her sweet noble way."

"And swallowed the house in Lombard Street whole!" said Hammond. "Yes, it undoubtedly was an heroic action on her part."

Mrs. Denison's eyelid's became slightly agitated.

"Of course she feels it. I can see that from little things she says now and then, you know. I don't suppose people who are not born in that sort of position can quite realize all that a person like dear Lady Louisa does go through under such circumstances."

"Possibly not," Hammond replied, with his most benignly entertained smile.

"That sort of family feeling is really so beautiful," Mrs. Denison added. "But it's one of the things that dear good Sultan never seems quite to understand, somehow."

It was among the results of the self-sacrificing and high-minded Lady Louisa's advent that Miss Casteen no longer found her presence at all indispensable to her patroness. It is even conceivable that she might have felt herself somewhat neglected, had it not been for the growing attentions of Antony Hammond.

(*To be continued.*)

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Our Library List.

THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES. By J. A. FROUDE. (1 vol. 18*s*. *Longman.*) Mr. Froude accuses himself, in this companion volume to 'Oceana,' of "making sandwiches out of politics and local descriptions"; but the comparison does little justice to the rich ingredients stirred by a master hand into a literary *chef d'œuvre.* To the general reader there is presented an interesting tapestry of tropical scenes and manners cunningly interwoven with threads of history. But the main purpose of the book is political; that we should govern the West Indies as the East Indies, and abstain from further enfranchisement of uncivilized negroes, is what Mr. Froude seeks to prove. We doubt whether a less popular writer could induce the British public to read a word about the West Indies; yet those Colonies are no mean adjuncts to the Empire. Mr. Froude's alluring picture of the natural wealth and beauty of the islands contrasts sadly with his gloomy account of their social and political decrepitude, conveying an uncomfortable impression of opportunities wasted and duties neglected by the Home Government. It is a pity that the value of the work as evidence on West Indian questions is impaired by the insertion of reflections upon the domestic politics of the United Kingdom.

VIRGIL IN ENGLISH VERSE: ECLOGUES AND ÆNEID I.–VI. By Lord Justice BOWEN. (*Murray.* 1 vol. 12*s*.) In a charming preface to this work, the author alludes to the "bleaching bones" of the many "unfortunate pilgrims" who have preceded him in his undertaking; but after a careful study of his translation we may confidently congratulate Lord Justice Bowen on having safely reached the end of a journey in which so many have perished, and on sharing with a very limited number of his predecessors the honour of this success. His work is worthy to take rank beside Lord Derby's 'Iliad,' both in point of elegance and scholarship, and as maintaining the high reputation of our public men for classical attainment. He has made a bold experiment in the metre adopted; but the hexameter under his skilful treatment loses its ponderous character, and lends itself with marvellous smoothness and melody to the spirit of the original. It would be impossible within our narrow limits to quote any passages; we can but recommend all who love Virgil to read this book, and to compare it with the original—for it will bear a very close comparison.

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MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. By R. L. STEVENSON. (1 vol. 6*s*. *Chatto & Windus*). This a volume of miscellaneous papers, reprinted mainly from periodicals. Having followed the author's advice, and diligently perused the essays in their order, we can assure our readers that such steady plodding is unnecessary; for the brilliant literary style and store of well-turned aphorisms, that are its chief recommendations, can be equally appreciated by dipping casually into the book where fancy prompts. Mr. Stevenson is almost too confidential about his art: we would rather have remained ignorant that his style is a conglomerate of the best authors, and forgotten that 'Robinson Crusoe' preceded 'Treasure Island.' But he insists upon assuring us that literature is an art reducible to rules, which he has been at much pains to learn and carry out: yet who would have believed that such matter-of-fact "canniness" of workmanship lay concealed behind the enchanting illusions of 'Kidnapped' or 'Treasure Island'? The essays contain many graceful descriptions and clever bits of analysis, but the author comes on the stage too often; there is a ring of *Ego et liber meus* that distracts while it challenges attention.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE ART OF CONVERSATION. By J. P. MAHAFFY. (1 vol. 4*s*. 6*d*. *Macmillan*.) The aim of this spirited little book is not so much to launch the reader into the arduous career of a talker, as to impress on every one his capability of adding something to agreeable conversation. Professor Mahaffy writes with the fervour due to the importance of his subject; he analyses all the conditions, physical, mental, and moral, of conversation; its manner and matter; and he endeavours to supply recipes for the best way of cultivating it. "If you find the company dull, blame yourself," is a bracing rule he lays down, and encouraging instances are given of stupid young men and apparently uninteresting companions producing most successful results by dint of judicious "probing." There is a great deal of truth in his remarks on laziness, "vicious modesty," and not taking trouble to talk in the family circle; but in spite of his assurances to the contrary, precepts for conversation are more likely to wither spontaneity than to promote excellence, and we fear they will not lessen the number of those "who," in the words of Goldsmith, "though they say nothing yet are never silent."

THE FLEET. ITS RIVER PRISON AND MARRIAGES. By JOHN ASHTON. (1 vol. 21*s*. *Fisher Unwin*.) The greater part of this book is devoted not to the prison, but to the meanderings of the murmuring stream, otherwise known "as that foulest of all streams, the Fleet Ditch." Mr. Ashton has evidently taken great pains to collect as much information as possible not only about all the places the Fleet passed, but also about any adjacent spots of interest, such as Sadler's Wells or White Conduit. In this way the region between Kentish Town and

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Clerkenwell is shown to abound in old houses, interesting sites, and memories of bygone days. To facts and descriptions are added an abundance of quotations from old authors, poems, and cuttings from newspapers. The history of the prison is told from its earliest days in the 13th century, and the account of the charge against its Warden in 1620 is one amongst the many extraordinary glimpses that are given into the life and conduct of the Fleet. The interest of the book is greatly enhanced by the number of illustrations, chiefly from old drawings and engravings.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS. CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. By H. R. FOX BOURNE. (2 vols. 25*s*. *Chatto & Windus*.) People who expect to see last night's debates and yesterday's European history, including every new thing in Art, Science, and Literature, together with instructions how to think on these topics, on their breakfast-tables, may like to know how the newspaper rose to its present accuracy and fulness. Mr. Bourne's bulky volumes recount a struggle of nearly three centuries with patronage, persecution, and mechanical difficulty, and show among other things how much the press owes to those material fairies, steam and electricity. The battle between the *Times* and the *Morning Herald* for earliest foreign intelligence, in which contest the French and Austrian governments played the part of Homeric gods, rises to epic dignity. The history of those eminent authors distinguished in journalism is most interesting. Mr. Bourne's experience both in the fields of literature and journalism amply qualifies him for the execution of his task.

ADDRESSES (1 vol. 5*s*. *Fisher Unwin*); POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS (1 vol. 3*s*.); UPPINGHAM SCHOOL SONGS (1 vol. 2*s*.). By the late EDWARD THRING. Mr. Thring was engaged in preparing these works for the Press when he was overtaken by his last illness, and his daughter has lost no time in carrying out his wishes by publishing these three prettily finished little volumes. The addresses are all on the subject of education, and they are written with fervour and stirring earnestness. They are naturally of great interest, for the late head-master of Uppingham was not only an enthusiast for the cause, but his experience and success add weight to all he says. The importance of intelligent teaching is his chief theme, and he evidently puts his whole soul into his words as he urges the necessity of "bringing the invisible full into play." His accounts of his own method of making subjects seem real, and his belief in illustrations of all kinds as a necessary means of conveying knowledge, are valuable and instructive. The Poems and School Songs are especially intended for the boys of the school, and are overflowing with the enthusiastic and appreciative spirit which gives such force to his addresses.

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WHITEPATCH. (3 vols. *Bentley.*) This is a bold book: there are no fewer than four distinct ghosts haunting Whitepatch, an old country house in Kent, and each ghost materially influences the story. There is also a remarkable personage in the shape of Miss Jenny Spillett, who mounts the social ladder with surprising speed, appearing by turns as milliner, ladies'-maid, housekeeper, and finally bride of the heir to a peerage, whose father is delighted at the match. It is only fair, however, to say that her family is of ancient lineage and respectability, and related to the house into whose service it had, through misfortune, descended. Again, it is a bold stratagem of the author's to conceal Mary Doddingstead, the real heroine, apparently for weeks in the secret chambers at Whitepatch, while she is believed by her grandfather to have eloped with Frank Wyldeman. Bold, too,—*pace* Lord Grimthorpe,—is the creation of a butler who constantly doses the whole family with homœopathy, and saves a life despaired of by a London physician. But *de l'audace, toujours de l'audace*, is not a bad motto for a book written, like "Whitepatch," so good-humouredly as to amuse without exasperating; the reader may laugh at the extravagance or with it, but we advise him to do the latter.

A BRETON MAIDEN. By the Author of "TILL MY WEDDING-DAY." (3 vols. *Hurst & Blackett.*) This, being a tale of the French Revolution, naturally contains much shooting and stabbing, besieging, burning, rescuing, and so on. The Chevalier de Valvourgs is no sooner affianced to Renée de Kerguennec—the Breton maiden—than he must flee the country to avoid the machinations of certain cousins, between whom and fortune he stands, and who hope, by denouncing him as a Royalist, to compass his death and secure his inheritance. De Valvourgs entrusts his *fiancée* to a friend's care, Rohan de Carnoet, who falls in love with Renée of course, and she with him. Rohan, however, being a gentleman, conceals his feelings, and devotes himself to Renée's protection amid the protracted horrors of a Breton rising against the Republic, crushed finally with savage butchery. In the last scene, the Chevalier returns to Brittany, but only to die in battle, and on the same day Rohan and Renée declare their love. There is vivacity in the narrative, and some of the scenes are graphic enough; but an air of unreality pervades the book, more suggestive of melodrama than the stern terrors of the Revolution.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1888.

On a Silver Wedding.

MARCH 10, 1888.

THE rapid tide of gliding years
Flows gently by this Royal home,
Unvexed by clouds of grief and tears
Its tranquil seasons come.

To one, as happy and more great,
Came earlier far, the dread alarm,
The swift immedicable harm,
The icy voice of Fate.

The gracious father of his race
Heard it, too soon, and dared the night;
Death coming found him with the light
Of Sunshine on his face.

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He left his widowed Queen to move
Alone in solitary sway,
Alone, through her long after-day,
But for her people's love.

Their saintly daughter, sweet and mild,
Drew poison from her darling's breath;
Their young son trod the paths of death
Far, far from love and child.

Nay, now by the Ausonian sea,
Daughter of England, good and wise!
Thou watchest, with sad anxious eyes,
Thy flower of chivalry!

But this fair English home no shade
Of deeper sorrow comes to blot,
No grief for dear ones who are not,
Nor voids which years have made.

One sickness only, when its head
Lay long weeks, wrestling sore with death,
And pitying England held her breath
Despairing, round his bed.

No regal house of crownéd state,
Nor lonely as the homes of kings
Where the slow hours on leaden wings
Oppress the friendless great.

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But lit with dance and song and mirth,
And graceful Art, and thought to raise,
Crushed down by long laborious days,
The toiler from the earth.

Its Lord an English noble, strong
For public cares, for homely joys,
A Prince among the courtly throng,
A brother with his boys.

Who his Sire's footsteps loves to tread,
In prudent schemes for popular good;
And strives to raise the multitude,
Remembering the dead.

And having seen how far and wide
Flies England's flag, by land and sea,
Would bind in willing unity
Her strong sons side by side.

Its gentle mistress, fair and sweet,
A girlish mother, clothed with grace,
With only summer on her face,
Howe'er the swift years fleet.

Who was the Vision of our youth
Who is the Exemplar of our prime,
Sweet Lady, breathing Love and Truth,
With charms which vanquish Time.

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Good sons in flowering manhood free,
Girls fair in budding womanhood,
An English household bright and good,
A thousand such there be!

Great Heaven, how brief our Summers show!
And fleeting as the flying Spring!
The almonds blush, the throstles sing,
The vernal wind-flowers blow.

And yet 'tis five-and-twenty years,
Since those March violets dewy, sweet,
Were strewn before the maiden's feet,
Amidst a people's cheers.

And mile on mile the acclaiming crowd
Surged round her, and the soft Spring air
With joy bells reeled, and everywhere
Roared welcome deep and loud

While this, our trivial life to-day,
Loomed a dim perilous landscape strange,
Hid by thick mists of Time and Change,
Unnumbered leagues away.

Long years! long years! and yet how nigh
The dead Past shows, and still how far
The Future's hidden glimpses are
From mortal brain and eye.

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What secrets here shall Time unfold?
What fates befall this gracious home?
Shall to-day's festal once more come,
Ripened with time to gold?

Heaven send it! Close-knit hearts are here,
Not that old hate of sire and heir,
Here flourish homely virtues fair,
And love that conquers fear.

For these may Fortune grant again
Their Sovereign's large and blameless life,
Unmarred by care, undimmed by strife,
Less touched than Hers by pain!

High set above the noise and dust
Of Faction, and contented still
To guide aright the popular will,
By sympathy and trust!

Through civic wisdom temperate,
And forethought for the general need,
Keeping midst change of politic creed,
A Throne, a People great!

LEWIS MORRIS.

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Is it Peace?

THE recent publication of the defensive treaty of alliance between Germany and Austria has in no way changed the situation, or, to be perhaps more accurate, the official situation in Europe. The treaty concerns Germany, Austria, and Russia; the Governments of the two first, who concluded it, had long before communicated it to the third, against whom it was concluded. It could not therefore have been published, as many ably directed daily papers immediately supposed, as a warning to the Czar, nor to "official Russia." Indeed, if we are ready to share in both Prince Bismarck's and Lord Salisbury's expressed complete reliance in the pacific declarations of the Czar, we must admit that it was rather meant to help him to preserve the peace he so much desires, by informing the Russian war-party of the dangers into which their ardour was leading their country, than as a menace, which his haughty spirit could hardly brook. It was further, no doubt, intended to allay the suspicions of, and impart that confidence which is strength to, the irrepressible Magyars, whose accusations, outcries, and threats are often seriously embarrassing. Thus the publication was in itself important enough by the very peacefulness of its intent, and the revelation that the state of affairs was sufficiently critical to warrant so unusual a method of letting the public at large into state-secrets. It gains enormously in importance, viewed in the light of the speech delivered by Prince Bismarck immediately afterwards. Indeed, it would seem that the principal object of the publication, beyond and above the two already enumerated, was to make it serve as a background for one of the weightiest speeches Prince Bismarck has ever delivered. Weighty as it was, however, it has apparently done nothing to clear up the situation. The European press, as a whole, declares it to be peaceful; the Russian press has generally received it well; but the reports that Russia is massing her troops on her

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Western frontiers have not stopped, and Germany and Austria are increasing their strength, apparently in view of a strife which Prince Bismarck declares in his opinion is not imminent.

Since, however, he could not give publicly any other opinion unless he were anxious to precipitate war, it will perhaps be interesting to study what is the present political situation in Europe, and to endeavour thereby to arrive at some conclusion as to whether that opinion was an honest expression of the probabilities of the immediate future. In effecting this study it will be better to leave the peaceful tendencies of the rulers of nations on one side. If we had to deal only with them, peace would clearly be assured for some time to come. The German Emperor notoriously abhors a prospect of war; and even if events turned out so unhappily as to set Prince William ere long on the throne, that Prince himself has just given a categorical denial to those who assert his tendencies to be warlike: the Emperor of Austria is eminently peaceful, and our own Ruler still more so. King Humbert's declarations are all in favour of peace. As to the Czar, we have Prince Bismarck's own word for it that he is earnest in his asseverations for peace, and that Prince Bismarck himself fully believes in the Czar's word. In this belief he is absolutely supported by Lord Salisbury in his speech in the House of Lords on February 10th. We could not have better authority either for the Czar's assurances or for his sincerity in making them. But two instances will serve to show how little Czars, in spite of their honesty, are able to turn the current of events in the direction they desire. Lord Salisbury refers to the one negotiation his Government has had with the Russian Government, and emphatically describes the conduct of the latter in that negotiation to have "been not only conciliatory but eminently straightforward." The Penjdeh incident, however, is not yet forgotten, nor are the specific and solemn assurances which preceded it, nor the rewards to General Komaroff which followed it. The second instance to which I refer occurred in 1877. "There is," says the able Vienna correspondent of the *Standard* in a telegram dated February 10th, "in existence a despatch, dated April 16th, 1877, from General Dangenau, Austrian Ambassador in St. Petersburg, to Count Andrassy, Foreign Minister at the time, in which are these words: 'I had last night a long conversation with the Russian Emperor. His Majesty directed me to report to Vienna, and to bring it to the notice of His Majesty the Austrian Emperor, that he harbours

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no ideas of war, and is further than ever from wishing for, or waging war on Turkey.'" Exactly one week after this peaceful despatch was received in Vienna the Russian troops crossed the Pruth on their march to Constantinople.

If the Czar was honest then, there were certainly influences at work stronger than his will, and we have every reason for supposing that the same influences are still at work with an honest Czar now. The Nihilist or Revolutionary party, in order to effect the revolution for which they so ardently long, would not only not hesitate to precipitate war, but would be not unwilling to see Russia beaten. The declaration of war or the preservation of peace must, however, ultimately depend on the word of the Autocrat of all the Russias. Thus an enormous deal depends upon the waxing or waning of this influence over the Czar; for the war-at-any-price party here alluded to will continue to strain every nerve to get the upper-hand, and if it succeeds, war becomes certain. It forms a factor of which it is impossible to predicate with any certainty. Judging by the attitude of what is understood privately to be its leading organ, the *Novoe Vremya*, in regard to Prince Bismarck's speech, its leaders would seem to have made up their minds that they cannot yet work their will, and this, with all due respect to Prince Bismarck's humorous estimate of the worth of the press, is an important indication in the direction of peace. There is also another war-party in Russia, less thorough-paced than that just described—a purely military party. This would not desire war unless victory were well assured, and honour and glory certain. If it joined hands with the revolutionary party, the two together could almost certainly produce war. But in this case again the representative press speaks for peace, and we may conclude that the military party does not at this moment consider it advisable that war should break out.

What keeps it back now is the idea that there exists a coalition of forces against which it is hopeless for Russia, in her present state of preparedness, to throw herself. It is therefore essential to determine in the first place, whether this coalition is sufficiently strong to be able to keep Russia and any possible ally she may have in check; and secondly, whether it rests on grounds of mutual interest sufficiently strong to hold solidly together under a declaration of war either by Russia or her ally.

In regard to the first point, it requires no acumen to perceive that the probable ally of Russia would be France. Not that, in

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spite of the fulminations of M. Déroulède and others of the same way of thinking, and the rather ostentatious *rapprochement* between M. Floquet and Baron Mohrenheim, I at all believe in any probability of a formal alliance being concluded between France and Russia. There is no identity, but opposition, of interests between the two countries, and France, by aiding Russia to gain her ends in the East in order herself to recover possession of Alsace and Lorraine, would be stepping out of a frying-pan of doubtful discomfort into a fire of most decided heat. Prince Bismarck himself alludes to this conflict of French and Russian interests in his speech, when he states his conviction that, if Germany had been beaten in the war of 1870, the Treaty of London relating to the Black Sea would not have been so easily concluded. Moreover a war, whether successful or unsuccessful, would almost certainly lead to the overthrow of the Republic. Thoughtful French politicians may be aware of these facts, but they acknowledge that, should war break out between Russia and Germany, the *parti de la revanche* would become too strong for them, and that no Government could stand that did not immediately declare war upon Germany also. The fact, however, that this, although an extreme probability, is not an absolute certainty, must throw some weight into the scale on the side of peace with the Russian military party. Nevertheless the probability is so great, that I shall assume the certainty. In the way of other allies Russia would probably find none except perhaps Servia, which could be kept well in hand by Bulgaria, Montenegro, and possibly the rebellious parties in Macedonia aided by Greece, which will be better mentioned later on.

We must in the next place examine what is the coalition which would be found arrayed in opposition to Russia and her probable allies. The published treaty and Prince Bismarck's speech tell us that the Triple Alliance under certain circumstances is a solid fact. I shall have to examine later whether it would remain solid in circumstances other than those mentioned in the published treaty, but here it is sufficient to note that undoubtedly Germany, Austria, and Italy, are bound to resist an attack delivered on any one of the three by Russia and France.

It would be historically very interesting to know whether the form under which we now see the Treaty of the 7th of October, 1879, was really that which was originally given to it. There is, at any rate, this great advantage in the publication, that if there has been any change before, it can hardly be changed

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again now. There is no limit of time placed to it; it is expressly recognized by the German Chancellor as "an expression of *mutual and permanent* interest, no less on our side than on that of Austria." Italy's subsequent inclusion in the alliance of the two German Powers enormously strengthened the effect of this treaty, and after the triumphant allusions by Signor Crispi in his speech at Turin in October last to his "conspiring for peace" at Friedrichsruh, and the direct statement of Prince Bismarck the other day as to agreements with Italy, we may be sure that the Italian treaties are no less binding than that between Austria and Germany.

So far we are treading on certain ground. But the coalition cannot consist exclusively of these three Powers. Prince Bismarck alluded the other day to "similar ones (treaties) that exist between us and other Governments." What are those other Governments? The *Neue Freie Presse* published on the 11th of February what it affirmed to be an abstract of the several treaties amongst Germany, Austria and Italy, and added that special arrangements had been made by the two latter Powers and Great Britain in view of defending the Austrian and Italian coasts against a hostile landing. This account of the state of affairs was stated by the *Kölnische Zeitung* in a supposed "inspired" article to be correct. But we must remember that Lord Salisbury denies the existence of any written engagement binding England to the Central Powers. Sir James Fergusson, in answer to a recent question in the House of Commons, declared that no agreement unknown to the House had been entered into, pledging this country to any material action, which expression he further defined as meaning "military responsibility." From this, and from a further statement by Sir James Fergusson on February 16th, it is clear that although some kind of declaration has been made to the Central Powers, it is one of a merely platonic kind which does not definitely engage England, although it might engage Lord Salisbury to stake the existence of his government upon obtaining the assent of Parliament, to certain action under given circumstances. Such a declaration may no doubt have been euphemistically termed a "treaty" by Prince Bismarck, but England could not be said on account of it to form part of the coalition with which Russia would certainly have to deal. Still it is worth noting, especially in view of Lord Salisbury's somewhat emphatic assurance in regard to our interests in the South-East of Europe that "we shall not show

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ourselves more indifferent to those interests than those who have gone before us"—an assurance probably meant to dispose of any undesirable impressions which may have been produced in Russia by Lord Randolph Churchill's journey—that there is again an element of uncertainty as to England's course of action in case of Russian aggression in the East, which would weigh with the Russian military party on the side of peace. It is pretty certain that another treaty to which Prince Bismarck alluded is one with Spain. We may safely assume that Spain (by the influence of Italy, and with Morocco fears before her eyes) has been induced to join the Central Powers, at least to the extent that she would, in case of war being declared by France upon them, concentrate an army upon her Northern frontier, and would threaten Morocco, thus engaging the attention of two or three French army-corps.

There are probably no other engagements or treaties but these. But there are other Powers who may be expected to join the coalition in case of war in the East. Roumania, on account of her geographical position, could hardly keep clear of declaring herself for one side or the other. No doubt she would prefer preserving a judicious neutrality, a neutrality for which M. Stourdza, in his recent negotiations with Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky, endeavoured to obtain a guarantee whilst laying the foundations for future commercial treaties. But of course no such guarantee would be obtainable. Russia has been doing her best to gain Roumania to her side, and by the active exertions of M. Hitrovo has succeeded in creating a Russian party. But the majority of Roumanians have not forgotten the treatment which their country received at the hands of Russia, in return for the aid she afforded in the last Russo-Turkish war. Moreover, M. Bratiano has just obtained a large majority in the recent elections, and M. Bratiano is not to be gained by Russia. Therefore it is not rash to assume that, in spite of the unwise commercial difficulties raised by the Hungarians, the strength of Roumania will be thrown in against Russia. Again, although Turkey has certainly entered into no definite engagement with the Central Powers, and it is wholly opposed to her present methods to make any decided declaration of policy, she would in all probability mobilise if a general European war were to break out, and take the opportunity of endeavouring to recover what she lost in Asia Minor by the Treaty of Berlin. She would hold a strong Russian force in the Caucasus, and, in General von der Goltz's

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opinion, would be able to send three army-corps to form the extreme right of the forces of the coalition in Europe, besides keeping a sufficient force in Macedonia to keep down any insurrectionary movement, and on the Greek frontier to meet any danger from that quarter. Bulgaria would soon declare against Russia, but her sphere of usefulness would probably be limited to paralysing any hostile intentions of Servia; whilst Montenegro, the only other probable Russian ally, could be kept in check by the Albanians, strengthened by a few regular troops.

Thus, eliminating those forces which would paralyse each other from either side, the countries who would be in line in case of a combined attack by France and Russia upon the Central Powers would be: France and Russia themselves, upon the one hand; Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Turkey (three army-corps), and Roumania upon the other. France could put in line at the declaration of war 900,000 men, and ultimately 2,500,000, exclusive of Colonial and Algerian forces, without, however, sufficient artillery and cavalry for the latter numbers. But as, so far as her ability to render assistance to Russia is concerned, we must consider only the force she could bring to bear against the Triple Alliance, and Spain could place upon her Pyrenees frontier a force of 250,000 men, a deduction must be made of say 200,000 men on this account, and for the reinforcement of the forces in Tunis and Algeria. Russia has an army, on a peace footing, of 840,000 men, and could probably, if allowed time, set on foot a force of 4,000,000 men. How far this enormous number would be really available, seeing that the military reforms since 1878 have never been tested, and considering the insufficiency of means of transport and of roads in Russia, is doubtful. Moreover, von der Goltz and others discredit the numbers themselves, and assert that Russia could only with much difficulty bring 2,000,000 men to bear against the Central Powers. Making allowances for the forces that would be held in the Caucasus by Turkey, or required permanently in other parts of the Empire, and for the rapidity with which modern wars are conducted, it is better to assume the latter figure than the former. We thus arrive at a combined available force for France and Russia of 4,300,000 men.

On the other side, we have Germany, who could in a very short time put 2,000,000 men in the field (a number which under the action of the new military law will soon be greatly increased); Austria with 1,250,000 men; Roumania

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with 200,000; whilst Turkey's three army-corps would furnish, say 100,000 more. Italy, if she could be sure of immunity against a French naval attack upon her coasts, could furnish ultimately 1,000,000 men; but unless at the outset of the war the French fleet were completely beaten, or unless the naval preponderance on the side of the coalition were so great as to practically insure the safety of the Italian coasts, she could not move more than 500,000 men, if indeed so many. The length of her coast-line and the narrowness of her territory render her peculiarly vulnerable to an attack from the sea, and she must keep a large number of men ready, and so placed all along her coasts as to be able to meet any such attack suddenly delivered at any point, unless her fleet is overwhelmingly strong as compared with that of her adversary.

To institute a comparison between the naval forces of Russia and France, and of the coalition, is almost impossible. By mere published naval returns, numbers are certainly in favour of the former, but so many deductions have to be made for ships that are no longer serviceable except as hulks, for others only fit for coastguard service and so on, that their numbers tell hardly anything. The deductions to be made on the French side on this account are more than those to be made on that of Italy, the greater number of whose ships are of recent type and construction. Spain also has a good and rapidly increasing fleet in the Mediterranean. It will be safe to assume that the combined naval forces of Italy, Germany, Austria and Spain, are fully equal to those of Russia and France. Therefore if England were to formally join the alliance of the Central Powers the naval preponderance would be altogether on their side, and Italy would be free to throw her whole military weight into the scale. This is one of the chief reasons which renders the adhesion of England so exceedingly desirable in the eyes of the allies; and here again the uncertainty as to what may be her eventual action must weigh decidedly for peace with the Russian military party.

Leaving, however, England out of account, the forces on either side, both naval and military, appear to be about equal so far as mere numbers are concerned. But there are other factors besides numbers to be considered, such as quality, and the power of using available forces to the greatest advantage. Taking all things into account, the balance of strength is on the side of the coalition; in any case the possibility of Russia being decidedly successful in case of war is extremely remote. So long

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as this is the case, the military party in Russia will not press for war, nor even desire it; and, seeing the peaceful inclinations of the Czar, the balance of probability is against the wishes of the out-and-out war-party being realized, and in favour of peace.

I will now proceed to consider very summarily whether the alliance of the three Central Powers is likely to stand the strains to which it may probably be subjected. Its permanence depends, as I have before stated, simply on the strength of mutual interest, by which it is cemented. To Austria the danger comes from one side only (for, under the effect probably of future material advantages, the old Italian hatred has sufficiently died out to be left out of account)—from Russia. If Russia succeeds in annexing Roumania, Bulgaria, and most of European Turkey (and with hideous disregard of the feelings of our Russophils she hardly attempts now to conceal that that is her wish), the Slav States of Austria would be russified, and Austria, at any rate in her present form, would disappear. Germany would then be still more powerfully gripped between Russia and France; indeed so intolerable would be her position, that she could hardly retain the rank of a first-class Power. It is essential for Germany that Austria should live and be strong. It is equally essential for Austria that Germany should be her firm ally, for, single-handed, Russia could overwhelm her.

There can thus be no doubt as to the thorough sincerity of Prince Bismarck's expression of the permanent mutuality of the interests of Austria and Germany. The position of Italy is somewhat different to that of the other two States. Whereas Germany has all she requires, and desires only to be left in quiet possession of what is hers, and Austria can only manage to keep what she has got with considerable difficulty, Italy has no trouble in keeping what she already has, and wants more. She is the most aggressive, though perhaps the least strong of the three, and is eager for a great future. For the latter reason she will never, if she can help it, suffer Russia to come down to the shores of the Mediterranean to swamp her with her overwhelming strength. Nor will feelings of gratitude ever prevent her from exerting her power to weaken France. Whilst France is strong, Italy cannot take the position in the Mediterranean to which she aspires, and this fact, as well as the very natural hatred with which the French regard Italy, M. Flouren's friendly explanation of his speeches at Briançon and Gap notwithstanding, is a permanent element in the situation. Thus Italy has great and

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durable mutual interests, both as against Russia and France, and her defection from the alliance is not to be feared. At the same time it is pretty certain that when the fight is over, Austria will have to pay her for her trouble.

I have so far only considered the contingency provided for in the first two clauses of the Treaty of October 7th, 1879. The event of France becoming the single-handed attacker of Germany is so highly improbable, that it may be left out of account. The same may be said in regard to her attacking Italy, though, as the Florence affair showed, she will not miss an opportunity of reminding Italy that she is not to be trifled with.

Practically no attacks are to be feared except from Russia,—the Czar holds war or peace in the hollow of his hand. I have already shown why it is probable that no direct attack will be made by Russia on the Central Powers; the only other real danger of a break of the peace in Europe would be the adoption of forcible action by Russia in Bulgaria. And here we certainly seem to find Germany and Austria somewhat at variance. Both Count Kalnoky and Herr Tisza have declared in the most positive way that Austria-Hungary will not suffer the establishment of the preponderance of any one Power in the Balkans. In other words, if Russia attempts to establish her preponderance in Bulgaria by force, Austria must declare war to prevent it. On the other hand, Prince Bismarck declares quite as emphatically that Bulgaria is without the sphere of Germany's interests, and that he is not going to Bulgaria for the pleasure of picking a quarrel with Russia; on the contrary, he is prepared to assist that country to obtain a preponderant influence in Bulgaria, so far as it is compatible with the Treaty of Berlin. This part of the declaration certainly amounts to nothing, since the preponderant influence of any country would be wholly *in*compatible with the Treaty of Berlin. As to the remainder of it, it may up to a certain point be true. Up to the point where Austria, or Austria and Italy together, with such allies as Roumania and Turkey, should commence to get the worst of it in a struggle with Russia, Germany would look on complacently. But after that point Germany would, in her own interest be bound to go to the rescue, and we should see exactly the same combinations as have been considered before,—France and Russia against the Triple Alliance and its allies. The military party in Russia are perfectly aware of this, and therefore in the case of Bulgaria peace is the probability also, and not war. There are other

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contingencies to be remembered, such as a possible attack by Russia upon Turkey in Armenia and Lagistan, or an attempt to take Constantinople by a rush from the Black Sea without first marching through Roumania and Bulgaria. These, however, would be mere pawns in the game, and the risk of its having to be played out to the end at once is in all probability sufficient to keep Russia from endeavouring to secure them.

The Bulgarian Question is the most dangerous point on the present horizon, and its settlement should, if possible, be no longer deferred. The situation is curiously humiliating to the Liberal Great Powers of Europe. Russia, by absurdly misusing her opportunities, and by giving a shamefully free hand to the Günzbourgs and Pouliakovs and their band of clients or supporters, by a series of gross mistakes which culminated in the kidnapping of Prince Alexander and the mission of General Kaulbars, utterly destroyed the very natural influence which she possessed in Bulgaria after the Russo-Turkish war. The Bulgarians, disgusted with the misgovernment and greedy corruption of their Russian rulers (as they practically were), elect a Prince of their own choosing to succeed to the throne whence the Russians had driven the sovereign who had been the Czar's nominee. That election is perfectly legal, and is the undoubted expression of the large majority of the representatives of the People; but because Russia did not select him, and opposes her veto, not one single Power has the courage to recognize him. The case is not unlike that of Roumania and Wallachia when, in 1858, they effected their complete union by electing the same Prince. This was against the spirit though not the letter of the Treaty of Paris, and at first there was a little hesitation to recognize the Prince; but first one Power gave way and then another, until in 1861 we find the Porte assenting to the union on the recommendation of the Powers. It is greatly to be regretted that the Powers do not see their way to following a similar course now in the case of Russia and Bulgaria.

This, however, is by the way. I have stated my belief that in the present situation the probabilities are in favour of peace. There remains one point to be explained in its relation to this conjecture—the massing of troops by Russia on her Western frontier. This would, if true, be certainly a warlike sign, but I do not believe it to be true to anything like the extent which has been reported. The *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger*, a most

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accurate and carefully conducted paper, supports this view, and information, both private and other, leads me to the conclusion that during the last year, though there may have been a re-arrangement of troops in the military districts of Wilna, Warsaw, and Kiev, there has been no movement of troops from the interior of Russia to the Western frontiers worth speaking of; whilst from 1880 to 1887 only one division of infantry and one of cavalry were so moved, the 41st infantry division from the Caucasus to Minsk, the 13th division of cavalry from Moscow to Lublin. At the present moment in the three above-named military districts, which constitute the first line for a war upon the Western frontiers, there are eight and a half army-corps. This is certainly a large force, but it is spread over a great extent of territory. In German and Austrian territory of corresponding extent there are nineteen army-corps. It must further be remembered that the railway system of Russia, and her means of communication, are so defective as to render rapid mobilisation impossible. Under these circumstances it does not seem that Russia is conveying any threat by gradually moving her troops into positions of greater advantage, indeed in so doing she is merely following the lead of the other Great Powers of Continental Europe. Even if she moved up the whole of the seventeen army-corps intended for a European war, and concentrated them in territories of extent equal to those of Germany and Austria, she would still be at a disadvantage, both in strength and in means of mobilisation, as compared with the two Central Empires. She is now only preparing, but the day when she will be ready is still far off.

Thus, to resume shortly: my reasons for believing that peace will for the present be preserved are that the out-and-out revolutionary war-party in Russia is not strong enough to force the Czar's hand; that the military war-party does not consider Russia sufficiently prepared for war; that the coalition of the Central Powers and their probable allies is unaggressive and sufficiently strong to keep the aggressive Powers, Russia and France, in check; that that coalition rests upon permanent grounds of common interest, and is in no danger therefore of breaking up under a strain; and that, although Russia may be re-arranging her forces (possibly with a view to being listened to more deferentially in regard to Bulgaria) so as to have them more effectively at her disposal, this is not a recent or sudden measure, nor intended to convey a threat.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

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The Midland Railway.*

TWENTY years since, when by the Disraeli Reform Bill a third member was given to what were then the seven largest provincial towns in England, it was remarked that the Midland was the only railway company that ran to every one of the seven. To-day, an eighth town, Nottingham, situated in the heart of the Midland system, has increased till it can claim to rank as the equal of Bradford and Bristol. There remain four other places in Great Britain with a population over 150,000, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and Hull. Glasgow and Edinburgh may almost be said to be on the Midland system: to Hull the Midland run their own trains; while even from Newcastle, the familiar red carriages of the Midland convey passengers without a change all the way south to Cheltenham and Bristol.

The steps by which the vast concern that we see to-day was gradually built up, have been described by Mr. F. S. Williams in his 'History of the Midland Railway.' But as the tale takes 700 pages octavo in the telling, we must not attempt to follow him. Suffice it to say now that nearly fifty years ago there was a railway from Leeds to Derby, known as the North Midland, and that two other local companies, the Birmingham and Derby, and the Midland Counties, competed together for the privilege of carrying forward its traffic for the South. The Birmingham

* No mention will be found in this article of mail trains or of newspaper trains, and but slight notice of the work of the great goods stations. On the other hand, coal, hitherto neglected, will occupy a foremost place. Not but that the North-Western carries millions of tons of coal, and the Midland millions of letters and newspapers. But just as the North-Western is the principal mail route, so the Midland has long been recognised as the leading coal line. Exigencies of space will only permit, as a rule, that a subject shall be mentioned once, and it is as well therefore to discuss it in the place to which it more peculiarly belongs. The same explanation of apparent omissions must also be pleaded as holding good in subsequent articles.—W. M. A.

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and Derby fell into the main line of the London and Birmingham at Hampton, the Midland Counties ran through Loughborough and Leicester, and did not touch the London and Birmingham till it reached Rugby. After a furious conflict, in the course of which the Birmingham and Derby was at one time carrying through passengers for 2*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*, while its local fares for the same distance were 8*s.* and 6*s.*, the three companies finally amalgamated in 1844 as the Midland Railway, with "King" Hudson as the first chairman of the united company.

From that day to this the centre of the system has been at Derby, a fact that has profoundly affected the whole subsequent course of Midland history. The North-Western, the Great Western, the Great Northern, or any other of the lines with termini in London, may fairly enough be compared to a tree. They have in their suburban lines roots striking out in all directions into the soil of the metropolis, with the vitalizing sap of traffic flowing thence to and fro along the trunk, and permeating through two or three main branches into countless small ramifications in the remotest corners of the country. The tree may be huge and wide-reaching, but however vigorous be its growth, it can only develop upwards and outwards from its main trunk. For the Midland, on the other hand, we must go for a simile to the animal world. It is a great heart with its life-blood pulsating through countless arteries out from the centre of the body to the furthest extremities. But the corpuscules with which heart and arteries are charged and congested are not red but black—they are lumps of coal. "Coal!" a certain Mr. B. of the London and Birmingham is reported to have exclaimed, when it was first suggested that his railway should carry so humble a commodity, "why, they'll be asking us to carry dung next." It is on record, that when coal trucks first passed over this line they were "sheeted" down that their contents might not be suspected; and at Weedon, where coal was transferred to the railway from the barges of the Grand Junction Canal, there stood for many years a high screen, erected originally to conceal the ignominious transaction from the gaze of the passing traveller. But the Midland Company originated in the desire of the Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire coal masters to find an outlet towards the South for the product of their pits. It was coal, first in its raw state, and secondly in the wares that it has mainly helped to manufacture, that in the course of little more than a generation raised the Midland from its original position as a

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mere local line into its situation to-day, when its arms extend to London, Bournemouth, Bristol and Swansea on the one side, and to King's Lynn, Carlisle and Liverpool on the other.

Probably there are not many people nowadays who are aware that, if the Midland is the latest, it also was the earliest of the through routes to Scotland. It is less than twenty years since the Midland reached London, and little more than half that time since it pushed its way to Carlisle. But before the Great Northern on the one side, or the Lancaster and Carlisle on the other, was born or thought of, Scotch passengers went to Rugby by the London and Birmingham, thence by the Midland to Normanton, and on to the Border by York, and Newcastle. Later on, when the East Coast route on the one side, and the West Coast on the other, was formed into a compact through system, the Midland seemed likely to be surrounded and choked by the rapid and luxuriant growth of its rivals. The directors therefore felt that they must endeavour to become independent, and the history of the Company for twenty years is little more than the history of this struggle. Nothing, however, is more instructive than to watch its course.

As we have said, the original Midland route to London was by Rugby to Euston; but the North-Western traffic grew, and the Midland traffic grew, till the line was not big enough to hold them both. Naturally North-Western traffic, even if not first come, was first served, and on one occasion it is said there were five miles of Midland coal trains blocked back at Rugby. Then, early in the fifties, the Midland set to work to get a second string to their bow. They built a line from Leicester to Bedford, and on to join the Great Northern at Hitchin, and so found their way into King's Cross. But the traffic went on growing, till again it overflowed. In the Exhibition year 1862, there were 1000 Midland passenger-trains and 2400 Midland goods-trains delayed in the thirty-two miles between Hitchin and London. And so the necessity of the extension to St. Pancras became manifest, and to-day we can look back and wonder how any one could be so blind as not to see it. The North-Western has laid down four lines all the way to Rugby; the Great Northern has either three or four lines almost the whole way to Huntingdon; and they both have quite enough to do to carry their own traffic. As for the Midland, there are over 300 trains a day on some parts of the road between Leicester and London, and, spite of relief lines at

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Kettering and relief lines at Wellingbro', it taxes the ingenuity of the traffic superintendent to find room for everything.

One fact seems worth mentioning in this connection. To some railway critics a line is a line, and nothing more, and they are shocked to hear that while English railways have cost very nearly £50,000 a mile, the average in Germany is little more than £20,000, and in the United States only about £11,000. The difference, they suggest, must be due to fraud or folly, or to both combined. Such critics may be surprised to hear, that of the hundred miles from Leicester to London the first half cost about £1,700,000, while the second fifty miles has implied an expenditure of about £9,000,000. The £9,000,000, it is true, includes not only the main line, but the London extensions since constructed, the goods and mineral depôts on both sides of the river, St. Pancras Station and Hotel, and similar items, all of which, however, are counted in to swell the capital cost per mile. On the other hand, the £1,700,000 allowed for the whole line as far as Hitchin, sixteen miles beyond Bedford, and for the rolling stock to work it as well. And ever since, we may venture to believe, each time he has had to find a pilot engine to take some heavy express between Bedford and Leicester, the locomotive superintendent has agreed with the engineer whose permanent way has been knocked about by the weight, and the traffic manager who cannot have the conscience to ask for a faster speed than fifty miles an hour up the Desborough and the Sharnbrook and the Kibworth "banks," in thinking that, if the Bedford and Leicester line had not been built with quite so strict a regard for economy, it would have been better both for the officers and the shareholders of the Company.

The great St. Pancras Hotel, which cost a fair slice out of the nine millions, was constructed, as all the world knows, by Sir Gilbert Scott, according to a design with which he gained the prize in an open competition. How he came, on this single occasion, to compete for the construction of an hotel at all, is perhaps not so well known; but London is said (and we have the story on good authority) to owe what is admittedly one of its finest buildings to the fact that the illness of a member of his family detained Sir Gilbert in town during the dead season. But the design with which the great architect solaced his enforced leisure was never carried out in its integrity. As originally planned, the first floor of the building was to accommodate the general offices of the Company, which were to

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be moved from Derby. But the great financial crash of 1867 came in to constrain the Midland Company, like everybody else, to rigid economy, and this scheme was abandoned, and so the hotel to-day lacks one story of its intended height.

St. Pancras terminus, with its span of 240 feet—the widest in existence, 30 feet wider than the two spans of the adjoining King's Cross Station put together—is too familiar to need description, as far at least as its appearance above ground is concerned. It has, however, this peculiarity of construction, that it is, as it has been accurately called, "all roof." The station walls are nothing but screens to keep out wind and weather, and carry no part of the weight of the structure. The girders of the roof come down right to the ground level, where they rest upon rows of iron columns. The tie rods, to hold the girders together, are not, as in ordinary roofs, overhead, but are simply the beams on which the floor of the passenger station rests. But the passenger station is only a small part of the St. Pancras works. Underneath it there are vast cellars that must receive in the course of a year almost as many barrels of beer as there are travellers who pass through the station above. Three special beer trains, and more when the October brewings are on, leave Burton for London every day by the Midland route alone. Single firms reckon their storage space at St. Pancras by the acre and their stock of barrels by the tens of thousands. Yet one stage lower, along the front of the hotel, beneath the terrace, runs an unused tunnel, through which the Metropolitan can any day they choose lay two additional lines; while, crossing and recrossing beneath the station itself, winds the Midland's own line on its way from Kentish Town to join the Metropolitan. Finally, deep down below all, the Fleet, once a river, then a ditch, and now a sewer, flows along its new subterranean bed of colossal iron drain-pipes.

And if it cost the Company £9,000,000 to establish themselves in London, their outlet to the North, partly from the determination that the line should be as good as money could make it, partly from the fact that it was built in the years of inflated prices after 1870, has required very nearly another £4,000,000, or (including branches) £50,000 a mile for the eighty miles between Carlisle and Settle. The Lancaster and Carlisle, which was opened in 1846, in days when engineers had found that engines could round curves and climb hills that would have made the railway men of ten years earlier stare and gasp,

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and had not yet learnt that it might not always pay to make them do it, cost originally no more than £1,300,000 for much the same length of line. But then the Lancaster and Carlisle has not only some nasty sharp curves, but a gradient of 1 in 75 for five miles, while on the Settle line there is no gradient worse than 1 in 100.

Probably £20,000 a mile, or thereabouts, is as low a price as any line can be built that is to come up to English standards. At the present moment, the Midland are taking advantage of the unexampled low price at which contracts can be let, and are constructing a short line, eleven and three-quarter miles in length, from Ilkley to Skipton, passing not very far from Bolton Abbey. The gradients are favourable, the work on the whole easy; there are three viaducts, none of them of any great size, and one tunnel of about a furlong. The amounts estimated cost a quarter of a million. Short and unimportant, however, as the line is, it is a perfect microcosm of railway construction; with this further advantage, that the job is not large enough to employ any of the modern labour-saving appliances, steam navvies, or compressed-air boring-machines, and everything is being done by hand in the old-fashioned method.

Any one who wishes to know how a railway is built can hardly do better than go to Ilkley, where the air, even if it be not (as the natives declare) the finest in the world, certainly does not fall far short of that high distinction. Then let him walk along the line and see, how in one place the cutting is carried through the most obdurate of all obstacles, the boulder-clay; how, a little further on, the peat has been dug away to afford a solid foundation; how, in a third place, the embankment has been floated on brushwood, as Stephenson floated his famous road across Chat Moss. Let him notice the elaborate drainage, lest water should lodge anywhere to undermine the security of the permanent way; notice too the substantial stone bridges, in some instances not more than 200 yards apart, built for the convenience of a few sheep or an occasional farm cart, because even this is cheaper than the price that must otherwise be paid as compensation for severance; and then he will have observed at least one reason why English railways are beyond all comparison dearer than those of our Continental neighbours. Then let him reflect that the working expenses of the traffic that is to be will swallow up half the gross receipts, and that therefore the railway manager, if he is to earn 5 per cent. on the new

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capital, must succeed in creating new traffic worth £2000 a mile, or £40 per mile a week, and he will hardly go away without feelings both of admiration and sympathy for the men who grapple, and grapple successfully, with tasks like these.

If, however, our imaginary visitor is inclined for exercise of a more active kind than mere walking, let him mount upon one of the small "pug" engines that the contractor has at work, and hold on while it skips and bounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour over the uneven surface of the temporary road. When we were there, one of the engines was standing with a train of empty tip-waggons between it and the direction in which we wished to travel. There were no points, or means by which it was possible for the engine to run round, and so get rid of them. However, up we got, and set off with the waggons dancing away merrily in front of us. At one point we came to a gap that had been cut in the rock only just wide enough to allow the passage of the train, and as truck after truck rose over the opening and then pitched down abruptly on the further side, it looked for all the world as if it were a flock of sheep that we were chasing through a gap.

Finally, if he wishes to experience an uncanny sensation, let him go on to where the tunnel is in progress, and arming himself with a dip candle stuck into a lump of wet clay, let him push his way through pools of mud and water, past the loaded trucks that are drawing out the "spoil," over or under the scaffolding from which the bricklayers are putting in the lining, on to where the navvies are working away at the face with pick and crowbar, with boring rod and blasting powder. Or if the sickly smell of the powder, the oppressive gloom which the smoky glimmer of innumerable dips only renders more oppressive, and the steady and filthy drip, drip, from the roof above have not yet availed to quench his ardour of exploration, let him move on a stage further, and crawl forward into the heading that is being driven to meet the works that have been undertaken from the other end. After this crowning experience of tunnel excavation, he will have at least some faint conception of what it must be to work in a tunnel, miles away from the opening and the light of heaven, whether it be in the bowels of a mountain like the Mont Cenis or the St. Gotthard, or with a great river like the Severn or the Mersey swirling over one's head.

But we must not stay longer over the anatomy of the extremities, but come at once to the heart of the system where

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the "traffic-blood," as Mr. Williams calls it, pulsates in the fullest and most ample streams. But how to describe the engorgement of the aorta? We calculate that at Derby itself, and in the immediate neighbourhood, about three hundred miles of trucks are sorted each week. Let us sketch the process as we first saw it. We left Derby Station on an engine about 8 o'clock in the evening of a bright day in July. As there were on the footplate not only the driver and his fireman, but one of the chief officers of the line, an inspector, and the writer, there was naturally not over much room; but it had been agreed that if a saloon were attached, it would only be in the way in the devious course that we proposed to traverse. Fortunately we were going neither far nor fast, and there was little need for the fireman to ply his shovel.

The first point for which we made was Chaddesden, only about a mile outside the town, where the goods traffic converges from every point of the compass, and is rearranged, made up into fresh trains, and again sent forward. Here a train arrives and leaves every seven and a half minutes throughout the twenty-four hours, and of course at much shorter intervals in the early evening. As Nature has not been kind enough to provide a convenient slope like that at Edgehill,—and indeed as the traffic goes away in both directions instead of being mainly outwards, as is the case at Liverpool, it would be necessary to provide not one slope but two,—another method of sorting has to be adopted. A train arrives, its engine is uncoupled, and a second or shunting engine is attached at the back. This new engine then pushes the train forward to a shunting-neck, which opens out into no less than thirty-five lines. The couplings between the separate "shunts"—the single trucks, that is, or sets of trucks for the different destinations—are meanwhile unhooked; to each shunt one or more horses are attached, and the trucks are by them drawn forward into their appointed siding. A train of forty trucks is in this way broken up in from three and a half to four and a half minutes. Six engines and from fifty to a hundred horses are constantly at work here, and the cost of working was stated some years back to amount to upwards of £27,000 per annum. When we were there on a fine summer's evening the work was easy enough, but we were assured that in cold winter weather, with the grease frozen in the axle-boxes of the trucks, instead of one horse to three trucks the proportion was often three horses to one truck. When to

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frost there is added the yet more cruel impediment of a fog, the work becomes sometimes almost more than flesh and blood can stand. But it is got through somehow, though how they do it is more than the men themselves can tell.

Chaddesden seen, we remounted our engine and steamed to the further end of the sidings, our inspector, who seemed to know exactly what point on the line each particular train would have reached at each particular moment, assuring us that we might get away as soon as the so-and-so "passenger" had passed, and run out in front of the "goods" that was booked to follow it. But the first thing to be done was to draw up opposite the signal-box, and tell the signalman who we were and what we wanted; for though signals drop on the approach of a regular train as readily as the turnpike gates flew open before the advent of John Gilpin, a very wilderness of red lamps affronts the gaze of the unexpected intruder. We explain our mission; we are bound for Toton, some ten miles off, which, though Bradshaw know it not, and the published time-tables be ignorant of it, is yet one of the largest railway centres in England. The man signals to the cabin in advance; one beat on the bell of the block instrument to call attention; one beat comes back in reply. He answers with five beats—"be ready; 'light' engine coming." The advance cabin repeats the signal; says, that is in railway language, that the section is clear, and he is ready to receive us; the signal-arm drops, and off we speed into the night. In a few minutes we are at Trent, where, according to Lord Grimthorpe, the bewildered passenger is wont to see red lights glaring in front of him, and to shrink in momentary expectation of a collision, till his fellow-passenger calms his fears by telling him they are only the tail-lamps of his own train. But whatever the curve may be, it is not sharp enough to bring the tail-lamps of our tender before our faces, and the signals are off for us to pass through and up the Erewash Valley line; so we stop but a moment to hand out a bag and a hamper we had brought with us, and a mile or two further brings us to Toton.

Chaddesden dealt mainly with goods traffic; Toton is concerned almost wholly with minerals. Unfamiliar as its name may be, if the coal that is burnt in our London fires could speak, well-nigh half of it would acknowledge its acquaintance with the place. For it is here that the bulk of the produce of the great Derbyshire and South Yorkshire coal-fields is collected and made up into trains ready for despatch southwards. Here the

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Company has the natural lie of the ground in its favour. The coal comes down the gently-sloping valley of the sluggish river in full loads, and back up the hill again the engines have nothing to haul but the empty waggons. Right through the middle of the sidings runs the main line to the North, with four sets of rails, one pair for passengers and one for goods; and no truck, whether full or empty, may venture, without urgent cause, to trespass upon the passenger lines. On the up-side of the line the full trucks are sorted; on the down-side the returned empties, with an independent staff and different engines. Here too the engines are helped by horses, and it is curious to watch how the clever beasts never put their shoulders to the collar till the engine has "hit up" the trucks and started them. And so, heavy as the work looks, they are none the worse for it; one fat and contented-looking old mare, who seemed to have plenty of work still left in her, has, we are assured, been here fifteen years already. As there are about fifty horses engaged, and between three and four million tons of coal pass through Toton in the course of a twelvemonth, we calculated that that old mare must have hauled a million tons of coal in the course of her useful if uneventful life.

The Toton stables contain not only fifty horses, but seventy engines, which work the trains from here to Wellingbro', half-way on the main line to London, as well as to Peterborough, to Rugby, and to Birmingham. In the late engine-drivers' strike, Toton was one of the leading centres of the movement. Strangely enough at Wellingbro', a precisely similar position, which finds the engines to work the coal forward to London, hardly a man left his post. But the Midland drivers never had a chance of success, and though Friday and Saturday, the two first days of the strike, during which 18,000 telegrams passed through Derby station, were an anxious time for the officials, it was evident from the very first that the passenger traffic could be kept moving, and if that was done, the rest was easy. There were scores of miles of sidings round Derby where goods and coal waggons could be left standing till fresh men were obtained to work the trains; if need were, one line of the less important branches could be pressed into the service as a continuous siding, while the traffic could be worked through on the other. But in fact it was only for about two days that even the goods service was seriously disorganized. At Tibshelf Sidings, a place a few miles beyond Toton which deals with

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some forty trains a day, there was not a single truck that was not cleared off by Sunday morning.

But we must get back to our engine, which, after a series of successful but complicated manœuvres, is now standing on a convenient siding ready to escape at the first favourable opportunity. Our next destination is Beeston, a mile or two to the west of Nottingham, which performs for the Nottinghamshire coal coming down the valley of the Leen, a stream which rises in the grounds of Newstead Abbey, the same functions that Toton performs for the collieries of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The work here is done entirely by engines, which puff monotonously to and fro, and so lacks the life and animation that the movement of the horses, and the cries of their drivers lend to the operations at Chaddesden and Toton.

When we got back to Trent, whence the writer was to return to London, it was past three o'clock, and after a short interval, during which we explored the contents of the hamper that the care of the inspector had provided, the engine with the rest of its occupants returned to Derby, and the writer was left to wait for the "First Scotch," which was due to arrive at 4.36. To our disgust we were informed that it was 45 minutes late *ex* Carlisle. At 5.22 in came two huge engines with twenty coaches behind them. Dropping the "pilot," we ran along the level valley of the Soar to Leicester, gaining one minute *en route* on the published time. We started from Leicester at 5.56, needless to say with a "pilot" on, as we were booked to run without stopping the 99¼ miles into London in only two minutes over the two hours. Leaving the flat meadows at Leicester, we were to climb to 368 feet above sea-level at Kibworth, to drop down again to Market Harbro'; up the great Desbro' bank to a height of 435 feet; down again to Wellingbro', and up again once more over three hundred feet at Sharnbrook Summit, only to descend again to the marshy levels of the Ouse at Bedford. Then again a long steady pull, till at Leagrave above Luton we are once more 367 feet above sea-level, and our run down the incline past St. Albans only leads to an equal ascent to bring us up to Elstree, till at length we get a long straight course down hill just at the point where the growing accumulation of the London traffic renders any hope of exceptional speed impossible. But of all this we were on this occasion blissfully unconscious.

When, however, we tumbled out of the carriage on to the

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platform at St. Pancras, our first instinct was to look at the clock. We could hardly believe our eyes; the hands said 7.53, but we refused to believe them till our own and the guard's watches confirmed their tale. We had come from Leicester, 100 miles all but three-quarters, over one of the hardest courses in England, in three minutes under the two hours. The mere speed on paper is only a fraction short of fifty-one miles an hour, but when we allow for gradients and the weight of the train (pilot engine though there might be), it was a performance that could hold its own even by the side of the magnificent burst that brings the Great Northern over the 105½ miles between Grantham and London in precisely the same space of time. Some days afterwards we had the opportunity of examining the guard's journal, for of every train on the line the guard, at the end of its journey, sends into headquarters a detailed record, specifying what vehicles were on the train, and where they were attached and detached; what delays, if any, occurred, and by what they were occasioned; where engines were changed, and anything remarkable that may have happened. From the journal it appeared that the train was delayed one minute at Normanton and one minute at Finchley by the signal being against it, so our run ought really to have been one minute faster.

But what the journal could not show was yet more remarkable. Past all the other hundreds of signals along its course our train had run unchecked. And yet, seeing that it was three-quarters of an hour after its time, its proper place in the time table must have been filled with goods trains and mineral trains that were timed to leave every junction and every refuge siding all along the line a few minutes after the time at which it ought to have passed. As long as the times of a train on the main line near London depend on the single-line working of some Scotch company 500 miles away, absolute punctuality (especially at fifty miles an hour) is of course unattainable. Thanks, however, to the block system, unpunctuality is no longer, as it used to be, a source of serious danger; but it says not a little, both for the perfect discipline and carefully thought-out regulations of our railway management, and also for the prompt intelligence of the men themselves, that out of three hundred signalmen in three hundred cabins, where they reign as undisputed sovereigns, not one fails to keep a clear road for the express, come when it may, and this without so delaying the ordinary traffic as to render it unworkable.

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But we must not suffer ourselves to be led away, to sing the glories of the great English expresses, or attempt to enter into a contest with that laureate of railway speed, Mr. Foxwell. Let us return to Derby, and humbly making our way on foot through the shops, let us see where his iron steeds are born and reared. As we enter, one of them is just coming out bright in his owner's colours, red with black and yellow hoops, for his first race. In orthodox fashion the first step is to weigh out, only in this case it is the horse that is weighed as well as his rider. And here we fear our metaphor will serve us no further. The engine runs on to a long weigh-bridge divided into three parts, the front part carrying the four small wheels of the bogie truck, the middle the driving wheels, and the third portion the trailing wheels that are coupled to them. Alongside is a small building with glazed front, and inside are three corresponding standards, each with a lever arm on either side. So in this way can be recorded not only the exact weight upon each pair of wheels, but also how much of that weight is borne upon the right-hand and left-hand wheel respectively. Of course the two sides should be equally balanced, but otherwise the weight is by no means intended to be distributed in what the lawyers would call equal undivided third parts. Say the engine weighs forty-two tons, sixteen tons of this ought to be on the driving axle, about three tons less on the other pair of coupled wheels, leaving another thirteen to be carried by the bogie in front. A less weight on the driving wheels would diminish the power of the engine, while more would be too severe a strain for the permanent way and the under-bridges. The engine we saw had over twenty tons on one axle, and so had to go back to the shops and get the screws that regulate the springs adjusted. An ingenious person calculated the other day that the average price of an engine is about 3¼*d.* per lb. all round. Considering that a locomotive consists of upwards of 5000 pieces, which, in Robert Stephenson's phrase, "must be put together as carefully as a watch," it cannot, we think, be denied that the price is strictly reasonable.

In these fugitive notes it is impossible to attempt to describe a place like the works at Derby, where many thousands of men are employed, and the engines and the carriages and the trucks—for they are all built here—can each of them be counted by the hundred. Let us briefly notice one or two points that struck us In the old days, when the load was heavy or the rails were greasy, it was the duty of the fireman to clamber along the front

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of his engine and sprinkle sand along the rails to increase the "bite," and many a poor fellow lost hold with his numbed fingers, and fell off and was run over while doing so. Of late years in every engine shed is a furnace for drying sand, and the dry sand is conducted down to within an inch of the front of the wheels through a pipe that can be opened or closed from the footplate. But dry sand may blow off the rails and so be useless, or again the pipe may clog; and to meet this the new Midland engines are fitted with a steam jet that not only moistens the sand, but forcibly drives it down on to the rails. The engineers, however, on the St. Gotthard, and also the manager of one of the Welsh railways, have advanced beyond this point, and have adopted a steam jet, not in addition to, but in place of the old sprinkling of sand. For, strange though it may seem, it is yet a well-known fact, that while an engine can only drag half its normal load on rails that are merely damp, as soon as they become wet it can draw what is practically its full load again. The jet of live steam has another advantage, that it melts any snow that may be lying on the track.

In all the shops there is perhaps no more interesting point than the laboratory in which mechanical tests of material are made. A new consignment, let us say, of rails, or of wheel-tires, of crank axles or of boiler-plates, has been received. Portions are cut off (and in making comparisons care must be exercised that the sample of each class of article is taken from the same place), and then they are bent to test whether they are mild or highly tempered; they are crushed beneath the tremendous pressure of a hydraulic ram; they are torn asunder, both to test their tensile strength, and also that the appearance of the fracture may be minutely studied. Specimens, numbered and dated, and labelled with the maker's name, contorted some of them into the most fantastic shapes, are ranged in glass cases all round the room. The makers' names are few, and for the most part world-famous. Too much may hang on the strength of a boiler-plate or a driving-axle for a company to be tempted to employ any but firms with an established reputation for first-class work. But, as far as we could gather, there is no best firm. One year A. may take the lead in one thing and B. in another, and the next year C. may be beyond them in both. A uniform standard of excellence is valued more than an average which is higher, but obtained as the mean of wider variations.

Nor were steel and iron the only materials that were tested

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here. A series of experiments had been conducted to settle whether English or foreign oak was the best for "keys." The conclusion went to show that our præ-scientific ancestors, who took the oak as a type of the nation, had a true instinct after all. "English oak," ran the report, "the best on the whole, and will bear most punishing; foreign oak the kindest and the straightest grain." Lest our national pride should be exalted over-much, it must be added that the breaking strain in tons per square inch of surface was for the foreign wood 7·08, and for English 7·25, hardly a victory as decisive as our grandfathers would have thought their due. Steel under the same conditions will give out anywhere between twenty-five tons and fifty. Portland cement, as we learnt from some interesting experiments elsewhere, will stand a strain of about 325 pounds.

In the erecting shop, in which the engines are fitted together, we noticed one locomotive whose body appeared as though it were entirely swathed in cotton-wool. We had often heard of boilers getting burnt, but could scarcely suppose that their burns were treated with so human a remedy. So we enquired, and learnt that our cotton-wool was a substance known as silicate cotton; that it was manufactured out of the refuse slag of the furnaces; and that, being both a very bad conductor of heat and entirely incombustible, it was used for the "lagging" or covering of the boilers instead of wood, which is liable to take fire if overheated.

Not far from the engine shops are the carriage works, which are probably as complete and as well-fitted with labour-saving appliances as any in England. At the entrance of the works the timber is delivered in huge balks and stacked. When it has been properly seasoned and is required for use, it passes into the saw-mills, thence forward into the planing shop, and so on, growing lighter and lighter at each stage as it advances on its journey, and only at length retracing its course when it is turned out in the form of a finished carriage at the further end. One most ingenious machine we watched for some time. Two circular saws set obliquely on the same spindle, which pushed a board along in front of their teeth, and cut out dovetails on its edge as it passed. The whole of the belting for driving the different machines is in a cellar underground, so that the light falls unobstructed from the roof, and there is nothing overhead to interfere with the free movement of the workmen and their free manipulation of the planks or beams on which they may be

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engaged. A more ghostly place than that same underground cellar, with an endless vista of belts and pulleys and driving gear, humming and whizzing in the dim light—made yet more dim by the floating particles of sawdust with which the air was full—it has seldom been our lot to visit.

A not unimportant official at Derby is the Company's photographer in ordinary. His functions are various. When engines or carriages of a new pattern are constructed, he takes a record of their features. Again, perhaps it is reported to the engineer that a viaduct shows signs of giving way, that a wall has cracked, or an embankment slipped, and in the first instance, if the damage is only slight, instead of going himself to see the state of affairs, he sends the photographer to see and record it for him. Or if an accident has happened, there can be no dispute afterwards how the engine was lying, or whether such and such a carriage left the metals, once a commission has been issued to take the evidence of the sun. A few miles off, however, at Trent, we found a yet more remarkable portion of the Company's staff: eight cats who were borne on the strength of the establishment, and for whom a sufficient allowance of milk and cat's-meat was duly provided. And when we say that the cats have under their charge, according to the season of the year, from one to three or four hundred thousand empty corn-sacks, it will be admitted that the Company cannot have many servants who better earn their wages. The holes in the sacks, which are eaten by the mice, which are not eaten by the cats, are darned by twelve women, who are employed by the Company.

Adjoining the sack-store, which is surely a development of railway working that even the prescient genius of a Stephenson could hardly have foreseen, is the sheet-store, where a hundred men are constantly employed making and repairing the tarpaulins ("sheets" they are always called) with which the railway trucks are covered. Some ten thousand are turned out new every year; and five or six times that number come back annually to be repaired and redressed. For the usage to which they are exposed is of the roughest, and the hole that lets the water in, on to perhaps a case of drapery or a bale of silk, may result in a claim of £100 as damages. The manager of the stores has recently designed an ingenious form of folding trestle which runs from end to end of the truck, and acts like a ridge-pole to form a sloping roof, and so prevent the water from lodging.

Apart from the odour, which to one who is unaccustomed to

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it is at least unpleasantly powerful, the process of manufacture is interesting from its colossal scale. Widths of jute sacking are stitched together by machines that bear about the same proportion to the sewing-machine of domestic use that a warming-pan bears to a watch. The mixture with which they are dressed is composed of boiled oil and vegetable black, oil in vats and lamp-black in casks. For the dressing they are laid out on the floor and painted over with huge brooms. Each sheet first receives five coats of black, next a broad edging of yellow, and lastly its number and the letters M. R. are stencilled upon it. It is then hung up to dry for six weeks or two months, when it is ready for use. The number enables its life-history to be traced in the store books, but with the help of the yellow edge it serves a further purpose. Every day, at scores of junctions all over Great Britain, Midland sheets by the hundred are passing over on to "foreign" lines. A record of each is kept and sent next morning to the Clearing House in London. If within a few days the Clearing House does not receive word that this same sheet has been returned, a charge for demurrage is made against the foreign Company.

We must hope later on to find space to say something of the much vexed question of breaks. Whether a break should be "vacuum" or "pressure," automatic or simple, is still matter of controversy. But all are nowadays agreed that a continuous break of some kind is absolutely indispensable, and there is hardly a passenger carriage on any of the great lines to which such breaks are not already fitted. The Midland was the first company to introduce into England the "Westinghouse," a form of break that is now universally adopted on more than one of the leading lines. Nor was this the only improvement the Midland imported from across the Atlantic. The Pullman drawing-room cars, though they run all over the country from Brighton to Perth, can hardly be said to have had more than a *succès d'estime*. But in their more recent development of breakfast cars, and luncheon cars, and dining cars, they are as yet only in their infancy and evidently have a great future before them. The Pullman "sleepers" have not only given many a hard-worked man of business a good night's rest, but also have stimulated other railways, that have not cared to adopt the American design pure and simple, to furnish sleeping saloons divided into the separate compartments that are so dear to the heart of every true Englishman.

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But there is more than this. Englishmen could always claim that their railway service was the fastest and most convenient in the world. If to-day we can claim without fear of contradiction that it is also the cheapest, that we owe to the enterprise—some few railway men would still say to the mistaken generosity—of the Midland. People talk of high fares, and in Kent and Sussex first and second-class fares are high enough in all conscience. They forget, however, that for one passenger first-class to Hastings there are a thousand who book third to Manchester and Liverpool. From Paris to Havre the distance is 142½ miles. There are five third-class trains in the twenty-four hours, but not one of them between noon and eleven at night: the fastest takes six hours all but five minutes, the average is 7.21. To Sheffield, some eighteen miles farther, there are seventeen third-class trains, of which only three take more than four hours, while one performs its journey under three hours and a quarter. The French fare is 12*s.* 4*d.*: for the additional eighteen miles the English companies add on an extra ninepence. And not only are English third-class carriages incomparably better than their foreign rival, but (apart from the Brighton, South-Eastern, and Chatham lines, which are corrupted doubtless by the evil communications of the Continent), there are only six trains in all England from which third-class passengers are excluded. It would be well if the French companies would offer evidence of as practical a belief in the great doctrine of equality.

But we must conclude. We would fain have sketched the office where automatic machinery turns out tickets at the rate of thirty millions per annum, and the works where hundreds of thousands of gallons of creosote are forced by hydraulic pressure into the heart of hundreds of miles of sleepers. Gladly, too, would we have described the new goods depot at St. Pancras, which stands on the site of 600 houses, and has used up 800 tons of rivet heads in its construction. But we can only plead that just as the Midland Railway, our great example as it is our theme, has been arrested in its development by the impassable barrier of the four seas, we too find that inexorable limits of space bar our further progress, at least for the present.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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A Mysterious Summons.

THE following story was told me by a lady. She was the wife of a rich squire in the East of England, after whose death she married a well-known Italian. She was a woman of remarkable ability and of great information, though somewhat eccentric. She had heard the story, with dates and the names of persons and places. These she had forgotten, and had never been able to supply them.

She declared, however, that she was positively assured that all the details had been verified by the French public authorities where the events related had occurred, and that the records still existed somewhere, if the place could only be found.

During the first French Revolution, two Frenchmen of high birth, Count A. and Viscount B., were despatched by the Royalist party on a mission to England.

During their journey on horseback to a northern port of France, where a vessel awaited them, they were on one occasion benighted in the middle of a wide heath. Riding slowly forward they perceived a light from what turned out to be a large and solitary château. After some knocking, steps were heard slowly coming in the yard within, and at last the door was cautiously unlocked. A porter or caretaker peered through the narrow opening and asked the reason of the knocking.

"We have lost our way and are tired and hungry. We require shelter and food for ourselves and our horses."

"Impossible!" was the churlish reply, and the door was about to be closed, when one of the travellers intercepted it with his foot, and producing a pistol, said—

"We are quite ready to pay for our lodging and supper, but we cannot go further to-night."

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The caretaker paused for a moment, as though reflecting, and at last he said—

"I will give you shelter for the night, and food for yourselves and your beasts, on one condition, viz. that you give me your word of honour as gentlemen, which I am sure you are, that nothing will induce you to leave the room I give you, and that to-morrow at daybreak you go on your journey without asking any questions."

The promise given, the door was opened, and the horses taken to the stables, which were within the court. The porter then led the two travellers up a splendid staircase and through a long corridor hung with tapestry, at length turning into a large empty room furnished as a drawing-room, and evidently belonging to the dwelling of a wealthy noble.

Near the door was a large fireplace in which a fire soon blazed. Candles were lighted, and the travellers saw two large and luxurious beds, with rich heavy hangings, one nearer than the other to the entrance. A table was placed near the fire, and before long a substantial supper was brought, the utensils supplied for the meal, and all the belongings of the house showing considerable luxury.

After eating their supper the two travellers went to rest. The elder took the bed nearest the door, leaving the other, at some feet off, to his companion. Logs had been placed on the fire sufficient for the night, the door was locked, and the wayfarers gladly betook themselves to sleep.

About an hour after going to sleep the elder suddenly woke, starting in his bed. He could not account for this sudden waking. The room was strongly lighted by the fire, there was no noise, and Count A. was about to lay himself once again on the pillow, when a remarkable sight met him. A man of striking appearance, with a grey beard but dressed in the ordinary blouse, walked slowly towards the bed. When he had approached within a few feet he beckoned three times to the Count, as though wanting him to follow.

The Count gazed at him without moving, when the figure, bowing courteously, turned round and walked slowly away, stopping from time to time and looking back, repeating his beckoning gesture with an imploring gaze, till he reached the door, when he disappeared. Naturally startled at this unusual appearance, Count A. rose from his bed and walked to the door to see if it had been tampered with, but it was still locked.

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Very weary, he turned into his bed and once more fell asleep. About an hour later he again started in the same sudden manner. Again he saw the same figure, this time nearer his bed. Again did it beckon to him to follow, and, moving towards the door, turned with greater eagerness, and still oftener than before, to repeat the same motion with his hand. The hand was that of a gentleman, small and white, and with a ring on one of the fingers.

Frightened at this extraordinary apparition, Count A. this time woke his companion and narrated what had passed. "Nonsense," replied the latter, "you ate too much supper and have been awoke by a nightmare. I am really too tired to talk about it."

The nervous earnestness with which the elder traveller repeated the story, however, impressed the younger, until he proposed that the curtains of the Count's bed should be tied to the bedclothes of his, so that in case of a third visit he could be awakened without noise. After securely fastening the curtains of one bed to the coverings of the other, each returned to his own couch.

A third time the Count was awakened in the same startling manner. The figure stood close to his bed, and the face of the visitor looked down on that of the awakened sleeper. The features of the apparition were plainly marked. They exhibited great pain and sadness. The Count grasped the hangings! The apparition held up his hand. The Count jerked at his curtains, but they fell back without resistance, for the knot had become untied. Once again the figure retreated sorrowfully, turning but seldom to beckon, as though the attempt had been given up in despair.

It was now near daybreak. The Count awoke his companion, and they sat up together till morning.

Shortly after dawn the caretaker, according to previous agreement, knocked at the door, which the Count unlocked without difficulty, and the morning meal was brought in. The caretaker looked curiously at the two visitors as though inclined to ask questions. He, however, did not carry out this intention.

The travellers, mindful of their promise, made no remark. The horses, well groomed and refreshed, were ready for their journey, and the two companions left the château, the caretaker refusing to accept any payment or gratuity. The two men rode

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away, reached their port of embarkation, and arrived safely in England.

Not many years later the elder of the two returned to France and accepted the new state of things. The Bonaparte Government offered him an administrative post in the North. This the Count accepted, and among the other inducements which led to his acceptance was the chance of elucidating the mystery which constantly recurred to his memory. A very short time elapsed after assuming his duties when he made enquiries as to the château and its owners.

The story told him was that the château belonged to the Marquis de ——, a gentleman of great wealth and of retired habits. When somewhat advanced in life he had married a girl of low extraction but of great beauty—the daughter of the peasant who now took care of the château. A year or two after their marriage a half-brother of the Marquis had left the army and come to reside with his brother, and some months later all three disappeared from the country together, without leaving any address, the château being placed under the care of the father of the Marquise, an old gamekeeper. The rapid succession of incidents in the Revolution, by absorbing public interest, had prevented enquiry. The caretaker led a gloomy solitary life at the château. He was little seen except when he went out to make purchases; but he always appeared to be well provided with money.

Arming himself with the necessary legal authority, which probably lent itself easily to the functionaries of the State, the Count prepared to investigate the mystery. He accordingly repaired to the château with the agents of the law, and a priest well known in the neighbourhood, to whom the story had been told.

On arriving at the house the caretaker endeavoured to withstand the intrusion, but, yielding to force, the gate was opened, and the Count and the priest proceeded straight to the room where the incident had occurred.

"I think," said the priest, "this affair at present belongs more to me than to the law. Allow me to spend the night here alone. All I require is a lantern and a pistol. There will be force within hearing, but I believe the mystery can be solved more easily by one man than by many." The brave old man's offer was accepted. The Count and his attendants posted themselves

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in other parts of the house, keeping the caretaker with them. A fire was lighted in the large room, and the priest was left there alone with his prayer-book.

He had not remained long, when the figure appeared beckoning to him, and he at once rose to follow. It passed through the door, always looking from time to time to see that the priest was behind. It led the way through a long corridor, then into a room which still contained all the appearance of a lady's. In the corner was a small staircase, down which the priest descended in obedience to the summons of the apparition. It led to a small vestibule which opened into a chapel. The figure walked slowly up the aisle, ascended the steps of the altar, then suddenly disappeared.

The priest, following with his lantern, perceived after some search a brass ring on the very spot where the figure had vanished. It was evidently the handle of a trap-door, which, however, resisted all the attempts of the priest to raise it. He fired his pistol, and soon the Count and his attendants came to his help.

The door raised, a steep ladder-staircase led into a vault. At the bottom of the ladder lay a human skeleton, dressed in clothes similar to those worn by the apparition, and with a beard still hanging to the chin. A ring was on the finger.

The caretaker made little difficulty in confessing the real facts. The Count, who was a man of the kindest disposition, and had treated his half-brother with unwonted indulgence, had discovered that too intimate relations existed between him and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them to leave the house, the two had murdered him as he slept in the large room, and conveyed his body along the passage through which the figure had led the priest. The caretaker was taken into confidence, and left to look after the house and property while the criminal couple had left the country and were living in Belgium under an assumed name, supplied with money by the woman's father, the caretaker, from the resources of the property to which the half-brother was the natural heir. He and the woman were brought back to France, tried, and executed.

This story was told me nearly forty years ago at Jersey during the year of the first Exhibition. Though in simple language, it was related with great dramatic force and undoubted good faith. The lady declared to me that she fully believed the story had

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been officially recorded in the archives of some municipal or provincial department in France. She was by birth of considerable rank, and members of her family had been in close friendship with many *emigrés*. She promised to let me know if she ever heard of it again; but I saw little of her afterwards, and she is now dead. It would be interesting to know whether her narrative had any foundation. Some one who may have heard the tale may supply the information. I have never heard it from any other source nor read of it in any book. The narrator told me that those who had first related the story were evidently believers in its truth.

H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.

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Reminiscences of Boar-hunting in Morocco.

HUNTING wild boar on horseback with the lance, or "Pig-sticking," as it is called by sportsmen in India, was introduced by me in Morocco about eighteen years ago.

The Moorish hunters are generally small farmers and peasants from the villages around Tangier, who join the hunt solely from love of sport. Some of them act as beaters, wearing leathern aprons and greaves, such as the ancient Greek peasantry wore, to protect their legs; they carry billhooks to cut their way through the thicket, others carry long guns. They are accompanied by native dogs, looking like a breed between a collie and a jackal, but have noses that can wind a boar from afar, and do good service.

As the thickets where the animals lie are bordered by the sea on one side and by lake or plain on the other, the boar, when driven, generally made straight for the guns, and we were wont to have capital sport, shooting on an average about fifteen boar in two days' hunting. There are also jackals and porcupine, and during a beat near Braij a panther took me by surprise, jumping across the path where I was posted, before I could fire. This animal was shot afterwards on a neighbouring hill.

On one occasion in a drive on the promontory of Braij, which is surrounded by the sea and river "Tahardats," except for a narrow slip of sand on the northern side, sometimes flooded at high tides, we found thirty-six boar in one beat, and killed fourteen. It was an exciting sight to view the boar breaking from the bush across the neck of sand about 150 yards broad. The herd did not break together, but came separately and continuously. A large tusker who led the van was wounded, as he sallied from the bush, and forthwith charged the man who had fired, pursued by dogs, and then beaters who ran up to the rescue were followed

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again by other boar, who, wounded in their turn, pursued the beaters that were hurrying after the first boar; then came dogs, pigs, beaters, more dogs and pigs. Volleys were fired up, down and across the line, regardless of the rules of the hunt. Great was the excitement; several beaters were knocked down by boar but no one was ripped, though dogs and boar lay wounded and dying on the sands all round. I shot five boar; one great tusker being wounded, sat on his haunches in the defiant posture of the Florentine Boar, so I ran up, assassin like, from behind, and plunged my knife to the heart.

In one of the beats, a hunter named "Shebaa," a veteran past seventy, had just shot a boar, when the dogs came in full cry after another, and he had only time to pour in the powder carried loose in his leathern pouch, and to put the long iron ramrod down the barrel, when another tusker came to the front. Shebaa fired, and sent the ramrod like a skewer through the body of the boar, who charged back and knocked him over. Shebaa fell flat on his face, neither moving arm nor leg, whilst the boar stood over him, cutting into ribbons his hooded 'Jelab' of wool. He shouted for help, exclaiming, "Fire! fire!" I ran up within a few feet. "I fear to hit you," I said. "Fire!" he cried. "I would rather be shot than be killed by a 'haloof.'" *

I stooped low, and raising the muzzle of my gun, shot the boar through the heart. The huge carcase fell upon Shebaa, who, when released from the weight, got up and shook me by the hand heartily, saying, "Praise be to God the merciful, and thanks to you I have escaped death." I withdrew the ramrod, which had passed right through the body of the animal.

I had not at that time introduced the lance or spear, but when boar happened to take to the open I had frequently pursued on horseback and killed with an ancient rapier I possessed.

On one occasion I pursued a large sow on a little barb, about fourteen hands three, with gun in hand across the plain of Arara. We came suddenly on a ditch formed by an estuary from the sea, about sixteen feet broad. No bank was visible until I saw the boar suddenly disappear, and before I could pull up, my nag tried to clear the ditch, but failed, as the ground was soft on the brink, so in we plumped headlong into thick mud and water, gun and all; but a pistol, loose in my holster, by good fortune was cast high and dry on the opposite bank.

* 'Haloof,' Moorish word for Boar.

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The horse, sow, and I wallowed for some seconds in the mud together, each of us scrambling out about the same moment, for I had chosen an easier ascent of the bank to clamber up than the sow had done. I left my gun swamped in the mud, and, seizing hold of the pistol, remounted. Away we went again. It was about a quarter of a mile to the bush, where the sow would be safe. I came up alongside and fired; she turned and made a jump to seize hold of my leg, but missed, passing her fore leg up to the elbow in my right stirrup, and there her leg and my foot were jammed. The hind legs of the sow just touched the ground. She tried to bite my knee; I struggled to release my foot and the sow her leg. I had no other weapon than the exploded pistol, and my fear was that the stirrup-leather would give way, and then, if I fell, the sow would have it all her own way. The pain from my jammed instep was intense, but after a few seconds the sow freed her leg and then turned on my horse, who cleverly leapt aside as she charged.

The sow then made for the thicket, badly wounded, and when the dogs came up we found and killed her. The hunters, who had viewed the chase from the side of the hill, and had been hallooing joyously on witnessing the pig, horse, and me tumble into the ditch, were greatly amused in aiding me to remove the thick coating of grey mud which shrouded my person, my gun, and the body of my horse.

On another occasion, when a very large boar, slightly wounded, was making up the side of a rocky hill, bare of bush, a strange Moor, with a long gun, who had joined the hunt, ran along the open to a narrow path where the boar would have to pass, and squatted down to pot him. I was about forty yards off, and shouted as the boar made towards him. "Look out! Stand aside of the path!"—but the stranger remained steady, fired, then jumped up and ran.

The infuriated beast pursued and knocked him headlong over, ripping his legs and body, as he struggled to get up.

I ran up with another hunter, but boar and man were so mixed up, I could not fire. The boar, burying his snout under the man's clothes, ripped his body severely, and then seizing his woollen dress in its mouth like a bull-dog, knelt on his prostrate body. I dared not fire; so laying hold of the hilt of a sword my companion carried, and finding the point too blunt to pierce the iron-clad hide, I told the owner to take

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hold of the point, and putting the blade under the boar's throat, we sawed away until the beast fell dead, still holding the man's dress in his jaws. The wounded Moor, who was built like a Samson, fainted away from loss of blood. We stanched his wounds, making a tourniquet with handkerchief and stick, laid him on the pad of a mule, and sent him into town to a room in my stable, where he was attended to by a surgeon for three weeks and recovered. On taking leave of me, he observed it was his first and would be his last boar hunt. This man, as I learnt afterwards, was a famous cattle-lifter. He told the hunters, that out of gratitude for my care of him, he would never rob my cows or the cattle of my friends.

We were wont to hunt for a couple of days every fortnight at Sharf el Akab and Arara, but finding that the mountaineers from the hills of Benim Sooar and Gibel Habeeb, who dwell about twelve miles from this hunting-ground, had been in the habit of coming down in large parties once a week to hunt and were destroying the game, we determined, from a spirit of rivalry, to hunt more frequently.

There had been conflicts between my hunters and the mountaineers, and during a beat for boar, when a number of these wild fellows had joined our hunt, I heard bullets whizzing and cutting the branches near to where I stood. One of these mountaineers was caught by my party, and a vigorous bastinado was inflicted on the culprit, who had been seen to take a deliberate shot at me.

In less than six months the boar at Sharf el Akab and Arara were destroyed, except a huge "Solitaire," who had made his lair on the rocky hill of Boamar, then overgrown with impenetrable bush. He was a very wary animal, who refused to bolt when bayed at by dogs, frequently killing or wounding the curs that ventured to approach his lair.

At that time a Spaniard had brought, much to the annoyance of the peasants, a herd of tame pigs to feed in the cork wood, for, as the peasants reported, the "accursed animals" not only fed on acorns and white truffles, which abound there, but ravaged also their grain crops, whither the Spaniard had been seen to drive the herd at night to feed.

Complaints were made by the farmers to the Moorish authorities regarding the havoc committed by the pigs, and I backed their petition to the Basha. So the herdsman was ordered by the Spanish Legation to remove the herd, which was

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accordingly done; but two of the Spaniard's sows were missing, and he offered a handsome reward to any Moor who would bring them dead or alive, declaring that they had been led astray by a large wild boar, who had been seen by him to come boldly amongst the herd some weeks before, had attacked and ripped severely a tame boar, paying no attention to the herdsman's shouting, and had led off, as he declared, "Dos cerdas muy hermosas" (two very beautiful sows), not unwilling, as he insinuated, to accompany their captor.

The Spaniard declared he had occasionally seen at dusk his two sows with the boar, feeding in the plains; but as soon as the latter winded man, he made off at a gallop with his captives.

A hunter reported this to me, mentioning that he had been offered five dollars for each sow, dead or alive, and that he believed both sows had large litters of wee striped pigs, evidently the progeny of their captor.

I communicated with the Spaniard, and these two sows and their litters were sold to me for about 6*l.* I made known to the Basha of Tangier how the sport at Sharf el Akab had been spoilt by too frequent hunting, both of my party and of the mountaineers; and related how I had purchased the Spaniard's two sows and their litters. I requested that orders should be sent to the mountaineers who were under the Basha's jurisdiction to keep to their own hunting-grounds, and not hunt at Sharf el Akab; and that the peasantry also of the villages around Tangier should be warned not to shoot boar in that district unless they joined our hunt, which had always been open to sportsmen, "Moslem or Nazarene," of low or high degree.

To all this the Basha agreed, whilst I offered to give compensation to farmers whose crops might be injured by the ravages of my porcine acquisition. I also made known to the Foreign Representatives the steps I had taken, and requested them to give directions to the subjects of their respective governments not to shoot or hunt the hybrids or any other boar in that district, as it was my intention not to shoot boar in the preserved district, but to hunt with the spear, after a couple of years, when I expected not only the hybrids would have increased in numbers, but that they would be joined by wild boar from the neighbouring hills.

My wishes were granted, and a document was signed to that effect by Basha and Foreign Representatives, which for years has

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not been infringed,* except by an unprincipled French Dragoman, since dismissed from the service of his government; and I am sorry to add by a *ci-devant* officer in the British army, who held a civil post at Gibraltar, and prided himself, having full knowledge of the regulations of our hunt, in poaching at night on the preserved ground. He shot on one occasion two fine sows with litters of squeakers in their wake, too young to feed without their dams, though he knew that I always gave notice, through the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, to the officers and other sportsmen at that garrison whenever a hunt with the lance was to take place. The officers of the garrison let their *ci-devant* comrade know what they thought of his poaching and ungentlemanly conduct.

The hybrids at first were not disposed to break from cover and give a fair gallop in the open; but when the two "hermosas cerdas" were slain, their progeny behaved better, and now give capital runs across country, and are more disposed to charge than the thoroughbred boar.

The mode of hunting with the lance is to drive a thicket where pig are reported to lie, with beaters, dogs, and stoppers, towards the marsh plain or cork wood, where the pig knows that he can make for cover in an opposite thicket. The chief beater sounds a horn when a boar is on foot, firing gun or pistol should he come to bay. The horsemen are placed down-wind, concealed as much as possible, with directions to keep silent, and not to start until the boar is well away in the open, so as to ride in the rear and check his turning back to the thicket. It is a difficult task to prevent those who are novices or not sportsmen at heart from breaking through these rules, especially ardent youths who may view the boar break, and hope to take the lead by an early start.

The boar, when aware that he is pursued, puts on pace. It requires a fast horse to come up for the first quarter of a mile;

Within the last five years two members of Foreign Consulates got up an opposition hunt, in consequence of my having given directions that the boar which were killed in our hunts should not be carried off by them, or their dependants, to sell in the Gibraltar and Tangier markets. When a large number of boar were slain, that which was not required for the use of the members of the hunt, or their friends, was distributed by me to poor Christians in Tangier.

These foreigners, when they heard that a day was fixed for a hunt on the reserved district, went to the ground beforehand and rattled the woods, mobbing the pig with greyhounds and dogs. They rarely succeeded in spearing boar, but covertly shot at them, contrary to the regulations and signed agreement, and then when the animal was dead, or dying, gave it a thrust with the spear, so it might appear the lance, and not the gun, had been used.

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but when hard pressed, the boar gets blown, shortens stride, and begins to dodge amongst the low bush. The lance is carried loose in the hand, and hardly requires to be thrust at the boar, for with the weight of man and horse full gallop it pierces the hide like a knife into a pat of butter; but if a large boar comes to a stand, a very strong arm will find it difficult to force the point of the spear into the iron-clad hide, unless the boar charges, and then eighteen stone rushing thirty miles an hour against a spear firmly held, ensure penetration. I have held my spear down to receive a charge, and the animal has transfixed himself, coming right up with his snout near my leg, the lance having passed through his body.

The rider who first wounds or even pricks the boar has all the honour, though a second or other spears may give the death-thrust. Boar, sow, or young pig will turn and charge to rip or bite, as soon as blood is drawn. They know no fear, and die fighting. It is an inspiriting sight to view an old tusker come to the brink of the thicket with his bristles and tail up, look around, or rather hold his snout up, to catch the breeze, for his sight is not good; but he can wind half a mile off, and after satisfying himself the enemy is not in front, away he goes across the open. The horseman should hold hard if the opposite cover is not near until the boar gets away a good hundred yards. It often happens that even before a tusker is pricked he will suddenly turn round and charge his pursuers. Horses are ripped occasionally to death, but I never remember a rider being ripped, nor is it likely such risk will be incurred so long as he sticks to the saddle. Even should he get a fall, some spear in his wake will be ready to draw away the boar's attention from his prostrate foe.

One of the best gallops I ever had was in pursuit of a huge boar, who took across the lake from a thicket of Arara. My son, a first-rate rider, was with me; we did not carry spears, but had revolvers. After a hard gallop we came up with the boar a few yards before entering the cork wood. We fired several shots, but the animal sped on at racing pace, charging us alternately. The wounds which the boar received (for blood poured down his flank) were not of a character to stop his career, so away we dashed through the wood, dodging the cork trees, firing occasionally a shot, until the boar ringed back to the thick jungle of Arara from which he had been driven, and there it was out of the question to follow on horseback. Disheartened and

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greatly disappointed, for the boar was one of the largest we had seen for many years, we joined the hunters, and dismounted to give our nags a rest, whilst our party lunched.

We had halted for an hour, and were again preparing to mount, when a shepherd, all tattered and torn, ran up to me breathless, saying a "haloof," black as a "Jin" and as big as a bull, had passed through the flock of sheep he was tending, knocking several over; had charged his dog, and made for the sea, where, he said, after rolling several times, the boar stood erect amidst the waves, throwing water over his body. "This lad is a 'Kedab'" (a liar), exclaimed one of the hunters. "Who ever heard of a boar bathing in the sea at midday?"

"Make haste," exclaimed the lad; "it is about half an hour's walk, and if the boar is not still there, the tracks on the shore will show whether I lie or not."

So off the hunters started, guided by the shepherd. As we topped the sand-hills which line the coast, a black form, such as the shepherd had described, big as a bull, was viewed amongst the waves. My son and I recognized the enormous beast that had given us the gallop, who had evidently taken to the sea to cool his wounds. As our party approached in line, to check any attempt of the boar to take back to Arara, he came out of the breakers with bristles up, and "Volta feroce al inimico" (a word of command formerly used in the Portuguese army), prepared to receive us.

Some of the hunters were about to fire, which I prevented, saying I would approach on horseback, as we might have the chance of another gallop. When I got within twenty yards, the beast charged. I fired my revolver, missed, gave spurs to my nag, and was pursued until the dogs, which had been held back, were let loose, and the boar then took out to sea, breasting gallantly the rollers, making due west for the first Port in the United States, with the hounds in his wake.

When it became evidently the intention of the pig to emigrate and he was two hundred yards well out to sea, I cried "fire," as his black form topped a wave. Volley after volley followed, and the huge carcase was washed back on shore. The boar was a hybrid, perfectly black, with good tusks, measuring about six feet two from snout to end of tail, and three feet two from shoulder to hoof. I have preserved the hide.

The largest boar I have ever seen, measured six feet four from snout to tail, three feet four in height, and weighed twenty stone

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when cleaned. An old beater of eighty, whose dog had been wounded to the death, when he came up to the monster lying lifeless—got upon the body, took off the red gun-cover which he used as a turban from his shaven pate, and cried out—"Now I can die in peace. The death of this 'heisha' (whale), who has baulked us for years, is what I have longed for. At last—it was written that he should die before me," and then the veteran performed a wild wriggling dance on the carcase of the animal.*

Five years ago we had a good day at Arara, killing nine boar. My favourite barb "Snaby" had been severely ripped by a large boar which I had wounded, carrying my lance, before I could extract it, under my horse's barrel, and inflicting a deep gash between the off fore-leg and chest. I had to dismount, and send the poor suffering beast into town. He was very lame for a twelvemonth. I had thought of shooting "Snaby," but he was such a favourite with my family that reprieve was granted. He was the best nag for pig-sticking I ever rode. He was not fast, but thoroughly understood the sport, and would take his rider, without guiding, alongside of the pig at the right moment for attack. He never swerved from a boar; no huntsman knew better where the pig would be likely to break as soon as the shouts of the beaters and horn were heard. "Snaby" would be sure to view the animal before his rider whenever it broke cover.

When desirous of showing a friend sport who had never seen pig-sticking, I mounted him on "Snaby," and my advice was, let the horse take his own direction after the pig, and have his own way when closing with the enemy. If his rider fell, or a hole brought "Snaby" on his head, the nag would get up and stand by, putting his head down, and looking with anxious eyes as if to say, "Get up quickly, the pig is making off." "Snaby" had belonged to "Kaid Meno," the Colonel of the Berber Regiment of Askar, and had often been in action when his master was sent by the Sultan in command of a detachment to "eat up" some rebellious tribe. There were several scars on "Snaby's" dun coat, which in the sun shone like gold. One ball could be felt distinctly in his neck.

The day after "Snaby" had been wounded we let horses and hounds rest, so, shouldering my gun, I took a stroll after partridge and quail. On my return to camp in the afternoon,

* Old Benissir was still alive, and a hundred years old, when I left Tangier in July 1886.

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a shepherd reported that on the western slope of Arara hill, his dog had given tongue near a large lentiscus bush, and that he had found the tracks of a big "haloof," which he said must be lying there, not a quarter of a mile from camp. Only seven or eight hunters were in camp, with half-a-dozen dogs. These were soon mustered, as also some riders, who mounted hurriedly, and spear in hand, guided by the shepherd, we made for the lentiscus bush; but before we arrived there the dogs, winding the boar from afar, were baying around the bush. The boar had a hundred yards start, taking a good line down-hill towards the sea. The ground was stony, with low bushes, but no thick cover. Hurry, skurry, we pursued the fugitive, who kept us at racing pace over very rough ground. In front of me was H——, whose horse in crossing a gully came down with a crash. Fearing he was hurt I pulled up, but H—— was soon in the saddle again, and we could then see the spears forward at close quarters with the boar, and that he was wounded, for he was charging the horses in all directions.

We were too late to join in the fray, for as we came up the boar entered a small thicket of low cypress and myrtle not far from the sea-shore. It covered a space of about 200 yards square, with open ground on every side. The dogs bayed at the boar, and the riders stood around the thicket down wind, awaiting his exit in the hope that, when rested, he would move; but three-quarters of an hour big with expectation passed, and though the boar frequently charged the dogs to the brink of the thicket, and occasional howls and shrieks told us that mischief was done, he never broke, but after each charge went back to the densest part of the copse. I directed the beaters to halloo with all their might and sound the horn, but in vain. On riding round towards the sea I found two Moors with guns, who had come up from camp, standing near a boar path, in the hope of getting a shot, for when a wounded boar takes to cover where horses cannot penetrate, the regulation against using fire-arms is in abeyance.

Sunset was drawing nigh, and fearing the wounded animal might die in the thicket before next day, I told the hunters to creep in and shoot the boar. The Moor who had a long native gun declined, saying he could not venture, for if the boar charged in the bush, through which he would have to creep on hands and knees, the animal would probably be on him before he could fire; but he volunteered to crawl along

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the top of the bushes, if stiff enough to support him (he was a little wiry fellow), and thus perhaps he might get a shot. The other young Moor had a smart-looking double-barrelled gun with percussion-locks, so I challenged him to enter. He replied he was not going to risk his life with such a savage brute still strong in limb. "Hark!" he cried, as a rush, followed by a piteous howl from a hound was heard. "You are a coward," I retorted angrily, "to remain passive whilst our dogs are being killed." "You say that I am a coward," he replied, handing me the gun; "then show that you are not!"

I hesitated, for though I had shot many wounded boar at bay or on the charge, it had always been with my own trusty gun; but feeling I had wronged the Moor by taunting him with cowardice, and that he would have the best of it if I did not take up the glove, I enquired how his gun was loaded. He replied, "with ball." The copper caps looked bright and appeared to have been lately put on, so, kneeling down and keeping the gun before me at full-cock, I crawled in. The bush was too thick to stand up, for if I had squeezed myself into an upright position, my legs would have been at the mercy of the pig, if he charged, which I knew the beast would, if he got a whiff of me or viewed my legs. Moreover I could not have lowered my gun suddenly in the thick bush to take aim.

On I crawled for about twenty-five yards, peering anxiously through the bush. A dog which had been charged came close, and saluted me with his tail and a whimper of satisfaction; then went back to his companions, and no doubt informed them, in dog language, that a man had come to the rescue, for they set up forthwith a chorus of tongue, which again induced the boar to move and engrossed his attention, so, crawling on, I got within ten yards and viewed him. "Cassant les noisettes," as French sportsmen say. Blood streamed down his side and his bristles stood on an end.

> "On his bow back he hath a battel set
> Of bristly pikes that ever met his foes;
> His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret,
> His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
> Being roused, he strikes whate'er be on his way,
> And when he strikes, his crooked tuskes slay."

I squatted, took deliberate aim behind the right shoulder and pulled the trigger, expecting to see the beast roll over; but

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a fizz, a faint report, and the sound of a bullet falling amongst the bushes, sounded like my death-knell; for I knew that the boar would in a few seconds be on me. With faint hope, however, that the second barrel would not also contain a damp charge, I held my gun firm. On came the huge beast, and when within three yards with his head towards me, I aimed at his left shoulder; the explosion was faint, but the beast dropped on his head, then rose, charging on to the muzzle of my gun, which I continued to hold steadily in front, sent it flying over my head, whilst I toppled backwards, and with the force of the blow my legs were thrown straight up into the air, and in that position I had sufficient presence of mind to remain, and could see through my legs the grim monster's head and tusks.

That moment appeared a lifetime, a thousand thoughts flashed through my brain of past life, but the chief one was—My epitaph—"A fool killed by a pig." My last shot had broken the shoulder-joint of the fore-leg, so that the movements of the boar were less active; but on he came, whilst I kept my legs aloft. It is better, I thought, to have my nether limbs ripped than more vital regions. So when his grizzly snout was on me, I brought down with force my right leg, armed with a heavy shooting shoe, like a Nasmyth hammer on his skull, which sent the boar, who had only one sound fore-leg, on his knees; this was followed up by the left leg, and I pummelled his head alternately with each foot as the boar tried to get on me. The right leg I managed to raise rapidly, so that it was not cut; but with the left I was less successful, and it was ripped in three places, as I found afterwards, for at the time I felt no pain. "If no one comes to the rescue," I cried out, "I shall be killed by the 'haloof.'" I had hardly spoken, when suddenly there appeared standing on my left the brave beater "Ahmed Ben Aly," with his hatchet raised in the air about to strike the boar, saying, "La bas," equivalent to "all right."

The boar left me and went at him; the lithe fellow struck the beast with his hatchet whilst he jumped aside. A shot within a few yards followed. It was from the hunter who had kept his promise, having crawled in a wonderful manner along the tops of the bushes close to where we were, and putting his long gun down on the beast, killed it.

I lay prostrate, my legs and breast bespattered with blood from the boar's wounds and my own. Ahmed suddenly laid hold of me and began to take off my nether garments. Angered

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at what appeared to me an inexplicable liberty, I used some strong expressions, not the blessings he deserved for saving my life. Upon which Ahmed said, "No time is to be lost: you have blood in front of your clothes, and if the bowels are injured, the wound must be sewn up before the air penetrates. I have needle and silk ready" (carried by hunters to sew the wounds of dogs). I apologized for my rough language, and thanked the brave fellow for saving my life; then readjusting my unmentionables, I said, "the boar has not wounded my body, only my legs, I think," for I still felt no pain, but the blood was trickling down, and I could feel my left shoe was full of it.

Taking a handkerchief and a stick, I made a sort of tourniquet above the knee, and then Ahmed dragged me out of the thicket. I felt faint, night was approaching, there were fifteen miles to ride to Tangier; but I decided it would be better to return to town than to go to camp and next day find my wounds so stiff that I should not be able to ride. Moreover I had sent the day before to Tangier my favourite horse "Snaby," badly ripped, and now I thought if my family hear I am also wounded, they will be greatly alarmed. I requested Ahmed to go to camp and send me a flask of brandy by my groom, and that the latter was to accompany me to town. I told the hunters, who assembled round me with anxious faces, that I was not seriously hurt, but unfit for riding, and begged them to remain for next day's hunt, declining the offer of many friends to accompany me to town.

It was a very dark night, and it took four hours to arrive at Tangier at a fool's pace. I had constant proofs of the malignity of matter, for every branch or twig we passed seemed to take pleasure in knocking against my wounds, causing me much pain.

On arrival at the foot of the stairs of the Legation House, I gave a cheery "view halloo," so that my family might know I had arrived in good spirits. I was carried upstairs, and a surgeon was sent for, who sewed up the wounds. The worst was a stab from a tusk, making a deep hole without ripping the flesh as in the other cuts. For three weeks I lay on my back, though, as the surgeon observed, my flesh was like that of a healthy child, the wound having closed without inflammation.

When the hunters returned, I sent for brave Ahmed Ben Aly, who had saved my life, and gave him a gun and a sword.

J. H. DRUMMOND HAY.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

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A Highland Seer and Scotch Superstitions.

THE Lowlands have always been considered the birthplace and country of the fairy lore of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott and Burns created a world of fairies and warlocks, and invested them with all the interest and mystery which their political imagination could create. The Eildon Hills, the country by Melrose, Moffat and Abbotsford were peopled by spirits, the offspring of Scott's fancy, and Burns bestowed on his part of Scotland a halo of supernatural interest. The Highlands, so far away and beyond the reach of travellers, were an unknown world to the outside, while the warlike savage character of the Highlanders and their internecine feuds caused them to be considered ignorant and incapable of any gifts of imagination or poetry. That this belief should have existed is not surprising. Shut up in their mountain fastnesses; obliged to hold their lands by the right of the strongest; often defeated, sometimes almost exterminated during the wars between the clans, it was difficult to imagine the probability of any development among these brave savages of the softer influences that affected the Lowlands.

And yet, as the country began to be opened up, and the excitement following the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745 subsided, it was discovered that there existed not only the same beliefs and superstitions as in the Lowlands, but also a spirit of poetry and imagination, that was no less full of beauty and music. In the struggle for existence and mastery that took place among the clans, some of the highest mental as well as physical qualities were developed; their power of endurance and the feeling of loyalty and devotion to their Chief being most remarkable. The love and belief of a child for its parent was not more intense than the affection existing between them, and no more touching story in history is told than that of the pains, perils, and tempta-

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tions endured by the Highlanders for their adherence to the House of Stuart. The qualities shown to be possessed by these wild people would in a higher state of civilization have produced as great men as any in the history of the world, but limited as were the influences and education they received, it produced only the simple grandeur of their unswerving loyalty to their Chief and King—and the softer side of their nature sought an outlet in the tales of fairies and supernatural beliefs, which were largely stimulated by the romantic nature of the scenery and the gloomy climate of their country. Behind their mountain passes, shrouded among the mists and rain, listening to the voice of Nature in the whistling of the wind, the fury of the tempest, and the roaring of the sullen thunder, the emotional side of their character found a language in the wailing of the pibroch and coronach, and in the intensely pathetic melody of the Gaelic music. Even in their war-songs and gathering-songs, we find the saddest, tenderest, most mournful strains, which run like a silver thread through the whole music of the Highlands.

When the pipers of the clan summoned the clansmen to battle, the echo of their music among the hills fell on the air as a lament for those who would never return—and the same spirit of melancholy pervades all their music from the most ancient to what is comparatively modern, but perhaps expresses more truly than any other, the deepest sorrow the Highlanders have ever experienced, the laments for the great clearances that took place about fifty years ago, and stirred to their inmost depths the hearts and imaginations of the Highlanders. Great tracts of country were depopulated, and the inhabitants sent across the seas, in the interests, as the Highlanders always believed, of their landlords. In the distant Antipodes, in the far-off wilds of Canada where the Highlanders emigrated, and where they have prospered, they still cling with all the passionate devotion of their Celtic natures to the memory of their beloved Highlands; in the wild song and laments of their fatherland they find utterance for feelings of longing and sorrow that can never be eradicated.

The belief in fairies and brownies, or the more playful and fanciful kind of fairy, seems to belong more to the Lowlands of Scotland than the Highlands. The character of the people was softer, and the lighter forms of superstitious belief found a more fitting home there than in the Highlands, where the gloomy and austere character of the people led them to invest

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the supernatural inhabitants of their glens and mountains with something more akin to their own darker and sterner natures. Thus the fairies and brownies of the Lowlands take in the North the form of warnings, that come in gruesome guise to foretell misfortune and calamity to the family to whom they belong, and to whom they appear when danger or misfortune threaten their patrons. Every great and powerful family in the North was believed to have a supernatural warning or omen which appeared before the death of any prominent member. It varied in most cases, but each family of a clan generally received the same warning before death as the Chief.

Very striking coincidences, no doubt, have occurred, quite important enough to convince a highly superstitious people of their infallibility. Thus among the Mackenzies the death-candle was always said to appear before the death of any leading member of any branch. A large light appeared at some distance in the sky, sailing slowly till it arrived above the place where the person whose death it predicted lived; when it would slowly disappear in a brilliant coruscation of light. In Tulloch Castle a cold hand was always said to be laid on the face of the person whose death it foretold. In another family a white owl always appeared when any member was going to die, and in another a black dog; while on the west coast of the Highlands an old woman, commonly called the "Gruagach," appeared to foretell the death of some important member of the family to which she specially belonged.

But second-sight, or the faculty of seeing future or present invisible objects, is the supernatural gift most common, and most revered in the Highlands. The gift was possessed by people of both sexes, and the trance during which the power of reading the future existed, came at longer or shorter intervals of greater or lesser intensity. As a rule the gift of second-sight was more largely possessed by women than men, the nervous and impressionable nature of a woman making her a more suitable medium than a man. There are so many well-known instances of witches in Scottish history we need not narrate them here, but up till a very recent date, the belief in witches and their power existed in Scotland. That a very strong belief in prophecy, second-sight, and supernatural powers is a characteristic of the Celtic nature no one can doubt, and no better proof of it is found than that even at this present day, when all Scotland seems given up body and soul to the most material interests,

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there are still treasured up in many parts the traditions and sayings of those who were supposed to possess the fatal gift of opening the book of fate. Fatal it was to the possessor; it always brought enmity and misfortune to him, and his sayings were fraught with destruction and disaster to those around him. But the gloomy future, with its mysteries and pain, had a special interest to the deeply imaginative Highlander, who endeavoured there to seek and find an answer to the riddles that perplexed and troubled his unquiet nature.

The most interesting figure in all the Scotch history of prophecy and second-sight is one completely unknown to any save those who, from association or by family tradition, are connected with him. It is the more remarkable, as his sayings and prophecies are the most largely quoted and believed in in the Highlands, and some of them have acquired a position there, which amounts to little less than a religious belief in his supernatural powers.

Kenneth Mackenzie, or, as he is best known, Coinneach Odhar, was beyond all comparison the most remarkable of the Highland seers, and his sayings have been known throughout the Highlands for over one hundred and fifty years. They were well known to Sir Walter Scott, and in Lockhart's 'Life,' some mention is made of them, especially in connection with the great prophecy that stamped Coinneach as the true prophet of his day and country. He was born in the island of Lewis, and was all his life connected closely with the family of the Earls of Seaforth, then the great head of the clan, and one of the most powerful chiefs of the time, and at an early age he settled on the mainland, in a cottage on the banks of Loch Ussie, some short distance from Brahan Castle, the home of his chief. There are various traditions as to his birth and the means by which he became possessed of his gift of second-sight; but the most generally received one is that on one occasion he fell asleep on the hill-side, and on awaking found a small round white stone on his breast, which gave him forthwith the power of prophecy, and saved his life in several miraculous ways from his enemies. He occupied a comparatively humble position, but being a man of some slight education and refinement, was much sought after by the great people who lived in that part of the world, not only for his wonderful knowledge, but for the gentleness and excellence of his life and influence.

Thus he came into personal contact with the wife of Lord

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Seaforth, a haughty proud woman of violent and jealous temper, who, however, consulted the seer when occasion arose, and displayed great confidence in him and his counsel. Her confidence proved, however, fatal to the seer. Lord Seaforth had occasion to go to Paris on business, after the Restoration of King Charles II., leaving Lady Seaforth in Scotland, who became at last uneasy, owing to his protracted visit and absence of letters, and in her distress sent messages for Kenneth, bidding him to come at once and give her tidings of her lord. Reluctantly obeying her orders, Kenneth made his appearance at the Castle, where he was instantly summoned into the presence of the great lady, who demanded that he should tell her where Lord Seaforth was. Asking where Lord Seaforth had gone, and saying that he could find him alive or dead, the seer put his white stone to his eye, and assured Lady Seaforth that her lord was well and happy. "But," asked Lady Seaforth, "where is he?" "That is not necessary for your ladyship's knowledge," answered Kenneth. "Be assured he is well." But his assurances only increased the curiosity and anxiety of Lady Seaforth, who from pressure proceeded to use threats, until Kenneth at last said, "Your lord is well and happy, and he is in a fair chamber hung with fine tapestry, and there is a bonnie lady with him, and he is on bended knees before her, with her hand pressed to his lips."

The rage of Lady Seaforth knew no bounds, and that which should have been directed against her faithless husband was poured on the head of the prophet. The disclosure was made in public before many of her friends and the retainers of the family, and enraged at the knowledge of the insults heaped on her being known, she formed the sudden and cruel resolution of destroying the man who had innocently been the cause of her humiliation and disgrace. Turning on him with overpowering passion, reproaching him for defaming and degrading the name of his great Chief, branding him as a liar and slanderer, she declared that there and then she would take the most instant and signal vengeance, and have him put to death by the most ignominious means, that of being burnt as a wizard, for exercising all the black arts he possessed in defaming the most noble and honoured name in the North.

No time was allowed for preparation, no prayers for forgiveness were heard, no opportunity given for intercession, and the seer was led forth to execution. Finding that all hope was gone,

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and he was abandoned, Kenneth resigned himself to his fate, and on his way to execution before the vindictive Countess paused, and drawing forth his white stone, uttered the prophecy or doom of the family of Seaforth in these words: "I see into the far future, and I read there the doom of my destroyer. Ere many generations have passed, the line of Seaforth will become extinct in sorrow. I see the last male of his line both deaf and dumb. I see his three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to their grave. He shall sell his gift lands, and no future Seaforth shall rule in Kintail. A black-eyed lassie from the East, with snow on her coif, shall succeed him; she shall kill her sister, and she shall be the last of the Mackenzies of Seaforth. In these days there shall be a daft Lovat and a buck-tooth Chisholm, and they shall be the last direct males of their line. When these things are, Seaforth may know that his sons are doomed to death, and that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall be no more."

When Kenneth had uttered this solemn and terrible prophecy, he threw the white stone away from him, and tradition says it fell into a small well close by, from which immediately gushed out a large spring of water, which, spreading, formed the lake at the foot of Knockfarrel called Lake Ussie. From Brahan, Kenneth was dragged by orders of Lady Seaforth, now doubly incensed by his prophecies, to Chanory Point, some twenty miles distant, where he was burnt to death. Lord Seaforth arrived at Brahan, shortly after Kenneth had started on his last journey, and on hearing of what had occurred, rode fast and furiously to Fortrose in the vain hope of averting the doom that was to befall the wretched man; but he arrived only in time to see the expiring embers of the fire which had destroyed his devoted vassal.

Such, briefly, is the history of the man the fulfilment of whose prophecies form some of the most curious chapters in the history of supernatural events in Scotland, and it may be as well, before passing to other prophecies he is said to have made, to trace the fulfilment of the doom of the Seaforths. The Countess of Seaforth, to whom Kenneth owed his death, was the daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbart, and sister of the first Earl of Cromartie, and married Kenneth third Earl of Seaforth, who died in 1678, being succeeded by his son. During the Rebellion of 1715, the Earl of Seaforth took the side of Prince Charles Edward, and was obliged to fly the country, taking refuge in Spain, while the titles and estates were

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forfeited to the Crown; but in 1726 his lands and honours were restored to him, and he lived and died in great honour and wealth. The vicissitudes which attended all powerful Highland families at that time followed the Seaforths, but they continued to prosper, and the ruin which the Rebellion of 1715 brought on many great families was retrieved in their case, and restored possessions and honours preserved the dignity and grandeur of the family. Curiously, on the death of the last Earl of Seaforth without a son, the family possessions passed to his cousin, descended from the Earl of Seaforth and the vindictive Countess, and in his person, or rather, in the person of his brother, the prophecy of Coinneach Odhar was accomplished.

Francis Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, was a remarkable man in almost all respects. He was possessed of great intellectual capacity, but became, from a bad illness contracted while a boy at school, perfectly deaf, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, towards the end of his life, dumb. He led, in spite of these physical infirmities, a life full of usefulness and activity. He raised a regiment at the end of the great war. He was Governor of Barbados and afterwards of Demerara and Berbice. He was a Lieut.-General in the army, and in 1797 was created Baron Seaforth of Kintail. There were, however, circumstances in his life which must often have made him feel ill at ease. He married happily and well, and was blessed with three fine sons and six daughters, and round him on either side he saw his neighbours, the two great contemporary chiefs of the day, with the physical peculiarities denoted by Coinneach Odhar. However the fatal truth was forced on him and on all those who remembered the family prophecy, by the lamentable events that filled his house with sorrow. One after another his three sons died. The last, the eldest, who was the most distinguished of all, was cut off in a youth time of great promise.

The stricken father, after waiting in vain to hear that a respite was given, and that his dearly loved son's life was to be spared, died in 1815, the last male of his race; and the great Seaforth estates were inherited by his daughter, Lady Hood, who just before her father's death, had become a widow, her husband, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, dying in India; so that she returned from India in her widow's weeds to take possession of her inheritance. She was thus literally a white-hooded lassie (that is, a young woman in widow's weeds) from the East. Lady Hood married some years later Mr. Stewart, a grandson of the Earl of

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Galloway, and lived in happiness and prosperity on her vast estates. After many years of prosperity, a frightful calamity overtook Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie. One day, driving her sister in a pony carriage, the ponies took fright, and started off at a furious pace down a steep and precipitous road. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was quite unable to stop them, and she and her sister were thrown out of the carriage. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie recovered from her accident, but her sister, after lingering for some days, died. As Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was driving at the time of the accident, she may, not inaccurately, be described as causing her sister's death, thus fulfilling this portion of Coinneach's prophecy.

In this remarkable history of family prophecy, it is curious to notice that the prophecy was not discovered or developed contemporaneously or after the events. It had been current and believed in, in the Highlands for generations, and the gradual fulfilment of the doom of the Seaforths was watched with sorrow and sympathy for more than half a century. One curious instance of how firmly rooted the belief in the prophecy was, occurred in 1812, when Lord Seaforth, in consequence of the mismanagement of his large West India estates, found himself in such difficulties that he was constrained to sell some of his property on the west coast of Ross-shire, the lands of Kintail—the "gift lands," as they were best known, or the oldest possession of the family. They had been granted to the common ancestor of the Mackenzies, Colin Fitzgerald, one of the Geraldine family in Ireland,—an outlaw, tradition asserts, who had taken refuge on the shores of Loch Duich in Kintail,—in recognition of his having saved the life of the King, Alexander III., out hunting. The King gave him as reward a tract of land in the form of a stag's head, and those lands were commonly known as the gift lands of the Seaforth. So firmly was the prophecy believed in, that when the tenants on the Kintail lands heard of the necessities of their Chief, they subscribed a sum of over £3000 among themselves and sent it to Lord Seaforth, in the vain hope that it might lighten his temporary embarrassment and avert the evil days that were upon them. Another evidence of the antiquity of the prophecy is found in the fact that there are letters in existence from the Countess of Seaforth in 1722 to her sister, Lady Arundel of Wardour, mentioning the story and commenting on it.

Thus we have two distinct proofs of the existence of the

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prophecy fifty years before the Seaforth in whose person it was fulfilled was born. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' says, "Mr. Morritt can testify thus far, that he heard the prophecy quoted in the Highlands at a time when Lord Seaforth had two sons alive and in good health, and that it was certainly not made after the event;" and Sir Walter Scott, in writing to Mr. Morritt, says, "Our friend, Lady Hood, will now be Caberfeigh herself. I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that when there should be a deaf Caberfeigh the house is to fall." And the touching stanzas in which Sir W. Scott laments the extinction of the family contain no more touching words than those in which he alludes to the dramatic tragedies that clouded the last days of the old Chief's life.

"Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve.
What 'vails if the tale of thy sorrows to tell
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell?
Of the line of MacKenneth remains not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail."

The prophecy has come true in its fullest and saddest sense, for of the vast possessions of the Earls of Seaforth, but the smallest portion belongs now to the representative of this once great and powerful family. I have narrated the Seaforth prophecy perhaps at undue length, but it is difficult to curtail it, as it is one the most remarkable and best known of all. There are many prophecies relating to other families in the North which are very curious, but none so detailed. The buck-toothed (*i.e.* double row of teeth) Chisholm, the stammering Gairloch, the daft Grant, and the harelipped Laird of Raasay, were well-known sayings of Coinneach's, and curiously the representatives of these four families were marked by the above-mentioned personal peculiarities at the same time as the deaf and dumb Seaforth.

There are many of Coinneach's prophecies which, though devoid of the personal interest attaching to the Seaforth ones, are none the less interesting. One well known is that referring to the opening of railways. He says, "the day will come when long black carriages without horses will go through the country and cross the stance (or market-place) of the Muir of Ord," and now the Highland Railway crosses the particular spot indicated. Another relating to the opening up of the Highlands is, "that

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the country will be crossed from sea to sea by white bands," evidently alluding to the magnificent roads made through the North after the battle of Culloden by General Wade and his army while garrisoned in the country. A curious coincidence was related to me by a lady who, soon after her marriage, made an expedition into Kintail to see the country. She was an Englishwoman, and had never heard of Coinneach and his prophecies, and one day was taken to the summit of one of the highest hills in Lochalsh by one of the MacRaes, a family of great antiquity in Ross-shire, and one of the subject clans of the Mackenzies. On arriving at the top she was struck by the curious effect on the scenery of the great roads which intersected the country on all sides, and exclaimed to her companion, "Oh, Captain MacRae, the country looks as if it were covered by white bands of ribbon!" To her surprise the old man reverently took off his hat, saying softly, "Eh, my dear, but those are the very words that Coinneach Odhar himself said over a hundred years ago." There is a small well-wooded hill close to Inverness called Tomnahurich, and a prophecy relating to it is worth mentioning. "The day will come when Tomnahurich will be kept under lock and key, and large ships shall sail round or under its shadow." Some years ago the Inverness people made a cemetery on Tomnahurich with two picturesque gates which are opened to admit visitors, and more remarkable still is the fact that the Caledonian Canal now runs below the hill, so that Coinneach's double prophecy has been fulfilled.

We may perhaps allow that some of these prophecies were not due so much to supernatural knowledge on Coinneach's part, as to the conviction that a man of some intelligence and education could not help having, that a hundred years must bring very important changes into his country; but explain them as we may, they are none the less very curious coincidences. One other of Coinneach's prophecies will suffice. He says: "The estate of Fairburn shall be sold three times, and the second time it shall be bought back by the Seaforths, but before they buy it a cow shall calve in the highest room in the Tower of Fairburn." The estate of Fairburn was one of the oldest possessions of the Seaforths, but was given to a younger son as a "wadset," or portion. For many years it continued in the possession of the Mackenzies of Fairburn, who at last sold it to a family in whose possession it remained a very short time, and it again came into the market, when it was

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bought by the Hon. Mrs. Stewart MacKenzie of Seaforth, the representative of the Seaforth family. The old castle of Fairburn had fallen out of repair, having been uninhabited for a good many years, and it was practically in ruins. It was necessary, however, for its safety to do some repairs, and workmen were engaged on it, when a cow contrived to ascend to the very top of the tower by means of planks which had been placed to enable the workmen to ascend. She was so near her time for calving, and the room into which she had climbed was so large, that it was decided to let her remain, and she there gave birth to a calf. I remember an old woman who lived by the Tower, and who was over eighty years of age, telling me of her knowledge of the prophecy long before the event happened. On one occasion, while living near Inverness, Coinneach crossed over what is now known as the battle-field of Culloden. He is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, Drumrossie, thy bleak moor shall ere many generations have passed away be bathed with the blood of the best and noblest in the Highlands! Glad am I that God will spare me the sight of that day, for it will be a terrible one. The proudest heads will fall, and no mercy will be shown or quarter given on either side." How true his words proved we know who read the history of the last battle fought on Scottish soil.

It will be observed how entirely Coinneach's prophecies were of a mournful nature. He possessed the power apparently of only reading a sad and disastrous future to those he cared for, and to whom he belonged. His Celtic nature partook largely of the element of sadness and melancholy which is so strong a characteristic of his race, and his own tragic doom may unconsciously have influenced and saddened him. In none of his sayings or prophecies do we find anything that is joyous or pleasant, they all speak of doom and disaster. There is only one in which we discern a small tinge of humour, and we give it as the last. He says in one of his songs, "The day will come when the Lewis men shall go forth with their hosts to battle, but they will be turned by the jawbone of an animal smaller than an ass." This prediction sounds ridiculous and incomprehensible to the last degree, yet it was fulfilled in a natural and very simple manner. Lord Seaforth and the leading men of the clan went "out" in 1715 and 1719, and had their estates forfeited, and only a few years before 1745 their lands and honours were restored to Lord Seaforth and to MacKenzie,

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eleventh Baron of Hilton. The Rev. Colin MacKenzie, Minister of Fodderty and Laird of Glack, was the first in the neighbourhood to receive news of the landing of Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Lord Seaforth had still the warmest feelings of attachment to the Prince, which were shared by the Minister who, though at heart a thorough Jacobite, was a great personal friend of President Forbes. He had been persuaded through this influence to remain neutral, and fearing that his friend Seaforth on hearing the news might be induced to join the Prince, he started at once for Brahan Castle. Although late at night, he crossed the hill of Knockfarrel, entered Seaforth's bedroom by the window—for he had already gone to bed for the night—and informed him of the Prince's landing. They decided on getting out of the way, and both immediately disappeared. Seaforth was known to have been in regular correspondence with the Prince, and to have sent private orders to the Lewis to have his men there in readiness, and his friend impressed on him the necessity of getting out of sight altogether for the time. They started through the mountains in the direction of Poolewe, and some days after, when in concealment near the shore, they saw two ships entering the bay having on board a large number of armed men, whom they at once recognised as Seaforth's followers from the Lewis, commanded by Captain Colin MacKenzie. Lord Seaforth had just finished his dinner of a sheep's head when he espied his retainers, and approaching the ships with the sheep's jawbone in his hand, he waved it towards them, and ordered them to return to their homes at Stornoway at once, which command they obeyed. Thus Coinneach's apparently ludicrous prophecy was fulfilled, that the brave Lewis men would be turned back from battle by the jaw-bone of an animal smaller than an ass.

There are many of Coinneach's prophecies still unfulfilled, and many so improbable that they are hardly worth mentioning. For they are all in the same strain, breathing trouble and misfortune. The majority refer to bloody battles which are to be fought between the clans who in Coinneach's time were at variance. There is one "that the ravens shall stand on the three large stones at the south end of the Muir of Ord and drink of the blood of the Mackenzies and Macdonalds, which shall flow long and deep," and there are similar prophecies regarding places in Sutherlandshire and the Lewis. With regard to the stone which Coinneach wore, and which gave him

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the gift of prophecy, there are several different versions of its fate and future. The popularly received tradition is that it lies at the bottom of Loch Ussie, and will remain there until the man is born on whom the mantle of the prophet shall descend, when the wonderful power possessed by Coinneach will be bestowed on him. The future prophet will be distinguished by several physical peculiarities indicated by Coinneach, and he will find the magic stone in the inside of a pike some day while fishing in Lake Ussie. It is asserted that a man possessing the distinctive peculiarities indicated by the prophet did appear some years ago, being born near the spot, but the stone has never been found.

Here we will say farewell to Coinneach. He stands a curiously weird figure in the history of the Highlands. Full of imagination and poetry, he lived at a time when the events which brought about the Rebellion were beginning to make themselves felt, and to a man of his thoughtful and romantic temperament, an instinctive conviction may have made him regard with prophetic sadness the fate which he saw impending over his country and his Chief.

Some of the quaintest and most long-lived of Scotch superstitions are those which pertain to Hallowe'en, when all the lads and lassies, and even the older people, congregated at the shrine of some wise woman to learn what Fate had in store for them during the year. The most important questions generally appertained to affairs of the heart, and the oracle was consulted with great seriousness, and delivered her utterances with terrible solemnity. Cutting an apple in two before a looking-glass, and watching with anxiety and fear to see whose face peered over your shoulder; throwing a ball of thread out of the window with the question "Who holds," and sowing any kind of seed in a dark corner of the garden, while repeating the rhyme—

> "Hempseed I sew thee,
> My true love to know thee.
> Let he who is to marry me
> Come after me and harrow this,—"

may sound somewhat trivial questions to us; but when we realize that the alternative likeness or voice to that of the wished-for lover was his Satanic Majesty, it is not difficult to understand the terror with which nervous and anxious young women regarded the ordeal. The important part

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of the evening's entertainment was, however, telling fortunes by reading the future in the shapes which the white of eggs assumed on being poured into a tumbler of water. The person gifted with the power of prophecy held the tumbler, while the person whose fortune was to be told placed her or his hand over the glass, and from the fantastic forms in the water, the whole book of life was read. Very solemn in the firelight were the faces of the listeners as the old wife foretold joy or sorrow, prosperity or misfortune, and the most profound belief was accorded to her words. There was an old woman who only died ten years ago, living near Strathpeffer in Ross-shire, who was supposed to possess this special power of divination, and people flocked from all parts of the country on Hallowe'en to consult her. I remember on one occasion taking some English people who were curious in the matter to see her, and we had to come away with our curiosity ungratified, as the old woman had such a levee of people waiting for her to solve the riddle of their lives, she had no time to undertake it for our party. She is now dead, and on no one has the prophet's mantle fallen.

It was very curious in all these minor superstitions and beliefs how very important a part was played by the devil. He was always supposed to be the influence that marred some promising horoscope, and the fairies or smaller supernatural folk all gave way to the greater power of mischief and evil, and for the night of Hallowe'en Satan was given unlimited licence to try his arts against those of Providence and Love. One other Highland superstition of Hallowe'en bears the impress of the romance and melancholy so characteristic of the Highland character, and is practised only in very remote parts of the country. The person who intends tempting the spirits of darkness must steal out unobserved to a field whose furrows lie due north and south, and entering at the western side must proceed slowly over eleven ridges, and stand in the centre of the twelfth, when they will hear either sobs or mournful shrieks, which predict speedy death, or the sounds of merriment and music, which foretell their marriage. This experiment was not a popular one, and seldom tried, for tradition told of girls, who had gone out alone to test it, and had returned deprived of their reason.

The belief in the Church having power to counteract the evil intentions of spirits, was not one that had much influence in the Highlands, and there are but few instances of such a faith. A

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Free Kirk minister in the Lewis, Mr. MacRae, had, however, a curious story, which he often narrated, of the manner in which the depredations which were committed in the Lewis in very early times were stopped by a priest, who went alone and confronted the great golden-haired Princess from over the seas, half woman and half witch, who was devastating the country. She came from no one knew where, more beautiful and glorious than the day, with golden hair which covered her from head to foot like a great mantle. A great host came with her, and they laid waste the country, and no power could stand before her. After every man who attempted to stand against her had been killed, the inhabitants appealed to the man of God to see what godly help could do, as all human efforts were exhausted. Making a tryst to meet the enchantress on a high cliff above the ocean on the wild coast of the island, he attempted to induce her to leave the country she had laid waste, but his entreaties were unavailing. Scornfully she told him she would never leave the Lewis while there was a man, woman or child left to destroy. Seeing how useless were his attempts to persuade her to leave, the wily priest contrived to engage her in a fierce and angry controversy, she receding to the edge of the cliff, and he following her. Expostulating and entreating, the progress continued, till the Princess found too late she had been driven on to a narrow point of the cliff, some hundred feet above the sea, from which there was no escape. Mad with passion, she hurled herself on the priest, intending to kill him with the spear she held in her hand—but the holy man upheld the sign of the cross, and the wicked enchantress, with a shriek which echoed through the island, fell backwards over the rocks into the boiling waters at the foot of the cliff, and her hosts had disappeared before the holy deliverer of the island had returned to convey the joyful tidings to his people.

Another story of the power of the Church over spirits is told in Lochaber. The burial-ground of Cillechoireal or St. Cyril is on a beautiful hill-top on the mountain-side—the very ideal of a peaceful resting-place. The Bard of Keppoch and the mighty huntsman MacDonald sleep there. But there was a time when the whole country was disturbed night after night by the shoutings of supernatural combatants, those who in life had been foes, rising under the curtain of night to renew their feuds and fight their battles over again, and the clashing of battle-axes and claymores was heard far and wide.

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The groans of the wounded, the cries of the vanquished, and the wild fiendish laughter of the victors made the strongest hearts quake, while the fearful were nearly dead with terror. This state of matters continued for some time, but at last on one dark stormy night matters came to a crisis. Women shrieked in terror, while strong men prayed and crossed themselves.

> "The wind blew as 'twad blaw its last,
> The rattlin' showers rose on the blast,
> The speedy gloom the darkness swallowed,
> Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellowed."

But over and above the noise of the raging elements rang the cries of the hellish legion and their demoniacal warfare. Some thought the cause of this tumult was because a Protestant had been buried there, and the sanctity of the consecrated ground thus outraged, and appealed to the minister of Kilmonivaig to see if he would not remove the body. The minister with great caution replied that he thought it would be a pity to remove a brave man who was evidently holding his own against such a host, and refused to interfere in the matter. It then occurred to the people to get the ground reconsecrated, and on this terrible night one man strong in faith volunteered to go and fetch the priest. And his courage was duly rewarded, for he arrived safely at the priest's house and told his tale. The priest, who was a very devout man, set out at once for the scene of the dreadful *mêlée*. In crossing the river Spean the man carried the priest on his back, and when they reached the further shore he took off one of his shoes, and filling it with water, consecrated it, and after many prayers set off alone to the burying-ground, leaving the messenger in a state of terror on the river bank. In that dark and lonely hour of night the priest entered the scene of unholy warfare and reconsecrated the ground, amidst the disappointed yells of the vanquished spectres, and from that day peace and silence reign in Cillechoireal, and "there at peace the ashes rest of those who once were foes."

The belief in witches and witchcraft seems now to have died away in the Highlands. In the very remote districts occasionally we hear of isolated cases of people being bewitched, or of old women who still possess the power of casting evil spells over those who displease them, but they are very rare. It may not, however, be uninteresting to mention a circumstance which came under my own observation in Loch Broom in the year 1858. We

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were living in a small farmhouse in the autumn of that year on the loch side, and an old woman who lived in a broken-down ruined cottage near us, had the unenviable reputation of being a witch. She was one of the most hideous old hags I ever beheld, and though apparently harmless, was most vindictive. She conceived a violent dislike to the cook, with whom she quarrelled, and vowed she would revenge herself on her for some fancied insult. One day we were met by faces of great consternation, and told that the old woman had bewitched the cows and they would give no milk. There was no possibility of procuring milk elsewhere, and as the difficulties of feeding a number of small children under these circumstances were so great, it was considered best to appease the witch. Some conciliatory measures were adopted, and the old woman promised to repair the mischief she had done. The cows were accordingly brought into the byre from the hill-side, and the hag, with a large black bottle containing some mysterious fluid she had prepared, a bag of simples, and her stool, was shut in with them. I well remember being allowed to peep in at the window, to see her sitting on her stool behind the cows, rocking herself backwards and forwards, and crooning some weird song; but it was only a glimpse, for every one was enjoined to keep far away and leave her in peace. At the end of about half an hour she appeared, assuring us that the spell was removed, and that the cows would soon be all right, which they undoubtedly were, for in the course of an hour or two they gave readily, and abundantly, the supply of milk needed. The servants and neighbours believed devoutly, that some supernatural agency was invoked, and that the old hag was the medium. But there was a sceptical piper who always avowed his firm belief that the want of milk on that particular morning was due to a much more simple cause, and that had the cows been watched while feeding on the hill-side, a more substantial fairy, in the form of the old woman's daughter, might have been seen milking them. His theory was the only doubt I ever heard cast, however, on what was considered then and since one of the most remarkable instances of witchcraft. It is impossible in an article of this length to give more than an outline of what were some of the prominent instances of a belief in second-sight and prophecy in the Highlands; but those who are interested in the subject will find a great amount of curious information in a book written by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, published in Inverness. It is

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entitled the 'Brahan Seer,' but it deals more largely with matters relating to the superstitions of the Highlands, and there is little more relating to Coinneach and his times than what is told here.

It is curious to contrast the devout belief in all supernatural things of the Highlanders of the past, with the scepticism of those of to-day. Education has more than done its work in Scotland, if sweeping away the darkness and ignorance, which made an imaginative people fly to some supernatural cause for an explanation of the mysteries and perplexities of life has been its aim. No more remarkable phenomenon exists now than the complete change that has come over the Highland character during the last fifty years. The blind devotion to their King and Chief, which made no task too impossible, no sacrifice too great, no longer exists. The old families have died away, the old territorial possessions and names have disappeared, and we have in their place new races of lairds and tenants. The causes are not far to seek. The Rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had well-nigh exhausted the resources of the country, and it longed to be at peace. The last representative of the royal family of Scotland was a *fainéant*, and unworthy of the blood spilt for him, and the English Government, wisely in the end, but cruelly at the time, determined to stamp out all feelings of nationality that were still left. And it succeeded; for as the country got opened up, and southern influences were brought to bear on the Highlanders, they accepted their conditions of life, and turned their energies in other directions. The great clearances for deer forests and sheep farms, and the emigration which that, and the failure of food necessitated, broke the last link in the feudal chain, and to the Highlanders their chief became only their landlord, and ceased to be their father and friend. The Highlanders are wealthier, more prosperous, and perhaps more contented; but the spirit of poetry is dead, and all that gave romance to Scottish life is gone with it, and no sadder evidence that such is the case exists, than the sight of the ruined sheilings on the lonely hill-side which tell of the fulfilment of Coinneach's prophecy, that "the day will come when the big sheep and deer will overrun the country till they shall strike the Northern Sea."

MARY JEUNE.

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The Spirit Photograph.

CHAPTER I.

"THIS will do," said Mansell; "let us change here."

He and his companions halted.

Where they now stood the track had widened suddenly; a few paces further on, it abruptly narrowed again. On their left was a wall of frozen snow; on their right a yawning precipice; beneath their feet, an uneven path of ice. It was a somewhat dangerous situation, and the foremost of the party, a trusted Swiss guide, showed signs of uneasiness.

This was Mansell's first experience of the Himalayas, but he was a practised Alpine climber, and his former training stood him in good stead. It was he who first saw the advisability of making a change in their order of progression.

"You go in front," he said to a native who accompanied them, and who had frequently acted as guide to similar expeditions; "I will bring up the rear."

This arrangement had already been agreed to by the remaining members of the party, two athletic young Englishmen, evidently brothers. The elder was a Captain in the army, who had for some time past been engaged in making explorations in the Himalayas with the aid of a few natives. The majority of these were timorous, and useful only as guides over the mountain passes; but the man who was now appointed leader had ascended to considerable heights with more than one adventurous explorer, and was said to know every inch of the ground which they were then traversing.

The party soon moved on with renewed confidence, the Swiss guide, however, still manifesting dissatisfaction, and questioning whether they had been conducted by the easiest road. He came next in order to the native guide; behind him were the brothers; Mansell came last. All were roped together.

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"Confound that fellow Wilhelm!" muttered Mansell. "If he gets in a panic he may slip and give us trouble."

"I can't think what's the matter with him," said the younger of the brothers. "Dick imported him from Switzerland on purpose for this sort of work, and he's never played the fool before. He seems to think our brown friend has mistaken the way, but that's not likely. He was up here with Fitzmaurice a short time ago."

"There's a stiff bit coming," observed the Captain.

"Pretty well," said Mansell cheerfully, "but I have done far worse. I dare say Wilhelm will settle down all right now that he has got mischief in front of him and can see that he is up to no tricks. He hates a native as I do a black beetle. He said this specimen had a shifty eye, but so they all have, the rascals, and one must take some one that knows the ground."

Their way now grew steeper and more difficult, and conversation ceased. For a time, however, all went well.

Suddenly Mansell, who had continually glanced ahead anxiously whenever he could safely take his eyes off the slippery path, was possessed by a fear which he dared not communicate to his companions. It was doubtless aroused by his detecting a suspicious movement on the part of the leader.

"We shall be over the worst of this bit in a minute," he said to himself by way of consolation; "and then I'll either go in front myself, or we'll consider if it's wise to go further." So saying, he drew a sharp knife from his belt and placed it between his teeth. He scarcely knew what he intended to do with it in an emergency; for an instant he thought of passing it on to the Captain, who was unprovided in that respect, thus giving him the means of separating himself and his companions from the guides, in case some accident or treachery should endanger the lives of the whole party. In the face of great peril all kinds of suspicions pass rapidly through the mind, and are, perhaps, as readily rejected. It even occurred to Mansell that the two guides might be in league against them, the Swiss guide's nervousness being merely assumed for the occasion. Again, he reflected that he was probably alarming himself unreasonably, and he once more observed with satisfaction that the most difficult portion of the narrow ice path was almost passed.

A moment later the Swiss guide slipped, recovered himself, slipped again with a terrible cry, and fell backwards. It was

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evident to Mansell that his worst fears were realised. The leader had cut the rope!

With a full recognition of the horror of his position, Mansell's thoughts darted with the swiftness of a lightning-flash to his wife and child in England; then he cried to his companions to stand firm. He even began to call to the man next him to cut the rope in front of him, so as to leave them linked only in couples. He might be able to save one of his friends, though he knew he was powerless to support three men.

It was too late. The brothers had lost their presence of mind, but it would have availed them little at this crisis. Wilhelm had fallen against the Captain, and Mansell saw that all three were falling back upon himself. He knew that he was powerless to resist their weight, and believed that, whether bound to him or not, they must inevitably hurl him down the yawning abyss. One only chance remained to him of saving his own life, and that was indeed a slender one. With a rapid, desperate effort he severed the rope.

Some hours later the native guide returned to the encampment which the party had started from in the morning, bearing the news of a terrible accident. According to him, his own life had been preserved by a miracle. The Swiss guide had slipped on the ice, whereupon the rope had broken between them, and all the party except himself had been hurled down the precipice and killed instantly.

Having imparted this information, he disappeared, perhaps because he found himself regarded with manifest distrust.

The utmost horror was excited by his report, and an expedition was organized to discover the bodies of the unfortunate men who had met with so dreadful a fate. The two brothers and the Swiss guide were subsequently found dead at the foot of the gorge, there being neither money nor watches left upon the bodies. Mansell was searched for in vain, but doubtless his body had been cast into some inaccessible cleft or crevice.

CHAPTER II.

Fanny Mansell resided in a pretty red-brick house, surrounded by green lawns and shady trees, within five miles of the manufacturing town of Druffield. Her husband had, on his marriage, supplied his father's place in the celebrated firm of Mansell and Haddon at Druffield; but, being unaccustomed to confinement

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in an office in a large town, his health after a time began to suffer, and his medical attendant advised change of air and scene. Mansell had been about to send a representative of the firm to visit a branch House in India. This task he now determined to take upon himself. The whole trip need occupy but three months, and the sea voyage might be expected to benefit him permanently.

Fanny offered no opposition to the plan, but consented to remain at home with their little daughter, Muriel.

The journey was performed in safety, the object of Mansell's visit to India was accomplished, and he was about to start on his homeward voyage, when he fell in with an old friend who was on his way to join a brother then engaged in making explorations in the Himalayas. Mansell's love of mountain climbing returned so strongly on receiving this intelligence, that he was easily induced to form one of the party. The brothers, wishing to attempt a higher ascent than any they had yet accomplished, were glad enough to have the aid of an experienced Alpine climber.

The disastrous result of the expedition was a fearful blow to Fanny. She had few friends to look to for help and comfort. Fortunately she was rich enough to continue to live in the red-brick house, and the first shock over, she found some solace in devoting herself to the care of her child.

A few months later an event came to pass which brought fresh interests and occupations into her life. Lord Undercroft returned from a long course of foreign travel and took up his abode at Undercroft Manor; a fine old mansion standing in a large park, the principal gates of which were within a stone's throw of the red-brick house. He was not only a polished man of the world, but he was also something of an artist and an amateur photographer. Moreover, he was rich, good-looking, and unmarried. Soon after his arrival at Undercroft he learnt the tragic story of Mansell's death, and shared in the general sympathy felt for Fanny in her sorrow. One day he caught a glimpse of the pretty gables of the red-brick house, and seized with a happy inspiration, requested that he might be permitted to photograph the house and grounds. Needless to say, the permission was at once accorded him.

In our sunless climate, the accomplishment of this feat necessitated several visits. Fanny felt bound to offer luncheon to the enthusiastic photographer. He, on his part, could do no

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less than show her the pictures when they were finished, and request that she and little Muriel would avail themselves of the extensive grounds at Undercroft whenever they were so disposed. Thus an intimacy speedily sprang up between them. Fanny also invested in a camera. A small out-house adjoining the conservatory was turned into a dark room, and Lord Undercroft gave her lessons in the art of photography.

Yet Fanny was never left alone without her past happiness rising again before her, causing her to realize anew how great had been her loss. She recalled her husband's bright, handsome face, and tall, manly form. She loved to trace some resemblance to him in the little Muriel. She constantly regretted that she possessed no portrait of him with which to refresh her memory. Never had she succeeded in prevailing upon him to have his likeness taken. In reply to her entreaties he would tell her laughingly that he had once been photographed when a boy, but that the performance was too similar to a visit to the dentist to be repeated. So even that small consolation was denied to her.

One morning she and Lord Undercroft were seated in her pretty little drawing-room, looking at some so-called spirit photographs which he had brought for her inspection. They had been sent to him by a believer in Spiritualism who was eager for his conversion.

"Who took them?" demanded Fanny, with much curiosity.

"An ardent spiritualist who finds the trade lucrative," replied Lord Undercroft. "His theory is that we are constantly surrounded by spirits, invisible to the naked eye, yet sufficiently substantial to affect the highly sensitised photographic plate. The photographer, presumably, is a medium, whose influence brings the shadowy visitant at the right moment. The bereaved sitter then sees in the completed picture the spirit whose presence he was unconscious of when the likeness was being taken, and sometimes even recognises the face as that of a deceased relation or friend."

"You don't believe in them, do you?" asked Fanny.

"No more than I do in flying pigs," he replied with a light laugh. "I dare say they are easy enough to manufacture. We will have a try one day if you like. I have often obtained very funny results by taking two pictures one over the other on the same plate."

"But you say that the sitters sometimes recognize the spirit as that of a dead relative," said Fanny, taking up the photograph

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of a sad-looking man seated in an armchair over the back of which leaned a white form. "One cannot see much of this spirit's face at any rate."

"No; I suspect the sitter makes up his mind that he is going to see the shade of some particular defunct individual, and then he recognizes the apparition, no matter whether it is recognizable or not. However, it may be possible to produce even the required resemblance in the spirit by making use of a likeness of the deceased person. I am not experienced enough to judge. I suppose you have not taken the house for me yet? You would have light enough this afternoon. But mind, this attempt is to be made all by yourself."

"I must wait till you are gone, then, or you will not be able to refrain from giving me hints," replied Fanny.

She was still young and pretty, and mourning suited her well. Lord Undercroft had noticed this very often of late.

"Poor old red-brick house!" she continued with a sigh. "It is not such a bright, happy place as it used to be."

"It is lonely for you," said Lord Undercroft sympathetically.

He had risen to bid her farewell, and had already taken her hand in his. "There is another house waiting to welcome you," he went on tremulously. "If I only dared hope——"

"Oh no!" cried Fanny in alarm. And then there came a great temptation. The red-brick house had indeed been lonely; Lord Undercroft's society had been very pleasant. If she refused him, their intimacy must be interrupted. She and Muriel could no longer wander at will in the lovely grounds of Undercroft; there would be an end to her photography lessons; the old dreary existence must again be hers.

"Is that your answer?" asked Lord Undercroft, almost reproachfully. "There is love and happiness waiting for you, if you would but tell me——"

"Not now, not now!" cried Fanny despairingly. "Come again to-morrow. I will tell you then."

CHAPTER III.

When Lord Undercroft was gone, Fanny felt frightened and miserable. She feared she had done very wrong in encouraging his visits in the first instance. This catastrophe had been quite unexpected. Then it occurred to her that in telling him to come again on the morrow to receive her answer, she had unintentionally

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led him to believe that she meant to accept him. But, strong as had been the momentary temptation to do so, impossible as she had found it to pronounce a definite refusal, much as she dreaded the blank in her life which would be occasioned by the loss of his friendship, she no sooner had leisure for reflection than she felt that her love for her husband was as great as ever, and that no one could supply his place. At any cost, Lord Undercroft's offer must be refused. She bitterly repented her weakness in delaying the evil moment. That afternoon she would write him a note, telling him that his hopes were vain.

At luncheon Fanny roused herself to listen to Muriel's chatter. Then she sent the child out with her nurse, and determined to try and banish her wretchedness for an hour or two by devoting herself to photography while the sun was still bright. Before writing her note she would take the picture of the house which she had promised to Lord Undercroft. He might decline to accept it now; nevertheless, she would fulfil her promise.

So she went through the conservatory into the little out-house that served her for a dark room, closed the door, and drew a red curtain over it to keep out every crack of light. The only remaining light in the place came through a red blind fastened over the little window.

"I must have a bolt put on this door," she said to herself, remembering that on the previous day Saunders, the man-servant, had come in to announce a visitor while she was engaged in developing a photograph, which, as she had informed him, was consequently completely spoilt. Then she recalled the events of the morning, and her heart misgave her. Perhaps she would never care to take another picture.

Having inserted two plates in her dark slide and armed herself with all the necessary paraphernalia for her task, she once more passed through the conservatory, where she saw Saunders pulling up the blind of one of the drawing-room windows.

"Saunders!" she said, "I am going into the garden to take a photograph, and then I shall finish it in my dark room. Mind you don't come in this time while I am there. If you want anything, call through the door."

"Very good, Mum," said Saunders respectfully.

Saunders had been in the service of Mansell's father and was loyally devoted to the family. He had ideas of his own concerning Lord Undercroft's frequent visits to his young mistress, and nourished an antagonistic feeling towards the camera.

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Fanny proceeded to the garden, and placed the offending apparatus on the lawn in front of the house. As she stood facing the old gabled building, the sun was behind her, but a little to her right; close to her, on her left, was a thick clump of rhododendrons. She gave her whole attention to her work, quite as much for the purpose of driving away melancholy thoughts as of taking a creditable photograph unaided. Having mounted the camera on the stand, and having gone through the process of focussing, she carefully pushed in the dark slide.

"Now," she thought, "I must be very careful to give the right exposure. I should think two seconds would be enough, as the sun is so strong."

She drew forth her watch, which marked the seconds, and took her picture. That done, she debated whether, after all, the exposure had been sufficient. She had one more plate with her. Perhaps it would be wiser to take the same view once more, allowing three seconds instead of two. Thereupon she drew out the dark slide, reversed it and replaced it. She now turned round to note the position of the sun, and stood between the camera and the rhododendron bush, this time with her back to the house. She then again consulted her watch, and reaching out her left hand, she removed the cap without looking at it. Having counted fully three seconds, she put on the cap, replaced her watch, and removed the dark slide from the camera.

"One of these pictures ought to be successful, at any rate," she said to herself, as she gathered her things together and returned to the out-house to develop the negative.

The first plate proved to be a trifle under-exposed. Her hopes were now centred on the second plate. She put it in the tray, poured the solution over it, and watched the result with considerable anxiety. Lord Undercroft and his offer were, for the time being, completely forgotten.

Gradually the plate darkened. The outline of the house became distinguishable. But what was this dark patch appearing in the centre of the house and in the foreground? Could the plate have been fogged? She had taken great pains to pour the solution over it evenly, and the edges of the picture were clear and well defined. She felt disappointed at her failure, after all her care. So long as the plate was in the solution, it was not easy to ascertain what had happened to it; but when she took it out, she dipped it in water and then held it up so that the red light from the window shone through it.

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Great Heavens! What was this?

For an instant Fanny stood motionless as a statue, staring at the negative. The blood in her veins seemed turned to ice; her breath came fast; her brain reeled. The outline of the house formed a frame round a portrait. *She was gazing at her husband's face.*

She made one desperate effort at recovering herself. This must be some practical joke of Lord Undercroft's. He had tampered with the plate. But no! There was no likeness of her husband in existence, and even had it been possible, no one would choose such a subject as this for a practical joke. Besides, the portrait appeared in front of the house and was quite distinct and clear. It could not have been on the plate when she took her picture,that was certain.

No! She had sinned. She had been unfaithful to the memory of her husband. She had dared for one moment to entertain Lord Undercroft's offer. This was a judgment on her for her wickedness. Heaven help her

Overcome with remorse and terror, she uttered a piercing shriek, turned faint, and dropped the plate, which fell to the ground and was broken into fragments.

Then she lost consciousness.

Chapter IV.

When Fanny came to herself she was lying on the drawing-room sofa. Her husband was bathing her forehead. Saunders was assisting him, and the first words she became dimly conscious of were in his voice.

"It's too bad of you, master," he was saying. "A shock like that was worse than your showing yourself would have been. It must have seemed like a miracle," he added, with a mixture of reproach and reverence in his voice, as if he were speaking of something sacred.

"Well, I didn't mean to frighten her," replied Mansell in a scared, apologetic tone, most unusual with him. "I didn't even know that I should come out on the cursed picture. I wanted to see what she was doing—to get a look at her face without her catching sight of me. It only occurred to me afterwards that I had put my head right in front of that infernal machine. It's all your fault for not going into the out-house when I told you."

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"But she'd just said I wasn't to go in for fear of something dreadful happening with those queer things she's got there."

Evidently Saunders had a superstitious awe of the dark room.

"Well," retorted his master, "you could have called to her to come out, you old duffer! and then you could have broken it to her gently."

"There now!" exclaimed the poor old man, greatly injured. "I was all in a tremble with the fright you'd just given me—and there's cook not got over it yet, nor won't for a long time to come. There was you telling me to go into the out-house for fear of something you'd done to the machine, and there was mistress just been telling me not to go in for fear of doing something to the things inside; and I couldn't go and call to her that you'd come back—that would have given her a shock, if you like—and nothing short of that or the house being on fire would have brought her out till she'd finished; and if I'd opened the door she'd have heard cook's screams—and there was you close by, that she might have come upon quite unforeseen; go away now, sir—she's coming to—go away, I tell you!"

But Fanny had heard scraps of this conversation and had recognized her husband's voice. Go away? Just as he had come back to her? It had been no miracle—she had not been dreaming—he was really with her. She opened her eyes and gazed up at him. How could Lord Undercroft be for one moment compared to him? Here was all the old love and happiness restored to her. She was in his arms. They would never be parted again!

If Mansell had had any reason for doubting his wife's devotion, he doubted it now no longer. Such joy as she manifested could not have been simulated. Saunders had discreetly disappeared. When Fanny had sufficiently recovered, Mansell told his story in reply to her eager questionings.

On coming to himself after the accident he found that he was lying in a miserable hut, far from civilized regions, and tended only by natives. He was badly bruised, and stricken down by a fever, from which he began slowly to recover after two or three months of severe illness. Whenever he expressed a wish to send some message to his friends apprising them of his condition, he was informed by his attendants that they were unable to allow him to do so.

It was only by degrees that he divined their reasons for this prohibition. When his companions had been hurled headlong

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over the precipice, Mansell, having separated himself from them by cutting the rope, had been thrown down by the shock of their falling against him and had rolled over the edge in a somewhat different direction. The surviving guide watched the catastrophe, and saw that Mansell was deposited on a ledge at some distance from the foot of the gorge. Judging from the manner in which he had fallen, it seemed possible that he might be still living. In that case he might be rescued, and give evidence concerning the cutting of the rope before the culprit should have had time to make his escape.

Murder, apparently, had not been the man's object, though he had been very ready to make sure of his own life and was not above profiting by the catastrophe. Having given notice of the accident, he had, in all probability, persuaded some of the natives to accompany him to the foot of the gorge for the purpose of rifling the bodies, and in exchange for a share in the plunder, had induced them to carry off Mansell. Fear lest their theft should be discovered would guarantee their keeping him in hiding till the affair had blown over. Being conducted to the scene of the disaster by the native guide himself, they would naturally accomplish their object long before the arrival of the expedition in search of the bodies, which had no one to direct it to the exact spot.

As soon as Mansell was allowed to leave his place of refuge, he travelled in great haste to the nearest town, where he hoped to be able to despatch a telegraphic message to England. But this imprudence brought on a return of the fever, and he arrived at his destination in too helpless a condition to fulfil his purpose. Another long illness followed. When he again began to recover, he found himself attended by a young English doctor who had just come from England to establish himself in the town, and who, singularly enough, was in constant correspondence with relations at Druffield. The first time Mansell was strong enough to converse, he disclosed his name to his new friend; whereupon the doctor remarked it as a coincidence that he bore the same name as a Druffield man who had recently lost his life in the Himalayas, and whose widow was now consoling herself with the society of Lord Undercroft.

After this, Mansell refrained from betraying his identity. He determined to return home with all possible speed, and ascertain for himself what was going on there. The voyage restored him to health, and he actually succeeded in reaching

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his own door while Fanny was still in ignorance of his being alive.

Little remains to be told. In the hall Mansell encountered Saunders, who was so terrified at the sight of what he took to be a ghost, that some minutes elapsed before his master could convince him of his existence in the flesh and learn from him the whereabouts of his mistress. At that moment Fanny was on the lawn taking the first of the two photographs. Mansell, in his eagerness to catch a glimpse of her unseen, ran out into the garden through the kitchen, and approached her from behind the clump of rhododendrons just as she had inserted the dark slide for the second time. His appearance in the kitchen sent the terrified cook into a fit of hysterics, in which she remained for a quarter of an hour, in spite of all efforts to restore her.

It could never be ascertained positively whether Mansell was really so ignorant of the art of photography as to be unaware that he was taking his own likeness when he put his head in front of the camera. Saunders, remembering the feverish anxiety with which his master had afterwards begged him to violate the sanctity of the dark room, ventured to have his doubts on that point. His own private opinion was that Mansell had been tempted to take a mischievous revenge on Fanny for the readiness with which she had consoled herself during his absence, and that he had then suddenly repented his rashness and feared lest the consequences should be serious.

The whole affair had several important results. One was that Mansell solemnly promised his wife to abandon the pursuit of mountain climbing for the future. Another was that he consented to have his photograph taken on the first favourable opportunity. Moreover, it became known in the neighbourhood in the course of a few days that Lord Undercroft had already grown weary of his country residence, and was contemplating starting off immediately on a second foreign tour.

CYRIL BENNETT.

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A German Reed-er.

IN May 1870 I took the final plunge; deserted my somewhat neglected profession of the Bar, and became a member of *the* profession, as it is described in a spirit of banter by the smartly written journals of the day. But stay, am I an acknowledged member of *the* profession? The members of *the* profession repudiate us, I believe—we are Entertainers, our stage is a platform, the characters in the pieces are called "illustrations," and the pieces themselves designated "first part" or "second part," as the case may be. They will have nothing to do with us, and the only recognition they accord us is that they frequently come and see our humble performances, and, I may add, that we are always very glad to see them.

I asked a dramatic critic once why we never got a notice of the Entertainment in his paper. His reply was: "You see, my dear Grain, the musical critic and myself cannot agree about your Entertainment, *i.e.*, the German Reed Entertainment; *he* says it is not music, *I* say it is not the drama!" So between the two stools we fall to the ground; the only consolation being that the Entertainment still goes on—and so for the matter of that does the Dramatic Critic's newspaper. Then, again, it is the favourite device of a certain race of critics, not the critics of the great daily journals, who have reached a middle age of tolerance and dignified recognition of all dramatic efforts however humble, but of the younger critics who feel it incumbent on themselves to be smart in their writings at any price, to commence a notice of the Entertainment something after this fashion:

"The German Reed Entertainment is one of those peculiarly constituted institutions that have always received the support of the 'goody-goody' and the 'strait-laced.' Hither the young Curate brings his mamma and sisters with a feeling of absolute

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security that the blush will never be brought to his own smooth pale cheek, or to the equally smooth though more ruddy cheek of his maternal parent and her innocent offspring. There is nothing in the Entertainment to cause a moment's uneasiness to the Guardians of Mr. Gilbert's typical 'young person,' or that could possibly bring a blush to the brow of a Bishop. Human passion is never hinted at; the want of smoothness in the course of true love never gets beyond a slight misunderstanding, and the whole Entertainment reminds one strongly of the series of songs written by a lady composer for a girl's school, which contained neither love nor high notes."

How many years have I now seen the foregoing paragraph, or something very similar, as a commencement of a notice of our Entertainment! But I can sympathise with those critics: I have scribbled myself at times, and I know how useful that sort of paragraph is in journalism. The paper is crowded, cut it out! The paper is a little short of matter, leave it in! And I know it is always done in a spirit of good-humoured banter, they do not really mean it; or, if they do, they approve of the system in their heart of hearts—for I have found nearly all of them ready and anxious to supply some of the "songs without love or high notes" for the delectation of those very audiences so smartly described. There is also another point in connection with this smart description of the Entertainment. We are rather, nay, very proud of the fact that the Bishop, the Curate, and the "typical young person" *can* come in safety and security from blushes and misgivings, and we are rather proud that the Entertainment has managed to exist and flourish, though in a quiet, modest manner, for thirty-two years this 4th day of February, 1888.

The German Reed Entertainment began with a sort of preliminary canter at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, in 1855. In February, 1856, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed settled at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. They carried on the Entertainment by themselves until 1860, when Mr. John Parry joined them. In 1867 he retired. Then the little Entertainment gradually developed into pieces such as "Ages Ago," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert; in 1879 Mrs. German Reed retired, after about fifty years of public life. She quietly retired at the end of the summer season. There was no formal leave-taking of the public, no kissing on the stage, or wreaths and floral tributes; no more "last appearances," "positively last appearances," and

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"positively final last appearances." No, Mrs. German Reed retired as quietly and modestly as she had always lived, taking with her not only the good wishes, but the love and affection of all those who had been fortunate enough to be associated with her. I do not think there is any one who ever had the privilege of her acquaintance who has not a kindly and affectionate feeling for "Mamma," and who would not join with me in wishing her long life and health to enjoy her well-earned repose.

In 1870 I made my *début* in a sketch called "The School-feast," and I was very kindly treated by the Press; for though the sketch contained the germs of one or two good ideas, it was very weak and flimsy at the best. If it seems so to me now, what must it have appeared to the critics at that time, when they saw and heard me, seated at the very piano and in front of the very scene but recently quitted by the great master of his art, John Parry! I had the pleasure of making Mr. Parry's acquaintance soon after that time, and I still treasure the list of subscriptions he used in his last sketch, the "Public Dinner," which he gave to me one day.

I shall never forget an occasion when Mr. Arthur Cecil and myself went down to Mr. S. Brandram's house in the country, to take part in some impromptu waxworks. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Brandram will forgive the mention of their names, but I take the liberty of doing so, as they recall one of the pleasantest evenings I ever passed.

The great tableau of the evening was "the Judgment of Paris."

Mrs. Brandram was Juno; Mr. Arthur Cecil was Venus, and a very dishevelled and dubious Venus he made, in a long fair wig, and white table-cloth; I was Paris, with a football for the apple, and last and not least, Mr. John Parry was Minerva! And what a Minerva! Mr. Brandram wound up the figures with a fishing reel, and delivered an excellent lecture upon them.

There were other "tableaux," but this made the greatest impression on me. Minerva's expression has haunted me to this day.

The last time I saw Mr. Parry before his death was at a dinner given by him a day or two after his final appearance at the Gaiety Theatre in 1877.

It was funny to me to read in the *Musical World* of the year 1837, picked up at a bookstall of Mr. J. Parry, jun., as he was

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then called, making his first appearance in light operas at the St. James's Theatre, and singing sentimental songs at concerts, such as the "Auld Kirkyard."

In the same number I also came across a criticism of a little play by Boz (Mr. Charles Dickens), in which the writer expressed his opinion that he "would rather have originated one or two of his serious sketches, with some of the scenes of this little drama, than half the be-praised and be-quoted humour of the 'Pickwick Papers,' which, after all, is of a character calculated to make a quick appeal only to the great bulk of the reading public; and the great bulk of the reading public Mr. Dickens must have correctly estimated by this time."

It is an encouraging thing for a young artist to look over some old criticisms of great men in literature and art, and to find their earlier efforts, and sometimes mature efforts, abused in no measured terms. It gives him hope, and buoys him up against the depression arising from "a nasty notice."

When I joined the Entertainment in 1870, the company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. The programme was "Ages Ago," by W. S. Gilbert, my sketch before mentioned, and an adaptation by Mr. Burnand of "Les deux aveugles" of Offenbach, entitled, "Blind Man's Bouffe." "Ages Ago" was an excellent piece, with charming music by Mr. Frederic Clay. It had a capital run from November 1869, to the end of the summer season of 1870. It was the title of this piece that puzzled an acquaintance of mine so much in a letter written by some lady. My friend asked me if we had ever played a Greek piece at the Gallery of Illustration? I said, no; and asked why. My friend showed me the lady's letter, in which she stated she had been to the German Reeds to see a piece called Ag-es-a-go. The writer of the letter had divided the words thus at the end of the line, Ag-, then at the commencement of the next line came, -es Ago.

In the autumn of this year came my first experience of touring. We began in Liverpool, and it was there I had some opportunity of studying the remarkable ways of our "Dresser." One day I noticed a paper bag on a shelf. I thought it contained buns or biscuits. Suddenly it moved slightly, as I thought. Was it so, or an optical delusion? I heard a slight rustling—it couldn't be the bag. I remembered a silly old riddle about making a—bun—dance, it couldn't have come true —again the bag moved. I felt frightened—suddenly the bag

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seemed to jerk itself along the shelf. I cried out to the Dresser to come quickly. "Lor,' sir," he said, "it's only a little linnet as I bought cheap to-day off a man in the market!" Poor little linnet! the Dresser painted some of its feathers green and red, made a little perch that fitted into his button-hole, and the poor bird was taken round the country with us, fastened to this perch by a loop round its body. I forget the linnet's fate, but I fear it was sad. This Dresser was an extraordinary man. He went once to a country house to put up some scenery for some private theatricals. On the off night he amused the house party with a little entertainment of his own. We asked him what it was. "Oh! I just giv' em a bit of 'Amlick' (Hamlet), and sung 'em 'Tea in the h'arbour'"! But his greatest speech was when we told him to take off his hat in our dressing-room. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am neither a serf, nor a slave, nor a liveried servant."

His knowledge of the Queen's English was likewise "extensive and peculiar." On one occasion at rehearsal we asked for a chair with a high back. He said, "I only 'ave one, that there 'preddel' chair." This puzzled us so much, we were obliged to ask him to produce the chair. He meant a "prie-dieu" chair. If he had to take a musical cue he would say, "oh! I see, sir, then I comes in when the h'orchestra begins them 'trimlets.'" Whether he meant "triplets" or "tremolo" we never discovered. On another occasion, being told that we should not want a piece of furniture that had been ordered, he said, "never mind, sir, I can make it come in 'andy, I'll *neutralize* it for the h'amatoors." A blue sky and snowy landscape he described as giving such a *dissolute* effect—desolate he meant; and on being asked of what wood a certain piece of furniture was made, he got into the most hopeless slough of misplaced letters "H" I ever heard. "Some say it's h'oak, some say it's h'ash, some say it's h'elm. But whether it's h'oak, h'ash or h'elm, h'elm, h'ash or h'oak, I'm sure I can't rightly say for certing!"

Liverpool seems to possess a curious race of Dressers. There was another one three years later who rejoiced in the name of Sexton. He had the faded appearance of an operatic chorus-singer by daylight; one of those unemployed peasants who are always asserting and exercising their right of meeting on the stage, whether it be in the King's Council Chamber, the Queen's Boudoir, or a Woodland Glade. His hair was shaved off at the temples, worn rather long, and a soft wide-awake was perched insecurely on the side and back of his head like unto

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the manner of the unemployed operatic peasants aforesaid. He had once been to Knowsley, and everything he saw brought back vividly to him the memory of the late Earl of Derby. "Ah! sir," he would say, "if the late h'Earl of Durby 'ad but seen this performance, 'ow 'e would 'ave apprusshiated it!"

There were queer people we met in Liverpool. We asked a gentleman to recite on one occasion in our lodgings. He looked round, the room was very small, and he said, "I am perfectly willing, but my voice is so extraordinarily powerful, I am wondering if the room would stand it?"

Then, again, there was the timorous and o'er-modest lady who let lodgings which gentility terms apartments; she was about 60 and her sister 65, but they refused to let their apartments to Mr. Cecil and myself—they doubted the propriety of the step, as they were two lone maidens.

Then there was the cheery gentleman who entertained us one Sunday, and insisted that Mr. Arthur Cecil should see his pigs. In vain poor Mr. Cecil pleaded his ignorance of the pig in its raw state, in vain he protested! "Harry," said the impulsive gentleman, "take Mr. Cecil out and show him the old sow!" And out Mr. Cecil had to go and see the old sow.

It was during this tour that we had a memorable journey from Cardiff to Bristol by steamer. Mr. German Reed went to London by rail and said we were to cross to Bristol by steamer, taking with us the scenery of "Ages Ago." He said we should so much enjoy the trip up the Avon.

In "Ages Ago" five pictures came to life at midnight, the five pictures representing five centuries of costume. We arrived at the Quay, the counterfeit presentments on the scenery looked very ghastly and worn by daylight; to use a more modern term, they looked decidedly "chippy." They were coaling the steamer, she was in a filthy condition of dirt and coal-dust; the cargo on board consisted of twelve sacks of onions, which brought tears to every eye, a drove of dirty pigs and an equally dirty drover, and the scenery of "Ages Ago." The first thing the pigs did was to take refuge behind the scenery, from which they were dislodged at intervals with imprecations by the drover and appalling grunts and squeaks by the pigs. The steamer canted right over to larboard or starboard, I don't know which, at all events she was all on one side. It was the 5th of November, bitterly cold, the wind blew the coal-dust into our eyes, the vessel was so crazy a craft that the engines caused the decks to

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vibrate, and us to vibrate at the same time like human jellies; Mrs. Reed sat on deck, wrapped up in shawls, till all resemblance to humanity disappeared; she looked like those india-rubber toys of a head and body that you cannot upset. We stamped about as much as we dared on the crazy deck to try and keep ourselves warm, a large black dog meanwhile taking the greatest interest in our movements. He would watch us for a moment, and when he got one of us well up in a corner, he would block the way and bark furiously till it pleased him to desist and release us from our perilous position. This continued at intervals of five minutes; the drover was ever hunting his pigs, his language grew worse and the pigs grew more strident in their remonstrances. Still we made but little progress; a sea fog came on, we might make the Mouth of the Avon with luck, perhaps not, then we should lose the tide and have to wait outside. At last we did get into the Avon—but the trip up the Avon and its pretty banks! Why, it was dark! At last we moored alongside the Quay. Demon boys were letting off crackers in honour of Guy Fawkes' Day; the pigs created an awful pandemonium; the drover's whiplash caught me across the cheek; there were twenty-four pieces of private luggage to pick out, and I did what was the most natural and most foolish thing to do under the circumstances; I lost my temper, and the drover and I entered into a friendly rivalry of language.

I remember the difficulties of performing "Ages Ago" in Clifton so well. There were no dressing-rooms in those days in the Small Hall of the Victoria Rooms. We had to go quite early, clamber on to the platform with the aid of chairs, and dress behind the scenes as best we might. "Ages Ago" was a piece involving very quick changes of costume; how we did it I don't know! Then the boards of the platform were not allowed to touch the walls by some three or four inches, and various small but necessary articles of apparel tumbled down between the boards and the wall, and had to be fished up from a dust-covered depth of three feet with a hooked stick.

But things are changed for the better now. Local authorities and proprietors have at length come to the conclusion that there are actors, singers, and entertainers who are used to some of the amenities of civilized life. They have at length grasped the fact that a zinc pail is not the pleasantest form of washing-basin. I mention one seaside resort where we dressed in a small room off the tap-room of a public-house, where there was a

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bagatelle-board. A very drunken frequenter of the tap-room insisted on trying to come in and play bagatelle, and finding his efforts hopeless, revenged himself by abusing at us horribly through the keyhole. It is only about three years since a fashionable inland watering-place possessed no better room for Entertainments than a hastily erected drill-shed. When our men arrived to put up the "fit-up" for our performance, they found the stage in possession of one old hen, trying to pick up an honest living on the boards. The ladies had to dress in the gun-room, where there was an overpowering and sickening smell of Rangoon oil; we men dressed in a sort of outhouse where pigeons were kept, and looking on to the dustbin of the Care-taker. The Care-taker's wife had been boiling greens for dinner; I say no more!

At Bournemouth some years ago we gave the Entertainment in a riding-school. The men's dressing-rooms were across the courtyard. I was dressed as a stage parish beadle, artificially fattened (it was years ago!), and with a portentous red bulbous nose. In this costume, and by daylight, I had to run the gauntlet of all the grooms and stable-helps. I have dressed in vestries of disused Methodist chapels, "made up" on the remains of the pulpit; dressed also in a cellar with an inch or two of water here and there on the floor; and at Dover, years ago, our dressing-room was not a room, but a space of some six square feet, separated from the front row of stalls only by a thin piece of green baize.

But things have improved so much now-a-days, and plush and velvet reign in place of dirt and squalor. In one fashionable watering-place on the South Coast there are two theatres, besides bands, &c. They cannot both be made to pay. Such things are only possible in foreign watering-places where there is gambling. The gambling tables pay for the amusement of the gamblers and non-gamblers, just as in this country the drinking bars provide the profit of a Promenade Concert.

For my part I do not believe in theatres at our watering-places. I am not speaking of the Northern resorts which I do not know, but of the South Coast resorts which I do know, and I except Brighton, Portsmouth and Plymouth. I think a well-ventilated hall would answer better, with the stalls and second seats on the area, and the shilling seats in a balcony. Let the seats be comfortable, not flashy vulgar plush for the stalls, but sufficient to ensure a reasonable amount of comfort. I *have*

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seen wooden kitchen-chairs, with a cheap anti-macassar on the back, doing duty as four-shilling and five-shilling stalls. Then have a neat compact stage and footlights, drapery, curtains, and a nice scene painted, to shut off the larger portion of the stage when it is only required for concerts or meetings. By this means you make your theatre-going people comfortable, and the anti-theatre people do not object to the place because it is a theatre, that is to say, shaped and arranged as a theatre. At Bournemouth in days gone by there was a miserable building like a village schoolroom for Entertainments; then a Hall was built, not a bad place, but insufficiently lighted and wretchedly seated; then a theatre was built. we went down after a morning performance in town to open it, and I remember I said a "few words." Last year we found the theatre gutted and turned into some such sort of Hall as I have described, and we again assisted in opening the Hall under its new auspices. However, I am rapidly straying away from my subject. To go back to the year 1870. We returned to town at Christmas, and shortly afterwards I produced a new sketch called "Baden-Baden," and *broke down* in it on the first night before all the critics. Oh! the misery of that night and of many succeeding nights! We produced the "Sensation Novel" of Mr. W. S. Gilbert; "Happy Arcadia," by the same author, with Mr. Frederic Clay's music; "My Aunt's Secret," by Burnand, with Mr. J. L. Molloy's music; "Very Catching," by the same author and composer, and "Charity begins at Home," by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, with Mr. Alfred Cellier's music—both gentlemen now so well known as the author and composer of "Dorothy." We also produced a fanciful piece by the late Mr. Planché, called "King Christmas." I remember that I played four characters in it, and so I think did Mr. Cecil, and Mr. Alfred Reed who had replaced his father Mr. German Reed on his retirement in 1871. How much younger and more sprightly we were in those days! Thursday was a double-performance day, and we used to dine at the Gallery of Illustration, and get up impromptu plays between the morning and evening performances!

July 1873 saw the last of the old Gallery of Illustration, and we wandered homeless. I remember an agonizing journey about August of that year. I had to travel from Stafford, where I had been staying for a night or two, to Weston-super-Mare to join the company. The autumn manœuvres were on in Cannock Chase. The train due at Birmingham from

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Stafford was two hours late owing to this fact, and I missed the communicating train to Bristol. There was another which would arrive in Bristol to catch the train to Weston-super-Mare, if we had luck. We had luck, but I suffered agonies. My head was for ever out of the window. I objurgated old ladies who would *not* settle on a carriage. I tried to work the train to greater speed with my legs and body as if steering a boat; I worked myself into a fever. We arrived at Bristol. Hurrah! there was Arthur Cecil, who had had exactly the same experience from Canterbury, and we arrived at the Rooms at Weston-super-Mare, starving, dirty and cross, just as the doors opened to admit the audience. Dear old Weston-super-Mare! It was at those very same Rooms that an old lady came up to one of the ladies of our company as she went up the stone steps and said, "Could you tell me, Miss, if there are any two-shilling seats left? 'Cos if there aren't *I'll go to church!*"

It was during that tour that we all arrived rather late at Reading, after a very long cross-country journey, to find that our agent had clean forgotten all about the performance. He had hired the Hall, but had done nothing more—never advertised the Entertainment or anything of the sort. Our stage luggage was detained till we paid the hire of the Hall, and we slunk off to London with our tails between our legs. The agent had left previously; he arrived in the town, found out his error, uttered one wild cry, and was seen no more for ten days.

At Christmas Mr. Arthur Cecil left us to make his *début* on the *real* stage, and Mr. Arthur Law joined us. The elections in February, 1874, stopped all touring, and at Easter we opened at St. George's Hall with a revival of "Ages Ago," in which Miss Leonora Braham made her *début*. Again, after a short season, we toured, and Christmas, 1875, saw us permanently settled at St. George's Hall.

On January 1st, 1877, Mr. Alfred Reed and myself commenced partnership, and had the luck to produce a very successful little after-piece, "Our Doll's House," by Mr. W. Yardley, with music by Mr. Cotsford Dick. I played Noah, and my dress was a calico-covered wire cage in which I could scarcely move, much less walk, run, or go up and down-stairs. Had the place caught fire, there could have been no hope for me; I was helpless, and totally unable to get out of it without assistance.

We produced a new version of this piece a few years later,

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and a toy-rabbit appeared, beating a drum in the well-known toy-rabbit style. The toy-rabbit was a small boy. A year or two ago I went into a shop in the Lowther Arcade to buy toys, and a youth of about sixteen waited on me. When my purchases were completed, he said, "I hope you are quite well, sir. I had the pleasure of playing with you once in a piece. I am the toy-rabbit!" Personating toys at eight years of age, selling them at sixteen!

Mr. Alfred Reed and myself have now completed our eleventh year of management. During that period we may safely claim one merit; we have not been idle. We have produced forty-five new pieces, besides several revivals which involve just as much trouble in rehearsing. Our authors include Messrs. Arthur Law (who heads the list with nineteen pieces), Burnand, Gilbert A'Beckett, Arthur A'Beckett, Yardley, H. P. Stephens, Malcolm Watson, Herbert Gardner, Comyns Carr, G. W. Godfrey, and others. Our list of composers: Messrs. Eaton, Faning, King, Hall, Caldicott, Grossmith, Arthur Cecil, Cotsford Dick, Hamilton Clarke, Alfred Scott Gatty, German Reed, Lionel Benson, George Gear, and others.

In the production of these pieces Mr. Alfred Reed has been the prime mover. To him is due any credit there may be in rehearsing and placing them on the stage. I have done nothing or next to nothing in all those troublesome and wearying preparations of which the general public is quite ignorant. A lady once said to me in surprise: "Do you have to rehearse? I thought you just learnt the words at home and went on and said them."

Our little pieces are not gigantic productions, but they generally take a good five weeks' rehearsal, as our time is a good deal cut up by three morning performances a week; and then at times we have members of our company who, although trained singers, have no experience of acting. It is not their fault, but the fault of our existing or rather non-existing systems of teaching and opportunity of practice. Well, they have to be taught at rehearsal, and often after rehearsal. All of this work has been undertaken and carried out by Mr. Alfred Reed, and only those who have done it know how wearing and tiring this work is. Poor Mr. North Home, whose untimely death we all felt so much last year, was a case in point. He came to us in November, 1881. He was a Royal Academy student, but though a trained singer, he had no experience whatever of stage

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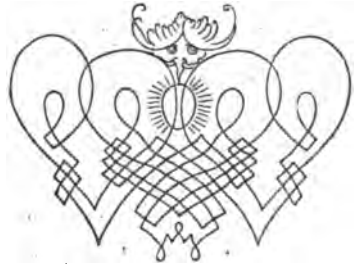
work. Mr. Reed worked and worked, till he became fairly proficient.

When I think of the work done by Mr. Reed I feel rather guilty. My only consolation is that I have produced about thirty-eight sketches in our eleven years of management, out of a grand total of fifty-six produced since May, 1870. This may be a matter of congratulation to myself, though not to others. I offer them my humble apologies, and hope to gain their forgiveness when in the next number of this Magazine I tell of some of the difficulties connected with my particular branch of the Entertainment.

R. CORNEY GRAIN.



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The Extraordinary Condition of Corsica.

MOST Frenchmen, and a good many other people, get their knowledge of Corsica from 'Colomba.' Mérimée places the date of his story about 1816, and writes as if he thought that the state of things which he paints was fast dying out. Ajaccio has become a winter health-resort, and as Corsicans make a point of making things pleasant for strangers, no tourist has the least idea of what kind of country he is living in, and what sort of things are going on under his nose. The French Government, and especially the department of the Procureur Général, does know, and it is a scandal that the Republic has made no serious effort to cope with a state of things which would disgrace a Turkish "vilayet," but yet are carried on with impunity in a French Department. The *Temps* newspaper, the editor of which seems to have had some idea of what was going on, sent a special correspondent, M. Paul Bourde, to Corsica in the spring of last year, and he has contributed the result of his experiences in a series of letters to that journal. He has been careful only to report on matters which he has personally investigated or which he learned on trustworthy evidence, and, as he says, has consequently left out much that was curious, but what he discloses is startling enough. The letters are interesting as showing the extraordinary state in which Corsica is, socially and politically, and also how very little the most complicated and most democratic institutions can protect the individual against the influence of a clique in power. A somewhat similar state of things exists in the rural commune in Italy, and has been vividly described by Madame Galleti de Cadilhac in 'Our Home by the Adriatic,' a work which has created a great sensation in Italy; but the social condition of the Italian Commune but faintly reflects that of the Corsican

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Commune, though they have many features in common. In both the concentration of all local authority in the hands of a clique or clan makes the manipulation of the electorate easy, and we propose to show in the following paper by what iniquitous dodges this is managed. In one respect Italy has the advantage of Corsica, for there brigandage is a thing of the past, and only occasional instances occur; but in Corsica in the spring of 1887 there were upwards of 600 bandits at large!

The most remarkable fact about Corsica, says M. Bourde, is a social relationship which somewhat resembles that of the ancient Roman Patron and Client. About fifteen families have under their control a certain number of electors who vote as they wish. One of these Corsican patrons with whom M. Bourde stayed thus explained his relations with his clients. "In my family, out of four brothers one only is married, and we have thus avoided the partition of the property. One of my brothers manages it, and I, as eldest, have the political direction. I give up my life, and I may almost say our fortune, to the interests of our clients, and they in return give us their votes. Our property is scattered over about a dozen 'communes,' and divided up into numerous small holdings, let to about fifty tenants on very easy terms, and we are not very strict about exacting the rent. These people, whose very existence depends upon us, are devoted to us, and this gives us the disposal of about two hundred votes. We allow other tenants whose lands intermingle with ours to pasture their beasts on our stubbles and uncultivated lands, and as we have already a nucleus of supporters, this gives us about three hundred more votes, and to these you can add those also, who either from relationship or from habit, vote as we wish them. There is no individual independence in Corsica. Every one seeks to belong to a clan, in order to be able to count on the influence of his clan when he may be in want of it. We have also some supporters who side with us because they hate our rivals, but the number of these increases and diminishes with the growth or decrease of our influence."

Soon after this conversation a man rode into the courtyard with a small barrel of wine. The host received him cordially, installed him in the kitchen and, returning, said to M. Bourde, "You were asking about the relationship of the patron and client; an instance has just happened. That man has come fifty kilomètres to bring me a barrel of wine. I don't want it, but he wants thirty francs, and therefore he naturally comes to the patron."

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The patron gets out of the clan what is precious to a Corsican, power, in the truest sense of the word. He governs his clan like a despotic being. He looks after their interests, and they support him and one another in everything. Here is an instance of the power of the clan. In July 1880 a jury was sitting to decide on the amount to be paid for lands taken by the railway from Bastia to Finmorbo. The jury had been selected by a majority directed by M. de Casabianca, and it deliberated in the presence of M. de Casabianca, a barrister chosen by the Company. It was therefore a real jury of the clan, and acted accordingly. M. B. claimed compensation for a vineyard measuring 16 *ares* and 99 *centiares*. Mdlle. V. for one of about the same size. M. B. was an enemy of the clan; he got 2000 francs, a fair price. Mdlle. V. was a friend; she got 13,000 francs. MM. A. were relations; they got 35,000 francs for a little over a hectare of land and brushwood; and M. de S., for less than a hectare, 45,000 francs! And no one saw anything peculiar in this except a proof of the influence of the clan of M. de Casabianca. His adversaries made the most of it, however, and agitated to such a purpose, that next year they got a majority on the Conseil Général. Here was a grand opportunity to apply the rules of equity! The new jury assembled in January 1887, and what did they do? Compensation was claimed for about thirteen hectares of land. The Company offered 31,000 francs. The jury gave 446,105 francs! Only this time, to shut the mouths of the opposite party, they gave both parties what they asked. "It would never do," said one of them to M. Bourde, "to give our friends less than M. de Casabianca's jury did, people would say we were bad patrons.

The two forces which regulate affairs in Corsica are the influence of certain great families and political patronage. The first has been explained. The second we will proceed to explain. The local journals are full of announcements of the appointments of Corsicans to posts under the Government, even the most insignificant being reported. The Corsicans hate agriculture, and those who are able, employ Italians (called Lucquois) to do all the heavy work. This dislike of agriculture turns their thoughts to getting some post under Government. Every small official has some of the power which is dear to the heart of every Corsican, inasmuch as it gives him the opportunity of helping his friends and annoying his enemies.

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Corsica was Legitimist under the Restoration, Orleanist under the Monarchy of July, and Bonapartist under the Empire. Each of these *régimes* seems to have known how to keep the Corsican vote by taking advantage of the national peculiarities, and choosing several heads of clans upon whose recommendation all nominations were made. In return for which, the Government got the votes of the clans and carried their candidates. For the first time, under the Republic Corsica systematically returns opposition candidates; when it adopts the system of its predecessors, Government candidates will be again returned. In fact no Corsican cares a button about politics in the ordinary sense of the word. What he wants is to get a majority on the Conseil Général, or to get one of his own party made "Maire," for this opens a wide field. Once in the "mairie," a man can have the management of the communal property, get off paying taxes, get a certificate of pauperism to avoid paying fines, in fact help himself and his friends, and oppress his enemies. Therefore during the first few months of the year, while the electoral lists are being made up, Corsica is in a state of excitement. The procedure is that a Commission, presided over by the Mayor, draws up the lists, and there is an appeal from their decisions to the Juge de Paix. As a matter of fact it is the Juge de Paix who really draws them up. Imagine what an opportunity to serve his clan! Many Corsicans, like Italians, pass the summer in the hills and the winter by the sea. If they are "friends," they manage to get a vote in both Communes; if "enemies," probably in neither. In the Commune of St. Florent there are about 200 electors, of whom only about 120 generally vote, the rest being fishermen or sailors. The elections are usually decided by about 5 votes. In 1881, the Juge de Paix put down the names of six Cantonniers who did not reside in the Commune at all, on the pretext that, as their foreman lived there, they ought to. The Cour de Cassation annulled this decision on the 24th of May, but the cantonniers had been able to vote at the elections in April, which was all that was wanted. The next year they were put down again, and again the Court of Appeal struck them off. After this the cantonnier dodge seems to have been played out. Corsicans are always being worried, if they do not belong to the proper clan, by all sorts of unscrupulous dodges to keep them out of their rights. No wonder that not only do they believe justice cannot be got from their courts, but also that they some-

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times take the law into their own hands and declare themselves in vendetta. Sometimes the Juge de Paix himself gets mixed up with it. Here is a case from the records of the Court. Antoine Leonetti, a shoemaker at Ciamanacce, and Bartoli, Juge de Paix at Zicaro, "differed" as to politics, as the indictment diplomatically puts it. Accompanied by a friend, the Judge was returning to Zicaro on the 4th of November, 1882, when suddenly two reports came from the bushes at the side of the road, and two balls struck the earth at their feet; as every one carries his gun in Corsica, the Judge and his friend returned the fire, but without result. A witness said that he had seen one Leonetti at the time and place of the attempt, and although this witness was got out of the way, Leonetti was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. M. Bartoli, fearing the vengeance of the clan Leonetti, got himself transferred to Hérault, but unfortunately he was obliged to come back to give evidence; as the custom is in Corsica under such circumstances, he took care to be always attended by an escort of his friends. On the 9th of May he was going to Ciamanacce with his usual guard, one Molloni walking 50 yards in front as a scout, when he was fired at and wounded from behind a tree. The escort fired a volley after the attempted murderer; it was Felix Leonetti, brother of Antoine; he escaped, and remained in the bush two years. After this, the Judge seeing he would never be able to come back to Corsica, negotiated a truce with the Leonetti, and Felix gave himself up a prisoner. At the trial the witnesses who had deposed to the facts at the *instruction* could remember nothing at all about it, and the jury, refusing to re-open a vendetta which had been happily settled, acquitted the prisoner (17th June, 1886).

The Corsicans have a proverb which says "Un maire doit mourir dans son écharpe," which means that once in office, everything which helps to keep your adversaries out and yourself in is justifiable. To be sent to prison for an electoral fraud committed in the interests of the clan is considered as a misfortune, not a crime. No less than 399 persons were prosecuted for offences of this sort in 1884-85.

Here is a way of retaining the mayoralty when the majority is known to have passed to one's enemies:—

1st Act (9th January, 1881). The "bureau" was discovered putting into the ballot box a packet of false bulletins. Assessors condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment but subsequently let off.

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2nd Act (6th March, 1881). Under the presidency of the same assessors the ballot box was found to contain more voting papers than there were voters!

3rd Act (7th May, 1882). Under the same presidency the friends of the Mayor came first thing in the morning to vote, and at ten o'clock the voting was declared to be over, and the other party found the door shut.

4th Act (1st October, 1882). The Mayor, who was to have presided, resigned on the morning of the election, and it could not be held.

5th Act (4th March, 1883). The Conseiller Général, who was to have presided, said he was ill, and the election had to be again postponed.

Thus the minority contrived to keep themselves in power for two years; the sixth time they had managed to doctor the lists so as to give themselves the majority, and therefore offered no obstacle to the holding of the election. However a report having got about that some strange names had been placed on the list, the Mayor's enemies asked to see the new list. This was refused them, so, in Corsican fashion, they determined to take the law into their own hands, and armed with loaded guns, posted themselves at the entrance of the "mairie" to prevent any strangers voting. An unfortunate villager from Corte appeared. "Come on," called the Mayor, "don't be afraid." "If you stir a step you are a dead man," shouted a voice from the crowd. He tried to pass. "Fire!" said the voice, and he fell pierced with balls. "A stupid business, and badly carried out," said a Corsican to M. Bourde. "They should have shot the Mayor. Eight of our party were found guilty, including the Conseiller Général. This disorganised us."

Another Mayor, one Bartoli of Polneca, became quite celebrated for the vigour with which he acted. Three times he got the elections postponed, and the fourth (September 28th, 1884) he and eighty of his partisans barricaded themselves in the mairie, and the other party tried to set fire to the building, but were beaten off by the fusillade. A "Commissaire de police" from France with some gendarmes was sent to take charge of the next election. They ingeniously tried to entice him away by raising a false alarm of a fight outside. He rushed out to see what was the matter, and the Mayor's friends, who had been waiting their opportunity, flew to the ballot box. Alas, for their hopes! He had taken it with him under his arm.

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The Mayor who has conducted his campaign successfully, immediately begins to enjoy the fruits of victory. He manages his communal property, and manages so that his friends get the benefit. Take the right of pasture. At Casamaccioli in 1886, thirty-four partisans of the Mayor and thirty-seven enemies put their names down. The Mayor's friends possessed more beasts than the other party; but they paid 87 francs 55 centimes, the others, 1002 francs 80 centimes. In fact, if you are an enemy you pay as much as you can; if a friend, little or nothing: one result of this mismanagement is that all the Communes are very poor. You hardly ever find more than a mule track when once you get off the great roads made by the State, for there is no money to make them. The taxes are not collected equitably, on the same principles. At this same Casamaccioli in 1886, the village property being divided in almost equal shares between the two parties, fifty-six friends paid 131 francs, forty-one enemies 504 francs 12 centimes.

If you are a friend of the Mayor he will give you any certificate you wish for; if an enemy, none. For example, a friend wants a sum of money. The Mayor gives a certificate that in the month of January 1887 he lost 4600 francs' worth of beasts. The gendarmerie came to enquire and found that he had never possessed any cattle at all! (Commune de Bartelicaccia). Another friend wants some money and happens to have a daughter aged thirty-five. The Mayor sends in papers to state that she is a new-born child; a sum of money is awarded to him (Commune d'Ajaccio). Another man, who looks well into the future, thinks that he would like his new-born child to get off his military service, so the Mayor does not enter his birth in the register at all. All this explains a letter which a Corsican notary once wrote in answer to the Crédit Foncier, which had been making some enquiries as to a loan: "One of the children is of age, and *the other can be* if you would wish it." A man is so worried and harassed at every point by his adversaries, that it is small wonder if he will risk anything for a moment's revenge upon them, which not only explains the prevalence, but also the peculiar nature of crime in Corsica. Out of every five crimes of violence, four arise from fights and quarrels, and hardly any are committed with a view to robbery. No doubt the reason for this is the absence of any sort of law, upon which the people think they can depend, and to which they can look for protection. Theoretically the French system of judica-

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ture is established in the island, but the influence of the clan pervades it root and branch, except perhaps in the highest courts

How can a Corsican expect to get justice from a Juge de Paix or from a jury of the opposite clan? Little wonder that, persecuted out of his senses, he takes the law into his own hands. Owing to this absence of any trust in the administration of justice, the gravest results often follow from very small causes. A dog killed in a vineyard has caused a strife between the Rocchini and the Tafani which has already resulted in the death or wounding of eleven persons! It has also given the Corsicans the idea that a man who has taken the law into his own hands is not a criminal, but an unlucky person, *un homme dans le malheur*, and they are ready to feed him and protect him when he takes to the woods, in 1887 exactly as they did in 1816.

And so it comes about that Corsica has 600 bandits, and that there is no law to speak of. How can there be, when a year has never passed without several witnesses who happen to have spoken the truth being killed by the clan? A case happened on the 29th of April last at Mezzana. Here again is a terrible example of Corsican manners. On the 1st of January, 1885, three young men were going to church. Mariotti bet Orsini a bottle of wine that he would throw him in a wrestling match. One Olanda held the stakes. A quarrel arose as to the victor, and Orsini seizing a dagger (the *stylet* of Colomba) from the belt of Nicolaï, a bystander, stabbs Olanda in the stomach and kills him. Orsini and Nicolaï are arrested. The former is condemned to a few months' imprisonment, and there being no charge against the latter, he is released. Now enter Olanda père, and observe his method of reasoning, which is thoroughly Corsican. Orsini has been punished, but if Nicolaï has been released, it must have been through favour; he therefore administers to him eleven stabs, to teach him to keep his stylet better concealed. The Nicolaï and the Olanda are therefore in vendetta; Nicolaï wounds another son of Jerome Olanda, Denys. The two Olanda attack three Nicolaï, and kill one known as "il Moro." Denys Olanda is arrested, but before the trial his father gives notice that he will not leave a single witness alive who gives evidence against his son, and he particularly specifies the widow of "il Moro." However, at the trial, excitement and her desire for vengeance were too much for her, and she made a passionate appeal to the jury for justice. Only two days afterwards Olanda père shot her as she was

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returning home, and tried to kill her little daughter, who was only saved by jumping over a precipice, where her fall was broken by some trees. The village was so terrified that no one dare dig the mother's grave. Afterwards Olanda was slain in turn by the gendarmerie.

A state of vendetta is so well recognised, that a mayor has been known to issue a decree in the following terms:

Art. I.—No person is allowed to carry arms within the boundaries of the Commune of Levia.

Art. II.—An exception will be made in favour of those persons who are well known to be in a state of antagonism.

Even at Ajaccio, although it is usual to leave arms at the "octroi," those who may possibly want them are allowed to carry them into the town. Quarrels are never confined to single persons, they always take in whole families and go on for years, even for centuries. In Casinea, for example, the inhabitants are still divided into *Neri* and *Bianchi*, a quarrel which was in full swing in the sixteenth century, and in which the Casabiancas were even then mixed up. There are persons who never go to their own doorstep without having first carefully reconnoitred. If they have to travel, they do so with an escort of friends, some in front as scouts, and some behind as a rear-guard, and all armed with double-barrelled guns.

In order to find the Corsica of Colomba in all its glory it is necessary to go into the mountains of Corte, and above all into the arrondissement of Sartène. Here, out of 8000 male inhabitants, 4400 have charges of various sorts against them—murder or misdemeanours! They do not care, and live in freedom, practically out of all legal jurisdiction. It was here that a Tafani, by killing a dog in the vineyard, began the famous vendetta with the Rocchini. In consequence of this no less than eighty members of the two families have taken to the woods and become bandits, seven persons have been killed, four wounded, one driven into exile, and many threatened with death. The exile was a certain Dr. B., with whose flight an unfortunate French official got mixed up. He was at Porto Vecchio and wanted to go to Bonifaccio, but when he went to take his place in the Diligence, he found the greatest difficulty in getting one, all sorts of objections being raised. However he presented himself the next morning, and was much astonished to find that he was apparently the only passenger, as he had been told that all the places were taken. Off they started, but outside the town the

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Diligence stopped, and eight armed men surrounded it; three got into the *coupé* and the rest into the *intérieur* with the official. He naturally supposed that they were going out shooting, and addressed them in a friendly manner on that hypothesis; but none answered a word, and the five men, all preserving the same grave demeanour, eyed him suspiciously, which was not reassuring. The Diligence soon came to a spot where the road ran between high banks covered with brushwood, and again stopped. Another band of armed men had surrounded it, and were conferring in low tones with the escort. A posse of skirmishers was then detached to search the pass, and presently a series of whistles announced that the road was clear, and the diligence proceeded. This was repeated whenever it approached a dangerous bit of road, and the official asserts that at one of the halts there could not have been less than sixty men round the carriage. He was a little scared by hearing one of his fellow-passengers remark that his having no luggage was very suspicious, and he hurriedly explained who he was and why he was travelling. This seemed to satisfy them, but when just outside Bonifaccio they got down and took leave of him, he was not sorry to see the last of them; especially when he saw that the third man in the *coupé* between the body-guards was Dr. B., who was leaving his native village in Corsican fashion. It must be remembered that this occurred in November 1886.

Out of the twenty newspapers published in the island not one has mentioned this vendetta, one reason being, according to one of the editors, patriotism; another, that the editor is in the habit of receiving a letter to say that he has no doubt heard of the misfortune which has happened to the *famille B.*, and that it is hoped he will not add to their annoyance by publishing any details! And he knows what that means!

What country is there except Corsica in which the following conversation could take place? The *Procureur* of the Republic of Sartène was going out shooting, when he perceived at the bottom of a ravine a man busy casting balls, who called out to him:

"Hullo, M. le Procureur!"

"Oh, it's you, Nicolaï Baritone!"

"Can you tell me how my case is getting on? It doesn't seem to progress much."

"How can it get on? As long as you are at liberty, none of the witnesses will come forward and give evidence. You ought to give yourself up."

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"We 'll see about that when I am tired of the woods, M. le Procureur."

In fact, as we have said before, a sort of halo surrounds a bandit, and his compatriots even hide the exactions which he imposes on them. It is easy to imagine what a curse the presence of 600 bandits in the country is to Corsica. As the law is powerless, the bandit takes its place. "He has a bandit in his service," is a local expression which reveals a great deal. If you take a bandit under your protection his gun is at your disposal. If you can't collect a debt, he does it for you, and no one controverts his arguments. If you have a lawsuit about a piece of land, the bandit will show your opponent that he is clearly in the wrong. In fact the bandit is the great social arbitrator.

For example, last year a duel was going to take place just outside Ajaccio. The bandits, knowing their protector was in danger, appeared, and put a stop to it.

A French Company established some large vineyards near Sartène; but this did not suit the shepherds upon whose pastures they encroached, and at their request their friends the bandits boycotted the vineyards, and ten gendarmes had to be sent to protect workmen; but when they had gone away, the bandits appeared again, and one fine day ninety workmen arrived at Sartène, having had notice to do no more work under pain of death. However, now the Company is prosperous; but they have made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and taken the bandits into their pay. It is now the shepherds who are kept off by the bandits!

As to political influence, every one in Corsica will tell you, without being ashamed of it, that the municipal council of Loggi was imposed on the Commune by the bandits Simeoni and Giansillo, that at Mansi the bandit Manani has done the same thing, and that the Mayor of Pignà would not be in that position were it not that the bandit Alessandri is his uncle!

The only thing to be said for Corsican bandits is that except in a few instances they are not, like their Greek *confrères*, brigands. They take to the woods, not to make money, but to avoid justice and satisfy revenge. However, in the present state of the country it will be no wonder if they take to brigandage as well. Indeed, in the month of November 1886, at eight o'clock in the evening, while thirty guests were sitting at table d'hôte in the Hôtel Bellevue at Ajaccio, five bandits entered the house and, putting a pistol to the head of the pro-

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prietor's wife, demanded 3000 francs. The husband borrowed a revolver and rushed with the cooks to his wife's assistance and after a brisk exchange of shots the bandits fled. This is getting perilously near brigandage.

The most celebrated bandits of Corsica are two brothers, Jacques and Antoine Bonelli, known as the Bellacasia. They live in the gorge of Pentica in the centre of the island, near the town of Bocognano, which is an excellent strategical position, as it has only one entrance, and persons approaching it can be seen some distance off. In the midst of wild mountains, the valley itself is fertile, and supports the flocks and herds of the Bellacasia, who live there like true kings, as they are. They tax the adjoined villages, and come whenever they like to the town of Bocognano, where there are gendarmerie barracks. They have built themselves houses; they have married their daughters, and as their political influence is large, they have obtained good posts for their sons-in-law, and in fact live tranquil, honoured and respected lives. Antoine took to the woods in 1848 in consequence of a quarrel with the Mayor of the Commune, one of the causes being that the Mayor would not marry a sister of his, who could not produce her certificate of birth. Consequently Antoine and Jacques lay in wait for him, and fired four barrels into him. At the same time Antoine fell in love with the daughter of one Casati, and one night he and three other bandits appeared at her father's house and demanded his daughter. The terrified girl hid herself; but they managed to get hold of the father, whom they gagged and carried off to their cave and kept on bread and water. The *fiancé* of the young lady, Jean Baptiste Marcangeli, went with two friends to release him, but managed it so badly, that they were caught, gagged, and kept on bread and water in the cavern too. Marcangeli got his liberty on promising to give up the girl to Antoine, but no sooner was he free than he forgot his promise, and married her on the 30th of April, 1850. On the 27th of June Antoine killed him and demanded the hand of the widow. Soon after they committed another murder, because obstacles were raised to the marriage of another sister. It was after this that they settled in the valley of Pentica. Several expeditions have been sent against them. In September 1886, one consisting of no less than 120 soldiers and 70 gendarmes was despatched; but they went off to the house of a Mayor who was a friend of theirs, and stayed there quietly till the expedition had gone home again. The

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Bellacasia are a nearer approach to a bandit in a story than any in the island. They are supposed to have a cave of which no one knows the entrance. They are hospitable to strangers who are properly introduced, and they occasionally give large boar hunts to their friends.

As we have said before, the state of Corsica is a disgrace to France, but the remedy, according to M. Bourde, is simple, namely, to make no special laws, but to apply vigorously and without fear or favour the existing law. With the tribunals in the hands of one family, a Corsican is not to be blamed for having no belief in justice. There must be a Prefet and a Procureur Général who are absolutely independent, and the Government must cease only to use its influence with the clan in order to get a deputy to vote the right way.

The financial aspect, too, is a serious one for France. In no year has Corsica ever paid its expenses. Indeed, it is said to have cost since the beginning of the century more than a milliard of francs (£49,000,000). No wonder, when no one belonging to the right clan ever pays any fines or taxes. Every one carries a gun, but few get a licence. In France, 1 in every 97 inhabitants takes one out. In Corsica, 1 in every 830! In 1885 there was owing to the Treasury 1,000,691 francs for fines, &c. It only got in 79,093 francs! These facts speak for themselves.

CHARLES SUMNER MAINE.

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Odds and Ends from a Ranche.

QUITE one of the features of Californian life I find to be the limited credence which people over here attach to one's description of it. Personally I do not feel hurt at this, for, as yet, I have not been at the pains to tell them anything of it that was not strictly true. It is when a man gets on to fiction telling that he gets jealous about it, and so angry with the sceptic. For all that, I should scarcely venture to risk my reputation by speaking of some of the feats of horsemanship I have seen performed by the Mexicans, were it not that Colonel Cody's Wild West Show has given Englishmen some notion of the riding of the vacqueros.

"I don't understand it at all," said an Australian friend to me not long ago, "the way those Cowboys at Buffalo Bill's ride their buckers. They hardly seem to sit in the saddle at all. They are standing up on one stirrup all the time, with their other leg just hitched over the saddle. Now in Australia if a man shifts only an inch from his saddle on a bucker we reckon he's done."

Well, that is just the great feature of all Mexican riding, the looseness of their seat. It is all done by balance. And when I say "all," it means a wonderful deal. I have seen a Mexican named Louis—to be sure he was accredited to be the best rider out there, and for my own part I cannot conceive that there can be a better in the world—I have seen that man cross his legs over the horn of the big Mexican saddle, and throwing the reins on the neck of the horse, calmly roll a cigarette while the horse bucked up and down with him. I know it is asking a great deal to expect credence for such a feat as this; but yet, when we consider the pitch of perfection reached by circus riders among our own countrymen, the very much higher degree of excellence attained by one remarkable man out of a nation whose members

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we may almost say are born on horseback, is not so altogether beyond the prospect of belief—though there is of course an enormous difference between riding the trained things in a circus and the mustang caught wild upon the prairie. The Mexican saddle, with its great stirrups and the horn on which the lasso hangs, gives, of course, very many good *points d'appui;* but the performances of these Mexicans on the bare back are wonderful enough. You see a herd of wild horses driven through the narrow pass of the corral. Your Mexican, with a hair rope in his hand, will drop from the beam above, upon the back of the horse it is wished to reclaim to domestic uses. In an instant he is away—snorting, bellowing, positively shrieking with terror, in the midst of the thundering stampede of his fellows, who are scarce less terrified than himself. He cannot buck, while the herd press closely upon him. The Mexican leans forward, with the rope in both hands—passes it over the horse's head, into the wide open mouth, and forces it behind his teeth. Then he takes a turn with it under the lower jaw, and there he has him bitted and bridled. After a little over half an hour he comes back with him—broken: not "so that a child could ride him," but so that a Mexican can.

Of course they are small horses. I cannot say how the Mexicans would fare with one of those big Australian buckers. They maintain, however, that this loose seat of theirs does not irritate a horse in the way a grip with the knees does; and this I fully believe. Further than that, I fancy the solution of the mystery about those horses which will go quietly enough with a lady, though a man can hardly ride them, is to be sought rather in the method of the lady's seat than, as is commonly thought, in the superior delicacy of her fair hands.

Certainly the low stature of the American horses rendered more feasible another feat which I saw performed by this same Louis. He had been riding a bucker, which he had tired into temporary quiescence; and he now sat upon the motionless, panting beast, chaffing a younger brother of his, who had been recently thrown. The boy bore it for a while, and then, as the tears of vexation started to his eyes, suddenly threw his coat, which he had on his arm, at the legs of the horse Louis was sitting. Of course the terrified beast began again its wild plunges, and got the coat in some way entangled round its hind legs. Louis, with the most consummate ease, bent himself back over the hindquarters of the furiously bucking animal, and taking

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hold of the coat, shook it free: then, quietly saying, "Take it, boy," tossed it back to his brother.

This is horsemanship sublime; but there is a nation largely represented out there whose horsemanship savours of the ridiculous. My cook was a Chinaman, of the name of Ah Sin. That was really his name; and he had many of the gifts of his illustrious namesake, the simple hero of Bret Harte's ballad. Ah Sin was a man of character. When he came to me he had cut off his pig-tail, because his opinion of his countrymen was a low one, and because he thought he would now pass for a Caucasian. The experiment was not a success. He was ostracised by Caucasian and Celestial alike; so he left the city and came out on my ranche.

He was a very good poker player. When I was making some additions to my house, he used to play with the carpenter and the mason in their dinner-hour, and I used sometimes to watch them through a chink in the boarding. When it was Ah Sin's deal he always dropped three or four cards into his lap, so that he had a nice little lot to select from. He won all the wages of the carpenter and the mason. I thought of deducting this from his own wages, but I did not—he was a very good cook. He was not a very good horseman, however. He only tried once. "Would I lend him a horse to go into D——?" he asked, one day. I said yes, and told him which horse he had better take.

"Him gently horse?" he asked.

"Yes, Sin," I said. "Him very gently horse."

Well, he took the wrong horse; but he managed to make something of a start of it, and got out of sight all safe. It was not long, though, before he came back. He was leading the horse with one hand, and with the other was applying delicate massage treatment to the part of his person which ought to have been in the saddle. It appeared that the horse had moved on rather faster than Ah Sin, so that he found himself sitting on the ground instead of on the horse's back.

"Well, but, Sin," I said, "you did not take the horse I told you to. That is the one I meant, old Eda H., with the colt alongside of her."

"Him more gently horse?" asked Sin, distrustfully.

"Yes," said I. "Him much more gently horse."

So Sin set off again, riding the mare, and with the great big lolloping colt slouching along beside them. This time he was

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longer gone, but still not nearly long enough to have been to D—— and back.

"Well, Sin," I said, "did you not go to D——?"

"No, me no go D—— to-day," said he, still furtively applying the massage treatment. "Me 'fraid," he naively added, "me 'fraid him littly horsey tired."

This was the only time he ever attempted to leave the ranche all the while he was with me. He was not in favour with his brethren, having lost his pigtail; but I did not mind that, and I think he might have been with me now had he not asked me to pay him a month's wages in advance on one occasion, when I was so ill that both Sin and I thought it was more than probable that I should not be to the fore on next pay day.

There is a fairly diverse representation of nationalities out there. I remember that some Frenchmen had the next ranche to mine when first I came there. And fine trouble I had with that ranche, too, for when I took it, it had never been enclosed before, and anybody that pleased, and these Frenchmen in particular, had always exercised a right of way through. So, one day when I was riding about the ranche, I heard wheels, and saw a cart with four of these Frenchmen in it. They had come right past my house, through the gate, and were bearing right across the ranche. I rode up and asked them where they were going. They told me.

"Well," I said, "you can't go this way."

"How's that?" they asked.

"Why," I said, "it's enclosed now, and there's no gate through."

Well, they said they couldn't go back, now they had come so far, and they meant to go on whether they had to pull down the fence or no. And then they took up a gun from the bottom of the cart and pointed it at me. I had no weapons at all, and, besides, they were four to one, so of course I had nothing to say. They drove on, and I followed at a safe distance. When they came up to the fence they got out and began hacking it down; and then what did the fools do, but all four of them left the cart, and the gun in it, while they went to work to pull down my fence? I rode up to the cart and jumped in in a moment, and got the gun before they could get to it; and, once with the gun, I could dictate the terms. I gave my own horse a cut and sent him home, then unhitched the horse in the cart and drove away. The Frenchmen ran after me for a while, but

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were afraid of the gun—their own gun—and after a time gave it up. I drove the cart home and put it up, and in a little while up came the Frenchmen; well, "they must have their cart," they said, "and they would go round any way I pleased."

"Not till you've made up my fence again," I said. I had my six-shooter with me, and my Mexicans about, by that time. For a long while they would not; but at length they saw it was no use, and away they went. In an hour or so they were back, saying they had made up the fence again, and when I had sent down a Mexican to verify this, I gave them back their cart and their horse and their gun, after firing it off, and never had any further trouble with these neighbours.

It's a good deal like a game of poker, the life out there. A great deal depends on "bluff"—on brag. Once let them think you are afraid of them, and you had better come home. Talk big and say you are going to do all sorts of things you have no intention of doing, and they will respect you.

Soon after I went there I had a lot of hogs stolen. So I got a search-warrant, and Shus, one of my Mexicans, a very good-plucked fellow, and I started to look for them. There was one part of the country there, where they were all hog thieves; and Shus and I had a severe time of it. The worst house we went to, we reached early in the morning, and Shus said, speaking in Spanish, "Now that's a terrible house, Captain, they all shoot there, the women as well as the men. If you mean going there you must make up your mind that you may have to pull on a woman, as well as a man."

There was nobody stirring when we got there; so Shus was to knock and burst open the back door, while I did the same at the front—it was no use to wait for an answer. Well, we just found ourselves facing each other, and nobody there, so Shus darted upstairs, and was down again in a moment with his hands full of shooters. Six of them he had, holding all their muzzles in one of his hands, while the other held his own. He had snatched them all off the table before any of those in the room had sufficiently realized the situation to make a jump for them.

We saw all the hogs they had, but ours were not there; and one of the women of the house, indeed, gave me a hint which would have saved me a heap of trouble, if I had only followed it. "We are all hog thieves here, I know," she said; "but we

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have not got your hogs, and you are come too far afield looking for them."

I never found those hogs; but neither did I ever have any more stolen from me. Afterwards I heard that they had been very much nearer home all the time.

Some of the Mexicans are fine fellows—unprincipled dogs, but capable of great personal devotion. I am speaking of the lower class ones, of course. The old Mexican families are aristocrats to the back-bone. My man, Shus, would have done anything for me, I believe; and what a smart, active fellow he was, and what a horseman! Shus would go at any time, divide a steer from the herd, gallop after him, seize him by the tail, and toss him over with a jerk. Then he would be off his horse and down among the steer's hind legs in a moment; and would have him tied, behind and before, in less time than it takes to tell it. Mind you, his horse was necessarily going full speed, or he could never have thrown the steer.

Then, he would cut the horse-hair ropes—the steer would become the hunter, and Shus would jump on his horse's back, and be off with the steer in hot pursuit of him.

All the business connected with stock-raising is conducted in a very rough-and-ready manner there. I wonder how the English farmers and butchers would like to make their bargains on estimates, formed by sight only, of the weight of stock? You cannot go about among a herd of more than half-wild cattle, and punch them in the ribs in the way you do in an English stock market. It is because they cannot dig each other with horns, they have not got, that we are so fond of the "muley cows," as they term the "Polled Angus" out there. They call them "muley cows" because their ears look so long and mule-like without horns to measure them by. However, these muley cows can take good enough care of themselves, for all they have no horns; for it seems to be a provision of nature that the horned cattle, when they fight, should always draw back and charge head to head, whereas the old muley cow goes dunting away at the other's ribs, and soon knocks him out of time. Of course, if the horned chaps went to work on the methods of the muley cows, they would stave a hole in each other that would let the life out, Speaking of making holes in each other, the men, too, are pretty free in their use of the "six-shooter," as they call it; though it is nothing like so bad as it used to be. Still, I have seen editors of rival newspapers firing away at each other, in broad

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sunshine, across the main street of a city. They did not hit each other.

I remember a little man who was in some magisterial capacity—sheriff or something—in one of our cities, telling me of a curious experience he fell in with, once, when he was down in Arizona after a horse-thief. The Sheriff was a very quiet little fellow, as I knew him, but one, nevertheless, who would always rather fight than swallow an insult. He could not just give in, for the sake of peace and quiet, as most people would; but the very idea of being put upon always got his back up. I only mention this about the man's disposition to show my grounds of credence in the story he told me.

He was in Arizona, as I said; and, in search of his thief, he went into a low saloon, thinking he might perhaps hear some news of his man. There were a lot of men drinking, and he ordered a drink likewise. So, as they sat round, presently one great ruffianly fellow got up and, drawing a knife with a blade a foot and a half long, yelled out with a drunken mixture of desperation and bravado: "Is there any dog here who likes tea better than whisky? Do you? Or do you?" he said, going round the table and asking each in turn.

"Well," said my magisterial friend, in narrating the story, "I did not know whatever I should say to him, as each man in turn said he liked whisky best. I did not like the idea of being bullied by this fellow into saying a thing I did not want to—however true it was—and what to say to him when he came to me I was still uncertain, when, with his knife in the air, he repeated to my next neighbour—a dismal, wretched-looking fellow who had never spoken all the time—the same question—'Do you like tea best, you dog?'

"Yes, I do, you dog," replied the other savagely, simultaneously discharging two chambers of his six-shooter into the bully's body. He had got the pistol out while the fellow was coming round the table, and shot him as he bent over, without raising his hand.

"Yes," concluded the Sheriff reflectively, "it was a great relief to me."

"And what became of the man with the knife?" I asked.

"He? Oh he was dead."

"And did the other get off?"

"Oh, yes; they tried him next day—brought it in 'self-

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defence'; they couldn't do any other. But," repeated he, "it was a great relief to me."

There's not much of that sort of thing, though, nowadays, thank goodness!—and usually it is only with fellows who have had too much drink. Then the revolvers are handy, and there is a row. I remember going down with a man I knew but slightly to S—— races; and in the course of the day some one came up to me and said:—"I say, your pal's got into a row at such and such a saloon. You'd better go and see him through."

"What's on, then?" I asked.

"Well," says he, "he's got out his six-shooter and he says he'll shoot the first man that moves, and they're all afraid of him."

"Well," I said, "he's nothing particular of a pal of mine."

"Oh," said the other, "isn't he? He came down with you, so I think you ought to go and get him out."

So, when he put it that way, I did not like to refuse. I got out my revolver before I opened the door of the saloon; and then I burst it open suddenly, and there was this fellow—really, it was very ridiculous, though no one there felt much like laughing at the time—but he was on one side of the table with his six-shooter out, facing all the fellows at the other side of the table. And they all had their hands up, for he was threatening to shoot the first man that moved.

I got my pistol levelled on him the moment I came in; and there we stood facing each other, and the others looking on. I wonder they did not take that chance to shoot him, but none of them moved. Then I said: "Put down that pistol and come out of the room."

He did not speak, or change his attitude.

I said, "If you do not put down that pistol and come away by the time I count three, I shall shoot you."

Still he made no sign, and I began to count—"One!—"

He did not move.

"Two!"—still he did not move.

"Now," I said, "when I count 'three' I shall shoot, and if I shoot I mean to kill you. You may kill me, perhaps, but anyway, I shall have plenty of time to kill you."

When I said that he began to think I was in earnest. Personally I hardly knew whether I was in earnest or not; but at all events, he suddenly put down his pistol and followed me

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out quite good. "It was a great relief to me," as the Sheriff would have said.

That fellow became a very good friend to me afterwards. He never forgot my getting him out of that trouble.

But for the most part the life is quiet enough. A gallop round the ranche when an occasional horse thief or hog thief is on the prowl, and a few flashes of pistols, fired at venture in the dark, are about all we see of warfare. Most of the incidents of our life are humorous. Horses are amusing fellows when you get intimate with them. They are full of humour. I think they learn it from men, when they are treated as friends and equals, as they are out there. I remember once hitching up—purely for form's sake—an old mare that you might have left standing in the middle of a battle. I had only just chucked the halter over the rail in a loose fashion, and, to my surprise, when I came out of the house, old Eda was gone. I followed her tracks along beside the fence; noticed that she had not stopped to graze or anything; and as I came round the bend of a hill I saw her. A tallish young colt had hold of the end of the halter in his teeth, and was going along with his tail in the air and his crest arching, stepping up in a slow, marching-time trot, while old Eda hung back, dragging on the halter in a conscience-stricken way as if really uncertain which way her duty lay. I called out, and the young rogue dropped the halter and galloped off with a snort, laughing to himself like anything over the joke, while old Eda pulled up and waited for me to come up to her.

Colts are as inquisitive, too, as monkeys. I nearly lost one through this trait in their character. Several of my best bred horses were playing about on the ranche near the house, when one young colt got hold of a sack that was lying there, and began throwing it about. In one of his chucks it caught over his ears, and then, as he threw up his head, it slipped down over his head and neck. In a moment all the others stopped feeding, and looked at him; then they gave one simultaneous snort of terror, threw their tails in the air, and dashed off at full gallop. Poor David (David was the colt's name), with the sack over his eyes blindly galloped off after the sound of their stampeding hoofs. After going at least two hundred yards the band pulled up short took another look at their masked comrade, and then, with another snort, off again! And here were all my most valuable thoroughbreds stampeding in blind terror—one of them literally blindfold—over ground honeycombed with squirrel-holes and broken with sun-cracks.

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What was to be done? Shus wanted to gallop after David, and lasso him, but it is very delicate work lassoing a horse and throwing him so as not to injure him. At length, however, I concluded there was nothing else for it, when, suddenly, David put down his head and the sack slipped off. Again—"It was a great relief to me."

And if horses are humorous, hogs are certainly comic. I used to raise great numbers of hogs, having a contract to supply them for the feeding of the gangs—of Chinamen, chiefly—engaged in making the railways. I remember, on one occasion, sending into town a young fellow, of good English family, who took service under me as a common labourer, with a cartload of assorted samples of pig anatomy. Forty chines, I think, there were, which, split up, make eighty jowls—eighty spareribs, and so on. Well, this young fellow had a young lady in town whom he was very much gone on; so nothing would do for him as he drove in with his freight of pork, but he must put on a black hat, black coat, polish up his boots, and altogether look quite city like. He left the cart outside, while he went in to see his beloved, and quite forgot to hitch up the horse, so that his interview was cut short by the sound of the horse and cart at full gallop down the main street, scattering jowls and spareribs in all directions. He was very penitent, poor fellow! but it was hard on the Chinamen to come on short rations because of his being so badly in love.

Finally, if you come out on a ranche you must not expect to be valeted and put to bed, and dressed and shaved, and your boots polished, and your clothes brushed, and so on, in the morning. One fellow came to stay with me out there under something of that impression, and the first evening he put out his boots. In the morning he came down in his stockings—by the bye he had seemed much surprised over night to hear there was no regulation hour for breakfast—and asked about his boots. I called Ah Sin. He had not seen them, he said at first—but at last a happy idea struck him:—"Me sabee. Me see littly dog—him ketch heapy boot in him mouth."

The fact was that one of my young dogs had run away with the boots to play with them, and we never recovered anything but the heel of one of them—we were not sure which! My guest had expected a knock at his door:—"Hot water, Sir! Boots, Sir!"

We do not live that way, out on a ranche; but I can tell you there are many worse ways of life, all the same.

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A Counsel of Perfection.

BY LUCAS MALET.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," "MRS. LORIMER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own:
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone!"

THE *casino* at Interlaken is not magnificent, but it is amusing; particularly in the evening.—In brilliant relief against the surrounding and overarching darkness, a semicircle of fantastic gaily-coloured wooden buildings; running along the front of them a wide open gallery crowded with moving figures; halfway from the centre, on either side, a flight of low stone steps leading down on to a gravelled *parterre*, that fills up the space enclosed on three sides by the building, and is thickly set with iron-topped tables surrounded with iron chairs; in front a stone balustrade, banked up with geraniums, foliage plants, and pomegranates in large pots, whose flowers show like tongues of living flame amongst their shining leaves.—All this in a blaze of light. And then an intervening broad, straight space of dimness, also peopled with moving figures; in the middle of it and facing the buildings and *parterre*, a vividly illuminated wooden cave, wherein a company of stout Germans—in the national costume of overcoat and woollen comforter—handling gleaming instruments, discourse sweet music in response to the conducting of an energetic silhouette, whose back is lamentably suggestive of that of a large blackbeetle.

In the gallery, and seated in the chairs on the *parterre*, a, for the most part, silent multitude,—Latin, Anglo-Saxon and

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Teutonic—consuming a little coffee and a vast amount of bottled beer. Stepping about from one table to another, bare-headed maidens, of very varying degrees of beauty, arrayed in the quaint Bernese costume,—white-winged sleeves and black velvet bodices, with dangling silver chains crossing the chest and fastened with filigree *marguerites* on either shoulder; straight black skirts, just touching the ground all round; and wide silk aprons, on the coloured surface of which the lamplight shivers as the wearers of them move. On either hand the orchestral cave, darkness again; through which in the foreground loom masses of foliage, but, which further off deepens, and broadens, and spreads upward, and over, and around, closing in this frivolous little island of life, and light, and sound, and gaiety as with a sea of impenetrable gloom.

The above scene, as the August days went by, became very familiar to Lydia Casteen. At first she had been slightly shocked by it. For her admirable ignorance included an ignorance of most places of public entertainment; and she had gone through something of a struggle, to overcome a modest shrinking and a vague fear that she was guilty of doing what was "very fast," before she could sit at her ease beside an iron-topped table among so many unknown human creatures, listening to the conversation of Hammond and Mr. Denison—the latter gentleman's wife found the *casino* too plebeian, and preferred the aristocratic privacy of Lady Louisa Barking's sitting-room,—or to the strangely beguiling strains of Weber, Wagner, Mozart and other members of the goodly company of musical immortals poured forth by the band.

In addition to more innocent forms of amusement, it is possible to lose or win—usually the former—quite a tidy little sum of money nightly at the Interlaken *casino*, over a mechanical pastime, commonly known as *Petits Chevaux*. A bell tinkles, and sportive spirits in most unsportmanslike garments, troop from all quarters towards the left hand end of the semicircle of gingerbread-like buildings. The *croupier*, sleek, bald-headed, astute, indifferent, hands about an instrument resembling a small warming-pan, garnished round the edge with coloured tickets and soon filled with stakes. A smart click, and the absurd little horses glide round and round the circle of their green cloth racecourse with startling velocity for about a minute and a half. Then the pace slackens. They are pretty well spent. One or two of them put on a minute spurt. But soon all become

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exhausted, and ever more exhausted, little horses; till each in turn comes to the place called stop—happy if the place in question should bear any near relation to the winning post.

It is—if the vulgarism may be forgiven us—a feeble, little gamble. But, such as it is, it exercised a positive spell over Mr. Denison. Let me hasten to add that it was out of no spirit of covetousness, but rather out of an earnest spirit of reform that, almost nightly, he attended this miniature race meeting, dropping a franc, from time to time, into the *croupier's* warming-pan to justify his continued occupation of a seat in the front row of the grand stand. For this mild and virtuous gentleman had really a terrible nose for abuses. He would smell one out in the apparently purest and most salubrious atmosphere. Once on the scent, there was no rest for his soul till the said abuse was run to earth, hauled out, and exposed.

In the present case he could not decide how far the little horses were individually under the control of their exhibitor, how far the winning was a matter of honest and unadulterated chance. The immediate consequence of this small mania was that it secured to Hammond the opportunity of some very interesting interviews with Miss Casteen; interviews seasoned with that peculiarly personal note which can hardly fail to be sounded, when a man and woman find themselves together surrounded by a non-English speaking crowd.

One evening—it was a Tuesday, and Lydia had been at Interlaken just upon a fortnight—Mr. Denison was startled, in the midst of a fiery denunciation of the palpable iniquity of certain public utterances of a distinguished member of the Conservative party, by the seductive tinkle of the *croupier's* little bell. He arose and incontinently fled; his loosely made person wriggling itself between, or precipitating itself upon, intervening obstacles, animate and inanimate, and flinging itself up the flight of steps in the direction of the little gambling purgatory —we really cannot dignify it by the technical and more infernal appellation—driven headlong by the gadfly of discovery, public denunciation, and eventual reform.

Hammond, left sitting peacefully at a small table beside Miss Casteen sipping his coffee and *cognac*, contemplated the gymnastic violences of his friend in growing amusement. Then he set down his cup, and addressed his companion.

"What a queer creature he is! If I had to define Denison, I

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should say he was one-fourth angel, and three-fourths unmitigated bore."

Miss Casteen had also witnessed the flight of the ardent abuse-hunter with entertainment. She smiled as she answered :—

"But he is wonderfully kind."

"Oh, yes! The angelic element is constant though limited. You can depend upon it. That is where he is so greatly superior to his wife."

Lydia's smile faded. She looked slightly pained.

A few days earlier she would probably have entered a severe protest against this assertion; but she was beginning, almost unconsciously, to allow Hammond a good deal of latitude in criticism, just as she allowed him a good deal of license in the use of tobacco. She had been brought up to abhor smoking, but the scent of his cigarettes was by no means odious to her. One by one, indeed, quite a number of small prejudices were slipping away from Lydia Casteen. The category of the forbidden and the feared was growing shorter and shorter. She was dimly aware that Hammond was intimately connected, somehow, with this shrinking process. It was not disagreeable to her that he should be so. Lydia, as we know, had a remarkable power of faith in, and submission to, others. Was it very strange, then—to put it on no more sentimental grounds—that she should, just now, when awaking to a sense of the largeness of the possibilities of life and the smallness of her own experience, listen with increasing deference to the utterances of the pleasantest and most modern-minded man she had ever met?

And so it came about that when Hammond preferred his accusation against Mrs. Denison, Lydia, instead of bustling up in that lady's defence, looked at him rather anxiously and then said, gently :—

"I wish, please, you would not say that before me."

"Oh, well! my dear Miss Casteen; but is she dependable now?" Hammond inquired argumentatively. "Since the advent of the man with the gold ring, in the form of Lady Louisa Barking, are not such small deer as ourselves quite at a discount? Personally, Heaven knows, I bear no malice. I am rather relieved. But relief does not extinguish my power of observation, you know."

"I do not like Lady Louisa Barking," Lydia said, with some dignity.

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"Of course you don't. She is one of those semi-smart people who are possessed of a large leaven of a specially irritating kind of vulgarity. But look at our dear Mrs. Denison—does she dislike it? Not a bit. She revels in it—simply revels."

Lydia was silent for a little while. Presently she rejoined, quietly:—

"I think we had better not discuss Mrs. Denison. It is not quite right for me to do so. But for her, I should not have come abroad. In bringing me, she did me an incalculable kindness."

"And provided herself with a delightful travelling companion at the same time," put in Hammond. "Mrs. Denison's charity appears to me pre-eminently of the description which begins at home, Miss Casteen. For we all know she is wofully bored at being alone with her husband."

Hammond pushed the tray bearing his coffee-cup and *petit verre* on to the middle of the little table, and busied himself with selecting a cigarette out of his case and lighting it. "I know you don't mind," he observed parenthetically. Then he returned to the former subject of his discourse:—

"Upon my word, it appears to me, Miss Casteen, the kindness was quite calculable, not to say calculated. Just look at the way you have been allowed to waste your time here! What have you seen? Where have you been to? Why, with some of the finest scenery in Switzerland within comparatively easy reach, you have been permitted to tire yourself by tramping along the very dustiest roads,—Denison acting as 'running lecturer' all the way, and delivering himself of wearisomeness extraordinary on the subject of Ireland or the poor law. Or, worse still, you have been taken for dottlely little drives of a peculiarly fruitless nature, with the great Barking in the seat of honour, waving the banner of the house of Fallowfeild to the entire obscuring of any view of the mountains you might have happened to catch in passing."

Hammond perpetrated this fine piece of vicarious grumbling in a tone of absolute good-temper—for he had a faculty of being slightly abusive in fact, without in the least losing his air of invincible amiability.

Still his words were distressing to Lydia. She leant forward, and stretched out her hand, halfway across the little table, as though wanting to stop him. Her eyes had a charming softness of appeal in them, as she said:—

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"Ah, don't spoil what has made me so very happy by picking it all to pieces!"

Lydia drew back her hand, still leaning a little forward, and looked away in the direction of the orchestral cave, where the performers were tuning up their instruments after an interval of leg-stretching and refreshment, before commencing the second half of the programme.

"Surely it is ungracious," she went on, "to fix one's attention on little, perhaps unavoidable, failures and lapses in somebody's conduct towards one? If one looks at almost anything as a whole it has merit and beauty of its own; but if you focus your eyes so as to get an accurate view of all the spots, and blemishes, and imperfections, of course you cease to see the whole and the beauty it possesses. There is always the large view, the large way—don't you think so—of looking at every event, at every character—and the small one?"

She hesitated, and then turned to Hammond with a charming, half-deprecating playfulness.

"Isn't there something just a little mean in taking the smaller one? Don't try, Mr. Hammond, to make me dissatisfied either with my friends or my holiday. If I was called home to my quiet life in England again to-morrow, the memory of this fortnight would always remain by me as——"

Lydia left her sentence unfinished.

"You who have seen so much cannot quite measure all that this fortnight has been to me. The sort of glamour there has been over it—the change, the beautiful scenery, the new thoughts and ideas, the—freedom," she added, very gently.

"God forbid that I should spoil it!" Hammond said quickly.

He had ceased to be merely amused. He was moved by very genuine admiration. This woman seemed to him deeply attractive in her quiet gratitude, her unselfishness, her gracious delicacy of thought and feeling. He looked full into her eyes; and then, in obedience to a sudden impulse, asked her—

"Have I helped, in any way, to make the fortnight pass pleasantly, Miss Casteen? I can't tell you how glad I should be to have reason to believe that I had contributed my mite, at least."

Lydia looked back at him with her perfectly candid gaze. She was smiling. But Hammond fancied her lips quivered a a little as she tried to answer him.

Just then the clarionets, bassoons, and horns gave out the

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grave opening bars of the overture to the *Tannhauser*. Miss Casteen shook her head, still smiling, as though the words she wished to speak were impossible of utterance. She leaned back in her chair and let her hands drop in her lap.

"Ah! listen," she said.

But Antony Hammond was a good deal more interested in his companion than in the unfolding of the purpose of Wagner's great opera. And so, as the strings—the tenors and violoncellos—took up the sobbing cry of aspiration and half-defeated endeavour, rising, in the pathos of its questioning and pleading, till it culminates in the wailing heart-rending sweetness of the violin passage, Hammond watched Miss Casteen.

The light of the lamps fell full and searchingly upon her face, her quiet little bonnet, her slim maidenly black figure. She sat very still; it seemed to him she had grown unusually pale. Her head was raised and her mouth slightly open. The music evidently exercised a strong, almost painful, fascination over her. And, while the white-sleeved maidens moved silently to and fro amid the throng, while corks popped, and coin chinked, and lusty, benevolent-looking, romantic-souled Germans grunted a most unromantic approval both of the progression of sweet sounds and of the beer, Lydia gazed away over the crowded *parterre* immediately before her, and the white stone balustrade and bank of foliage—brilliant with geranium and pomegranate blossoms—out into the heavy brooding darkness beyond.

And in that darkness, as the harmonies grew fuller, richer, more imperious, mounting up and up, till the clamorous thunder of them breaks suddenly—as in a shower of fiery rain—in to the tripping, bewildering, evil delights of the Venus music upon the violins,—the resonant masculine tones of the wind-instruments meanwhile once more taking up the solemn, flesh-and-devil-defying tramp of the Pilgrims' Chorus,—Lydia seemed to see, as in a vision, the possibility of her being called on, at no very far-distant date, to make a great moral choice.

For she was aware of the claims of a being, sad striving, urgent, in a way tempted and grievously tormented as *Tannhauser* himself. A lean, bowed, old man—the slave, it is true, of no carnal, ignoble passion, yet the slave of passion all the same; a man worn and strained by unremitting labour; a miser of time, lest any moment of any of the brief measure of days yet remaining to him should be wasted as it passed; lonely and unloving, shut away by his own will and determined choice from all

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tenderness of sympathy; consumed by a terrible intellectual greed; cut off, as by a wall of ice, from the kindly and yet chastening influences of common human service and fellowship. The picture was a sufficiently painful one. Lydia's heart cried out against her father's cold apartness—against the barren and joyless existence to which he had condemned himself, and, in a degree, had condemned her also.

And yet she pitied him—pitied him, indeed, with a depth of compassion such as she had never felt before. He lost so much—and there she paused, in quick dismay and inward shrinking. For what, after all, had she found, in these last two sunny weeks, that made his loss seem to her so lamentably great?—Lydia did not dare to ask herself quite plainly. And even had she asked herself, she was too innocent, ignorant if you will, to answer clearly. For all the unsatisfied desire of her emotional nature—and of her physical nature also—all the latent motherhood that lay folded in her heart, as some fair blossom within the bud, had awoke silently, gradually, its eyelids touched at last with the light of a delicious dawning of unconscious love and hope.

Was it wrong? Lydia Casteen could not tell. She did not understand herself. Had she wished to do so, she could not have put into words that which she was conscious of experiencing. It seemed to her as though the spring had come—an unlooked-for, enchanted spring—come suddenly, in the midst of dim dreary autumn weather; that the leaves had turned to tender green again instead of falling; that the cuckoo called, and the hawthorn flowered, and the young wind swept in whispering laughter over the fragrant levels of the meadow grass. For in the awakening of Love Lydia Casteen's heart was no less pure than it had been during his long slumber.

And yet, somehow, as the fiery shower of the sensuous Venus music fell thick and faster from the quick bows of the violin-players, Antony Hammond, sitting near Miss Casteen—only half the circumference of the small table parting them—saw her draw back, raise her hands momentarily, as though alarmed and startled, while her pale upturned face was dyed by a sudden deep flush of colour.

The effect was singular. Hammond would have given a good deal to know what it indicated; but there are questions, happily, which even the least snubbable of men does not quite dare to ask. The flush on Miss Casteen's face faded; the

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spell which the music had exerted over her was evidently broken.

Hammond dropped the end of his cigarette on to the tray beside him.

"Miss Casteen," he said, quickly, "what shall you do when you go back, when the little holiday is over?"

Lydia shifted her position slightly.

"Oh! I shall have arrears of work to make up. I am by no means an idle person. Indeed, sometimes, in moments of vanity, I have fancied myself almost indispensable to the well-being of our small household and family."

"And to the heresies of the first five centuries?—" put in Hammond.

"No," she answered, looking across at him, and speaking with a certain gravity. "I believe I am not indispensable to the well-being of my father's work. Were it so, I should have done very wrong in leaving him."

Lydia turned her head and fixed her eyes on the brooding darkness again.

"I am merely hands and eyes to my father," she went on. "I do not ask to be anything more. A woman should be content to be a helper—just to save a little here and there and pick up a few dropped stitches; to do what she is told, and be at hand when she is wanted; to act as a breakwater between the real workers and the little daily cares and worries that might otherwise disturb and distract them. This is her vocation and her business—what she was put into the world for."

Lydia pressed her lips together with a singular air of determination, and then looked round at Hammond with one of her pretty smiles.

"It is very well for us to remind ourselves of all this at times," she said. "We are apt to grow a little uppish, to cry out for independence, and to forget it."

"Oh, forget it altogether," he exclaimed—"it is an effete superstition! We have changed all that, thank goodness. The modern spirit, with all its faults and extravagances, at least has recognized this truth—that every human creature, man, woman, and child alike, has a right to itself, to its own individuality, to the full development of its own nature."

"I know very little about the modern spirit," Miss Casteen returned, still smiling. "I am no longer young, and I had better continue to know very little about it. It might confuse

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me. It will be better, I think, Mr. Hammond, for me to keep my faith in the effete superstition."

"Ah! I shouldn't have expected that of you," Hammond said, lightly. "You are sadly wanting in courage."

He rose to his feet as he spoke. The flush came into Miss Casteen's face again, and she pressed her hands tightly together as they lay in her lap. Yet she looked up very calmly and sweetly at the man who stood beside her.

"I don't know," she said, simply—"I may be mistaken; but I could almost believe I had too much, rather than too little, courage—for my own happiness, at least."

Hammond made no answer. At the moment he was nonplussed. For, as Miss Casteen spoke, he read something in her clear eyes which had never been read there by any man before. It was an avowal. But in its purity and unconscious dignity it fairly staggered him. Before he could recover himself, Lydia had risen too.

"Here is Mr. Denison," she said. And then, as that gentleman—running into everybody and begging everybody's pardon to right and left—came up to her, his hat stuck at an impossible angle on the back of his head, she greeted him quite gaily:—

"Has the quest been successful? Have you made any notable discovery to-night?"

The last bars of the great overture—the prayer of the Faithful still struggling to make itself heard amid the whirling storm of lawless suggestion—vibrated on the warm night air, as Miss Casteen and her two companions made their way, from the blazing lamp-lights of the gay little *casino*, into the clinging dimness of the gardens beyond;—Mr. Denison's tones of mournful remonstrance, meanwhile, rising in strange contrast to those moving and majestic sounds.

"If it is so, it is fraudulent, you know—really little short of criminal," he said. "I—er—I'm sure I beg you pardon, Miss Casteen! After the light back there it is so difficult to make out where one is walking—I trust I didn't hurt you!—The local authorities ought to interfere. It is simply a barefaced swindle—utterly abominable! But then, unfortunately, I cannot be quite certain. You really must come and study it too, Hammond. You're very quick in observation; and you might hit upon some minor indication that has escaped my notice and which might settle it. It really has become rather a point of honour with me, you know. The thing is important, of course—you see

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that, Hammond?—and I really don't feel justified in leaving it undetermined."

Here the speaker lurched against Miss Casteen again.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, stopping short. "The darkness is really very inconvenient and annoying. They ought to light these paths better. It is just one of these penny-wise, pound-foolish arrangements that some one ought to take up, and speak or write about. There are many more lamps than are actually required back there, you know—all that illumination is showy, tawdry—simply tawdry. And then the rest of the place is left in this perfectly cut-throat darkness! It amounts to being dangerous.—But as to that other matter, you know, Hammond," he added, moving forward again, "of course, it touches me rather nearly, because if the winning is *bonâ fide*, really governed by chance, I am doing that *croupier* an atrocious injustice."

Hammond slipped his arm through Mr. Denison's. It seemed the most practical means of keeping him in the straight path, and preventing any more cannonading against Miss Casteen.

"My dear fellow," he said, "pray don't exercise yourself about injustice to the *croupier*. His skin is pretty thick, I imagine, by this time, whether he jockeys his little horses a bit too cleverly or not. And then he will remain in a state of beatific ignorance—he'll never know it. Unless indeed, failing the righteous joys of a public exposure, you propose treating us to the pathetic and edifying spectacle of a public apology."

Mr. Denison wriggled severely. He feared Antony Hammond's moral tone was deplorably low; and it was only in deference to a mighty effort of his angelic fourth that he abstained from saying so.

"Meanwhile," Hammond went on, as they passed out between the high iron gates of the gardens into the wide roadway—"meanwhile, you know, Miss Casteen has seen uncommonly little of the mountains, and the days are slipping away; I have been talking to her about it this evening. She ought to be compelled to turn her attention to the beauties of nature, and do the local sights, Denison. I have a proposal to make. If it is fine to-morrow, and I can get a tidy pair of horses, what do you say to our all going up to Lauterbrunnen? Are you good for an expedition, Miss Casteen?"

It was the first time Hammond had addressed her since that curiously personal moment some ten minutes before.

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There was a pause before Lydia spoke, while a carriage with lights suddenly emerged from the darkness behind them, and rolled on heavily under the great walnut-trees, bringing their rich foliage with sudden glittering relief against the surrounding obscurity.

"I should very much like to go," she said. "But we will consult Mrs. Denison first, please."

"I am sure my wife will be only too glad, Miss Casteen," put in Mr. Denison—though without any superabundant ring of conviction in his voice.

Lydia turned to Hammond.

"It is very kind of you to have thought of this," she said.

"Ah! I am determined to contribute my mite," he answered, smiling. "You were hard-hearted, you know; you made that tiresome music an excuse for not answering my question—so I have to take other means of making quite sure."

CHAPTER VII.

"Scholars are men of peace, they bear no Arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actus his Razor; their Pens carry further and give a louder report than Thunder; I had rather stand the shock of a Basilico than the fury of a merciless Pen."

Fortune, so it seemed, was disposed to smile benignly upon Hammond's little pleasure-party next day. The morning was as clear as crystal—one of those crisp, tonic mornings on which nature has an effect of absolutely victorious youth, freshness, and vigour; one of those memorable, invigorating mornings which on the near side of five-and-forty, while the circulation is still pretty quick and the digestive organs in fairly good working order, dispose one to snap one's fingers at old age, decay, death, and other such small disagreeables incident to mortal existence, as palpably ridiculous fables; and pronounce this—with a comfortable touch of inward straddle and swagger—to be, unquestionably, quite the best of all possible worlds.

The carriage was large and easy. The horses were more than tidy, they were excellent. They trotted along the wide white roads, between the fragrant hay-meadows,—the peasant proprietor in the immediate neighbourhood of Interlaken has a meritorious habit of haymaking during half the year;—past Gsteig and its high-standing white church and quaint covered

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wooden bridge across the Lütschine; past Mülinen,—over the carved galleries and stairways of whose handsome *châlets* vines and great gourds, with rough leaves and yellow-green fruit, cling and clamber right up to the generous outward sweep of the deep eaves; past rich flowery glades, where the herds of piebald goats feed and are yelled at incessantly by remarkably ragged small boys in the vilest German *patois;* and past the mystic pine-woods, the horses trotted away,—the road climbing slowly, surely, ever higher and higher—trotted solidly, steadily on their broad hoofs into the heart of the rather paralysing splendours of the Lauterbrunnen Valley, with a cheery little jingle of bells.

Mrs. Denison had by no means refused to be of the party. Even ladies who aspire most earnestly to social distinction have their small economies; and Mrs. Denison invariably thought twice before rejecting an invitation to participate in any pleasure when a friend volunteered to stand treat. Hammond sat opposite to her, on the back seat of the large *berline.* She was in her most gracious and communicative humour, and confided to him a host of interesting particulars regarding Lady Louisa Barking and the numerous noble families to whom that illustrious person was allied.

Hammond listened with a praiseworthy appearance of attention; but he managed to let his eyes rest pretty constantly on Lydia Casteen. He had an agreeable consciousness of an undercurrent of excitement in watching Miss Casteen. His relation to her was, at one and the same time, singularly intimate and singularly undetermined. The balance hung perfectly even—so it appeared to him. The chances of progression and retrogression in his friendship—to call it by no more tender name—with Miss Casteen were precisely equal. Every facility seem likely to be afforded him for going forward, if he elected to do so; yet there was, so far, no obstruction in the rear. If he so pleased, he was still free to go back. The situation tickled Hammond's imagination; it was supremely to his taste.

And Miss Casteen was very well worth watching just now. There was a tender gaiety, a graceful sprightliness about her, delightfully in keeping with the pure radiant aspect of the day. For my poor Lydia could not pretend to be *blasée.* Considering her antecedents, that would have been rather too transparent a fraud. She was sadly unversed in conventional mysteries of behaviour, and had never learnt that it is "bad form"—derogatory to your personal dignity and culpably weak-

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minded—to be moved by what is beautiful, or to let your companions see that you are enjoying yourself when you are doing so. And just now circumstances furnished Lydia with a vast amount of enjoyment. Her whole being responded in simple gladness to the fair morning and the glorious panorama of river, wood, and mountain unfolding itself before her. Then the fact that this expedition had been planned by Hammond with a special view to her satisfaction contributed, it must be owned, not a little to her happiness. Lydia had no intentions, no schemes. It never entered her simple head to be on the look-out for indications upon his part of peculiar interest in herself. I think it may be asserted that this woman was about as devoid of vanity as a woman can well be. But Hammond's kindness supplied her with an opportunity for gratitude, and Miss Casteen's was one of those rare natures to which gratitude is neither a burden nor an embarrassment, but a pure and honest joy.

It is a pity that moral worth so frequently goes with a fine power of being tiresome Mr. Denison, disregarding the protests of his wife and of Antony Hammond, had entirely refused to start until the English post had come in; and had finally projected himself into the carriage armed with a two-days-old *Times*—which he instantly tore open, greatly to the damage of the leading article,—and with a prodigious bundle of letters, which, in his struggles with the newspaper, he kept on sowing broadcast over the bottom of the vehicle and recovering, with many agitated apologies, from under Hammond's feet and the petticoats of the two ladies.

"The dear Grand Lama has such a wonderful gift for spilling everything, you know," Mrs. Denison murmured, breaking off suddenly in the midst of a thrilling Barking episode.

And the momentary flutter of her eyelids, beneath the brown gauze veil enveloping her travelling hat, appeared to Hammond to give a rather ironical flavour to the affectionate adjective employed.

Her husband, however, was, as usual, remarkably unconscious of conjugal criticism. And when he had devoured the contents of his *Times*, with sundry outbursts of indignation and a truly ogreish appetite, he proceeded to make a savage assault upon his letters,—leaving a perfect trail of disembowelled envelopes, addressed to Albert Denison, Esq., to mark the passage of the large *berline* through the stately pine-forest.

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"I don't understand this," he said presently; "I don't understand it in the least. 'My daughter, who at your invitation'—er, what is this?—'by the hand of my coadjutor, Mr. Morgan——' There must be some mistake! This letter can't be intended for me. They have given me one of somebody else's letters. How exceedingly careless! I really must make a complaint to the manager about it. And the worst of it is the error can't be rectified till this evening. Where is the envelope? It begins 'My dear sir'—that tells me nothing. But I might make out something from the envelope. My dear Emily, I beg your pardon, but did you happen to see if I threw away the envelope?"

"And of course dear Lady Louisa was dreadfully annoyed, don't you know," Mrs. Denison, was saying in her most impressive voice, leaning forward, and swaying her comfortable shoulders, as she addressed Hammond. "She told me the Duchess turned to her immediately, and said most kindly——"

But what the Duchess said, alas! was fated, for the present at all events, to remain a mystery; for here Mr. Denison spread himself across the carriage and drummed humbly, but determinately, with his closed fist upon his wife's knee.

"Look here, my dear Emily," he said—"look here—that idiotic *concierge* has given me some one else's letters. It is an unpardonable bit of carelessness. Did you happen to see if I threw away the envelope? It might serve as a clue."

"Envelope—what envelope? The Sultan really becomes so extremely vague! I have not the faintest idea what you are talking about, Albert. What is the matter?"

"They've given me somebody else's letter, I tell you, Emily," lamented the excellent man. "That *concierge* ought to be dismissed. It is infamous to put me in such a position, to oblige me to open letters that don't belong to me! And, if the envelope is gone, how are we to find the owner?"

Mrs. Denison sunk back, and folded her hands with a slight shrug and a glance at Hammond—as of one who has very, very much to bear.

"My dear Sultan, how dreadfully fussing you are!" she said. "Perhaps it isn't somebody else's letter. Read it through, Albert; read it through."

"No, no," he cried; "I really cannot go as far as that. It begins with a Mr. Morgan. I know no one of the name of Morgan. It would be dishonourable, it would be absolutely

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ungentlemanlike — you agree with me there, don't you, Hammond?—to read it through."

During this discussion Miss Casteen had sat silent. The enormous precipices of the Black Monk—the dazzling snows of the Jungfrau piled up to heaven above them—had come into view. In the middle distance sunny beech and larch woods—showing like a sudden outbreak of laughter against the sombre mountain pines—clothed a promontory formed by a sharp bend in the course of the river, whose waters—opaque grey, for the most part, as a cat's eye—were here streaked and capped with white, as they swirled round the spit of land and dashed over the great boulders. The sprightliness had passed from Miss Casteen's expression, and had given place to a wondering gravity which Hammond approved as extremely becoming. It suited her style. Some people, as he reflected, look exceedingly silly when they wonder. Miss Casteen did not look silly in the least.

And, indeed, the purity and silence of that glittering upper-world of eternal snow and frost, the enduring strength of those tremendous walls, those mighty buttressed fortresses of rock, even to-day under the smiling, cloudless summer sky, were almost appalling to her. Nature, here, assumed a pomp and circumstance, a majesty and supremacy, such as she, born and bred among the monotonous domesticity of the English Midlands, had never imagined. Lydia was better versed in early polemics than in late poets; her acquaintance with the melodious numbers in which the modern world is pleased to celebrate its appreciation of the aspects of the material universe was limited. And so it happened that her reverent awe found mental expression in the words of the old Hebrew hymn, which calls upon all forces, all living creatures, all trees and beasts, storm and wind, seas, floods, hail, frost, fire, and vapours, earth below, heaven above, stars, sun and moon—and last and greatest, because most conscious of His everlasting mercy, "the spirits and souls of the righteous," to praise and magnify their Creator for ever.

It seemed to Lydia she was entering a holy of holies. She longed, in her simplicity, to kneel down and worship.

Oh! poor, dear Lydia, these flights are not wholly wise! They lead to moments of acute unreasonableness. For it is a long step from the "Song of the Three Children" to the attitude of mind of the ordinary, contemporary, human animal, —a step so long that it cannot be taken without a dislocating strain and jar. The large open carriage; Mrs. Denison's air of

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society and anecdotes of duchesses; Mr. Denison, with his *Times* and his letters; Hammond—well, Miss Casteen missed Hammond out of her mental denunciation, somehow, with unconscious adroitness—seemed to her a blot and an impertinence in the midst of this stupendous scenery. The incongruity of the situation distressed her. She had a sudden perception of the inherent vulgarity of what we are pleased to call civilization. She withdrew into herself with a sense of shame. She seemed to be assisting in the commission of sacrilege—keeping bank-holiday in a church, so to speak, eating *entrées* off an altar.

She tried to forget two, at least, of her companions and to be deaf to their chatter. But the said chatter asserted itself; it waxed louder. Mr. Denison's reiteration of the name Morgan arrested her attention; and as he waved the letter to and fro she could not help catching sight of the handwriting. Lydia ceased reciting the *Benedicite*. She received a very unpleasant little shock. A cloud came up between her and all this outward splendour and beauty. Her heart sank.

She leaned forward, taking hold rather tightly of the top of the carriage-door, and addressed Mr. Denison.

"Look at the signature, please," she said. "The name of the curate at Marston is Edgar Morgan. He kindly undertook to act as my father's secretary during my absence, and it may be from him."

"Ah! yes—dear Dr. Casteen's curate, nice little Mr. Morgan, with the immense ears, don't you know. Of course, Albert. How stupid of us to forget him!" commented Mrs. Denison.

Her husband turned the letter over and examined it.

"You are perfectly right, Miss Casteen," he said. "It is from Mr. Morgan. I am extremely obliged to you—you have extricated me from a most awkward predicament."

Lydia's fingers closed hard on the top of the carriage-door. She had a premonition of trouble.

"Please tell me if it contains any bad news," she said. "I would much rather know it at once."

"Bad news, my sweetest Lydia, why on earth should it contain bad news?" Mrs. Denison broke in playfully. "Dear Dr. Casteen was just as well as usual when you came away, you know. And he leads such a perfectly regular life—you know what I mean—is so well looked after, don't you know, and all that sort of thing; and hardly ever stirs out of his study,

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and takes such great care of himself, that, really what can happen?"

Miss Casteen made no answer. There was an uncomfortable silence, during which Mr. Denison finished reading the letter, fidgeting, as he neared the end, more and more inordinately.

"Oh! er—really, Miss Casteen—er, really," he said, in his most remonstrative manner, looking any and everywhere except at the person he addressed. "Upon my word this puts me in a very difficult position. I really don't quite know what to do. It is exceedingly uncomfortable for me to be made the medium of such a communication. Pray forgive me."

Mr. Denison looked at her at last, and there was a certain pathos in the expression of his mild eyes.

"I am afraid this communication may—will—in fact, will be painful to you, Miss Casteen. Your father is perfectly well—apparently; at least, that is to say I have no reason to think otherwise," he added, getting in words, at all events, hopelessly between his own legs. "It is not that. But pray, Miss Casteen, pray remember I am an unwilling and perfectly innocent agent in this matter. I—I——"

Lydia put out her hand. Her lips were very white, but she tried to smile.

"May I have it?" she asked. "Perhaps I had better read it to myself. Of course, I quite understand that you have nothing to do with it, Mr. Denison—nothing in the world. And if papa is well nothing else can matter—at least, not very much."

Mr. Denison gave up the letter with a sort of groan.

As Lydia took it, Hammond turned to Mrs. Denison.

"Now," he said, "now let us go back to Lady Louisa and the Duchess again. We left off at the most dramatic moment of the encounter.

"That stuffy old beast"—I grieve to say it was in these irreverent terms that Hammond characterised one of the greatest living authorities in questions of Church History—"that stuffy old beast has done something utterly monstrous," he thought. "At least this good lady's attention must be engaged. Poor Miss Casteen must read her sentence of death in peace."

Mrs. Denison jumped willingly enough into the little trap thus laid for her. And her husband retired bodily behind the *Times* again; his angelic fourth wrung with compassion for Miss Casteen, his remaining three-fourths thirsting to carry out

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reforms in the matter of parental rights and privileges, with really bloodthirsty vigour and completeness.

And so poor Lydia, hurried down at a moment's notice from those inspiring heights of emotion upon which it had been her good fortune to stand so recently, read the young clergyman's letter through. Read it, folded it together, and clasped her hands over it as it rested upon her lap. The carriage moved on slowly up the steepening ascent. The Lütschine roared hoarse in its rocky bed below. Presently, at a turn of the road, a malformed, distorted *crétin* made day hideous with chaotic bellowing through an alpenhorn. Flaxen-haired, sunburnt, old-visaged children, in wofully long skirts, besieged the passer-by with entreaties to invest in bunches of *edelweiss*, ugly little carvings, doubtfully clean home-made lace. A stream of returning carriages rattled down the long hill, the drivers throwing each other a guttural-toned salutation in passing. Mr. Denison wriggled and crumpled his newspaper. Mrs. Denison chattered. Hammond nodded, listened, dropped an appropriate comment from time to time. And Lydia Casteen passed through the fire of an almost insupportable bitterness, such as women of a delicate and sensitive moral constitution are fated too often to pass through, in this, perhaps, after all—one hopes so, anyhow, at times—not best of all possible worlds.

—"And the Duchess, you know, has really been more than civil to her ever since," Mrs. Denison said, finishing up her recital.—"My dear, sweet Lydia, nothing unpleasant, no bad news, I hope and trust?"

Miss Casteen turned to her. She was still sadly white about the lips; but her tone was calm.

"Oh, no!" she said, "not bad news. Indeed I think I ought to consider it good news. I made a mistake last night when I told you that I was not indispensable to the success of my father's work, Mr. Hammond. It appears that I am indispensable. That surely is a great compliment."

Mr. Denison banged his paper together, in a species of fury. His angel had turned into an avenging one.

"I need not give you back this, need I?" she went on, looking across at him. "It was a mistake that you should be written to at all. It would have been simpler to write direct to me. But my father lives such a retired and concentrated life that he does sometimes make these little mistakes in common practical matters."

Here Lydia glanced at Hammond and Mrs. Denison with a very disarming little air of apology and deprecation.

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"He is becoming an old man, and he is very much engrossed in his work, you see. All his energy goes into that; and he forgets, now and then, how a thing may strike others. One can easily understand it, I think. But you must not have the trouble of answering this letter, Mr. Denison. I should prefer writing myself. Perhaps I could send a post-card from Lauterbrunnen—couldn't I?—in case we should be late in getting back to-night. I would rather not lose a post——"

She paused, and then went on hurriedly, laying her hand upon Mrs. Denison's:—

"I am so sorry. I am afraid it may be inconvenient to you, and you have been so good to me. I should be very much distressed at doing anything that was tiresome; but I think I ought not to start for home later than to-morrow. You see——"

"That's it, is it? The old devil!" Hammond said, under his breath.

Fortunately Mrs. Denison's outcry, whether as entirely genuine in feeling or not, was long and loud enough effectually to drown this impious remark.

"Oh! but it's impossible, my sweetest Lydia, quite impossible. Dear Dr. Casteen is unreasonable, you know; just a little wee bit unreasonable. I must write to him and remonstrate, and the Grand Lama will remonstrate too. The poor dear Grand Lama must not be left desolate at a moment's notice in this sort of way. What will he do without you, you know? His walks—think of the Grand Lama's walks!"

Mrs. Denison became girlish, and shook her head at Miss Casteen.

"Oh, no, no, we really can't allow it!" she said. "We must all point out to Dr. Casteen that he is exacting. Yes, my sweet Lydia, really you know, though he is so clever, and historical, and all that sort of thing, just a little tiny bit exacting. And we can't let him be that."

She patted the younger lady's hand affectionately.

"No, no; we will certainly all remonstrate. We really can't encourage him in that, you know."

"But, please, I must go," Lydia answered.

She had tried to speak before, but the flow of her friend's playful eloquence had rendered it impossible. Lydia had some difficulty in retaining her self-control. The corners of her mouth worked nervously and her smile was slightly forced.

"You see my father wants me. I gather that the printers

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have made some dreadful mistakes. He is finishing the section upon the Donatists, and the references are most important. I know just where to turn to in Optatus and St. Augustine. Mr. Morgan means well, but he is a little too anxious. He gets flurried. And it worries my father, and throws back his work. I cannot be happy away from him, in that case. You see, don't you," she added, appealing to Mr. Denison, "that it is only right I should go?"

"Emily, Miss Casteen must do precisely what she thinks best," said the gentleman addressed, with most unwonted directness and decision.

Just then the big *berline* turned down the almost perpendicular hill, at the foot of which stands the *Hôtel Staubbach* of Lauterbrunnen; and, a few minutes later, drew up in front of that primitive, but delectable, hostelry, in the midst of a mob of tourists, porters, guides, drivers, and vehicles of every possible and impossible description.

(*To be continued.*)

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Our Library List.

PAPERS; LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, ETC. By the late FLEEMING JENKIN. With a MEMOIR by R. L. STEVENSON. (2 vols. 32*s*. *Longmans.*) The variety of these papers, which include a play in three acts, and treat amongst other subjects of Darwin, Mrs. Siddons, Trades Unions, Applied Science and Greek Dress, and the forcible originality they show, are an indication of the author's richness of nature as well as scope. Mr. Stevenson, in his beautiful Memoir of him, completes the picture, and he succeeds in giving as interesting a record of a life and surroundings as he gives a vivid impression of a strong personality. Mr. Jenkin's youth was one of somewhat exceptional vicissitudes, spent for the most part abroad under the influence of his mother—a fiery "drawing-room queen," buzzed about by Italian patriots—till he had to make his own way as an engineer. In this profession, which "in its struggle against brute force and with inert allies, he felt to be truly poetic," he soon won distinction, and after his appointment to the Chair of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh, his ever-active mind employed itself on an extraordinary number of subjects. It was there that his "gallant vitality" and his high view of life made the ineffaceable impression we gain from these Memoirs. His own letters on his Telegraph voyage will "fail to interest none who love adventure and activity."

THE LIFE OF BISHOP COLENSO. By SIR G. W. COX. (2 vols. 36*s*. *Ridgway.*) Though we may demur to Sir G. Cox's statement that "the life of Bishop Colenso has been and will be more momentous in its issues than perhaps any other life in the century," it was no doubt well worthy of a permanent record. Unfortunately the present volumes, while they will probably keep others from the field, cannot be regarded as in any respect satisfactory. The story of the Bishop's life, both in his disputes regarding the verbal accuracy of the Pentateuch and in his chivalrous championship of the South African natives, lies overwhelmed beneath a formless mass of detail; the tone of acrid controversy which pervades the whole book distracts attention from the single-minded honesty which was Colenso's most lovable characteristic. The reader, as he wades through the reams of ecclesiastical correspondence, feels inclined to exclaim with Pascal: "*Ce sont des querelles de théologiens et non pas de la théologie.*"

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REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM ROGERS. (1 vol. 6*s.* *Kegan Paul.*) The genial rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, has followed the current fashion in publishing his recollections, but has wisely restricted himself to one moderate-sized volume. The stock of personal anecdote is supplemented and strengthened by a good deal of solid information concerning the education movement during the last forty years, wherein Mr. Rogers has played a prominent and honourable part. The tale of his largely successful efforts both at St. Thomas, Charterhouse, and at Bishopsgate is told with hearty and bracing enthusiasm. The tone throughout is that of the typical true-born Englishman who overcomes difficulties by sheer force of refusal to recognise them. The "good stories" liberally scattered through the volume have always a plain point, and are, with one marked exception, good-natured.

IRELAND. By EARL GREY. (1 vol. 3*s.* 6*d.* *Murray.*) In this little volume the veteran statesman briefly reviews "the Irish question" during the present century, and propounds a new solution of its difficulties. As readers of newspapers might have expected, his Lordship finds much more to blame than to praise in the efforts which have hitherto been made, holding that part of the revenues of the Irish Church should have been devoted to the endowment of the Roman Catholics, and that the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 were steps in a totally wrong direction. His own plan would be, after changing the method of conducting private legislation, to disfranchise Ireland for ten years. The distressful country would thus, he thinks, cease to be the battle-ground of English parties, and Irishmen would gradually forget the grievances which they would be forbidden to express.

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT, PAST AND PRESENT. By the late H. O. NETHERCOTE. (1 vol. 8*s.* 6*d.* *Sampson Low.*) Written by a hunting man for hunting men, this volume contains a good deal which the general reader may gallop through in "sharp bursts." But he must always be ready for a check—more welcome than those of the chase—for the author has a knack of introducing capital anecdotes, amusing reminiscences, clever and humorous disquisitions at the most unexpected turns. Witness the pages on "Scent," pitched into the chapter on Lord Spencer's Mastership. Moreover, men like Mr. George Payne, Major Whyte-Melville, and many other Pytchley magnates whom their friend the author sketches with a kindly but discriminating hand, bear names familiar far beyond the limits of the famous grass country, and all that is said about them is interesting. Nor must we pass over the few characteristic letters from Sir Francis Head. Mr. Nethercote was not a literary man, and the valuable record he has compiled suffers occasionally from abrupt transitions and lack of management; but he was an enthusiastic member of the P.H., who knew what he was talking about and could tell a good story (not

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always original) well. He evidently enjoyed writing this book, and we fancy most readers will contrive to share his pleasure.

SOCIETY IN ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS. By RALPH INGE. (1 vol. 6*s*. *Murray*.) "The Romans," said Dr. Johnson, "were a people who, while they were poor, robbed mankind, and as soon as they became rich, robbed one another," but they were admitted by the same authority to be the fountain of elegance as the Greeks were of knowledge. In truth there are but few educated persons who in the course of their travels or studies, have not had their attention arrested and their imagination stirred by the remnants and traces of a luxury which has never been surpassed: who have not desired to fill the Baths of Caracalla, or the Villas of Baiæ and Pompeii, with the men and women who reared and adorned them. Mr. Inge has read widely, and has omitted nothing which could serve to complete his sketch of Roman Society, when that Society was at its zenith. The result is a work of great value and interest to the student, and one that will afford the general reader an attractive account of an attractive subject.

HIS COUSIN BETTY. By F. M. PEARD. (3 vols. *Bentley*.) From the very first chapter of this delightful story, it is obvious that Betty's dislike for John Leyburn will turn to love. But the knowledge in no wise diminishes the reader's interest; for if ever it be true that "when a man's married his troubles begin," the Leyburns were a case in point. John's sister, the selfish Mrs. Hume, sees her own advantage in forwarding the match, and represents to her brother that he has gone too far to recede, and that Betty expects him to propose. He drifts half-heartedly into marriage, and we think that his action at this stage is hardly consistent with the strength of will attributed to him. He soon begins to repent, while his wife continues deeply in love. Cross-purposes and misunderstandings follow, and a period of estrangement, throughout which the character of Betty, with all her faults and virtues, is admirably sustained. The central figures are surrounded by a group of sufficiently entertaining friends and kindred. The book has plenty of movement, but the author's strength does not lie in tragic incident. We gratefully acknowledge the accuracy and freshness with which she has drawn the Devonshire moors, coloured to the life.

THE SECOND SON. By MRS. OLIPHANT. (3 vols. *Macmillan*.) This is an admirable example of Mrs. Oliphant's strength as a novelist. She has no need to resort to sensationalism to make her story thoroughly absorbing. Her characters are neither striking nor strange, but they are drawn with so much skill that their very commonplaceness gives them an interest and pathos of their own, in everyday occurrences as well as in contact with the deeper realities of life. Nothing could be truer in conception as well as in detail than

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the picture of the monotonous existence of the Squire, with his three sons and his badly brought up little daughter. The story turns on the honest if unwise love of the eldest son for Lily, a gamekeeper's lovely daughter, which causes his father to disinherit him. The second son who, with a sober-minded heiress, represents quiet good feeling throughout the book, refuses to profit by his brother's disgrace, and the Squire in his fury leaves everything to his worthless youngest son, who is at the very moment luring Lily to London on the pretence of marriage. The meeting of the brothers after her disappearance, the fatal result, the state of mind of the old Squire when he loses his eldest son and discovers the conduct of his heir, are described with as much power as knowledge of life and character.

RICHARD CABLE. By the Author of 'MEHALAH.' (3 vols. *Smith & Elder.*) There are vivid descriptions of sea and land, a vigorous moral atmosphere, and plenty of variety throughout the book. But the improbability of the story is not redeemed by the dramatic and original characters, or the strong local colour which we expect from the Author of 'Mehalah.' An excellent sailor, happy in his work and the possession of seven daughters, has his life temporarily wrecked by a brilliant but wayward young lady who, unhappy at home, rushes into marriage with him. She loses no time in insulting him for glaring faults which had escaped her notice when, cast adrift on his lightship, she was impressed by his merits, and indeed he is made to develop a Weller pronunciation he was guiltless of in the first volume. Embittered by her conduct and an accident which it indirectly causes to his youngest child, he leaves her, as he hopes, for ever, and doggedly sets himself to build up his own fortunes. It is not very clear what causes her to suddenly become as softened and penitent as he is obdurate. She climbs down the social ladder, goes into service, and humbly earns her living at his gate, till the elapse of years brings matters to a climax.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1888.

The Great Northern, North-Eastern, and Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire Railways.

"THE Great Northern Railway ends," so the first Chairman of the Company, Mr. Denison, the father of the present Lord Grimthorpe, informed an indignantly interrogative shareholder at a half-yearly meeting some forty years back—"the Great Northern Railway ends in a field four miles north of Doncaster." And there its terminus has remained unto this day; but of all the millions of passengers who travel over the line, it may be questioned whether one in a hundred thousand ever so much as heard of Shaftholme Junction.

The fact, for all that, may be regarded as typical. None of our great railways is so closely involved with its neighbours as the Great Northern. Of the main line trains that leave King's Cross there is hardly one that performs its journey throughout under Great Northern control. To get to Cambridge they pass on to the Great Eastern. To reach Sheffield and Manchester, the Company needs the alliance of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire; a stage further to Liverpool, over the "Cheshire Lines," calls in the partnership of the Midland as well. The road to Leeds, where the station stands on ground owned by no less than four companies, is over a line which is the joint property of the Great Northern and the Sheffield Company. We might point our moral by a comparison

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between the Great Northern and North-Western. The main line out of Euston is reserved for North-Western trains alone; the South Eastern, and Chatham and Dover, and North London rolling stock will all be met with outside King's Cross. What Crewe is on the one line, a great manufacturing centre as well as a great junction, that Doncaster is on the other. But while Crewe accommodates North-Western traffic almost exclusively, no less than six "foreign" companies run their trains into Doncaster. And yet, whether it be that the Great Northern management is too busy accelerating its expresses and improving its services to have time to quarrel, or that all its pugnacity was used up in the earlier years of its history, now-a-days all the complicated arrangements and agreements and treaties for joint user, and running powers, and through services, work with such perfect harmony, that in nine cases out of ten the outside public is all unaware of their existence.

For indeed, during the first quarter of a century of its history the Great Northern was pre-eminently a fighting line. At its birth in 1845, when "King" Hudson fought with (in Lord Brougham's phrase), "twelve-counsel power" before a Committee that sat six days a week for the best part of two Sessions, there raged a storm whereof Parliamentary Committee rooms have since scarce seen the like, and no less a person than Charles Austin was peremptorily refused a hearing. From the chair at the Midland Company's meeting Hudson told his shareholders that there only needed to be added to the Great Northern scheme "the humbug of the atmospheric principle, to make it the most complete thing ever brought before the public." He added, moreover, that he would undertake to leave London with twenty carriages by the London and Birmingham and Midland Railways, and beat his rivals to York, "and more than that, he questioned whether in foggy weather they would ever get there at all." Whether the race proposed by the Midland Chairman was ever run, history does not relate, but if a train from Euston ever reached York in less than the 3 hours and 53 minutes, which were allotted last summer to the 7.45 P.M. from King's Cross, "Bradshaw" certainly contains no record of the fact.

But this, though the first Great Northern battle, was a long way from being the last. In the year of the Great Exhibition there was a furious conflict, and the third-class return fare from Leeds to London came down to 5*s*. The following year an attempt was made to amalgamate the two Companies, but Parliament

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refused its consent. Four years later the strife broke out afresh, and in 1856 a man could book from York to London and back for 5*s.* first class, and 2*s.* 6*d.* third. The intermediate stations also took part in the scrimmage, and the Peterborough fares were 2*s.* and 1*s.* respectively. The Exhibition year 1862 saw another pitched battle, but this time the Midland were only lookers-on; and the fight was between the Great Northern, which was competing, *viâ* the Sheffield line, for the Manchester traffic, and the North-Western. The Lancashire folks were taken to London to see the Exhibition and brought back again for the modest sum of half-a-crown, and, what is more, as long as summer lasted, and the trains were full, the Companies didn't lose by the transaction. Then in 1871 it was the Midland's turn again, and war raged for months, during which both Companies carried coal from South Yorkshire to London at about one-third of the normal charge.

Of late years little has been heard of conflicts such as these. It is true that the Southern lines quarrel among themselves, though their quarrels hitherto have shown no signs of leading to a reduction of fares and rates, but the great companies, though competition is as keen as ever, manage now-a-days to live and work in harmony. Railway public opinion, as focussed in the powerful though unreported Clearing House meetings, has laid its ban upon what is known as "unfair" competition, upon sweeping reduction of fares and wholesale cutting of rates. A company may take away all its rival's passengers by providing faster and more frequent trains, better carriages and more convenient stations; or it may get hold of its neighbour's goods traffic by offering greater regularity and speed of despatch and delivery. But it may not, for example, avail itself of an American form of competition (now forbidden by law there) and bribe a coal owner or a manufacturer to send his products that way by giving free passes to himself and his family. Nor may it quote special rates to competitive points below the accepted tariff without its rival's consent. In fact, the competition must be open and above-board, or the offending company will be sent to Coventry. As instances, we may mention that a short time since the conduct of a carter who fetched some freight away from a show at six in the morning, when the different companies had agreed overnight not to begin to clear the yard till seven, was solemnly investigated and adjudicated upon at a meeting of officials of the different lines concerned.

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Again, the traffic superintendent of one of the great companies recently consulted his brethren at the Clearing House whether he should agree to the proposal of a London theatre manager and issue return tickets, including admission to the theatre, at a reduced rate.

Competition, however, takes various forms, and as between the three great companies we may say with reasonable accuracy that while the North-Western has laid the chief stress upon comfort, the Great Northern has for years been unrivalled in speed; and the Midland, whose gradients forbid speeds which, on paper at least, can match the Great Northern, has striven to the utmost of its power to combine both attractions. And the speed on the Great Northern is simply phenomenal, not merely on the through trains to the great towns of the North, to Manchester and to Scotland, but to second-rate provincial towns, such as Lincoln and Cambridge. Take Cambridge, for example, which is fifty-eight miles from London, and on a branch line. The Great Northern supplies it with six expresses each way daily, nine of which vary between 77 and 82 minutes, while only one is as slow as 95. Lincoln also is on a branch line 130¼ miles from London. It has seven expresses down every day, the fastest accomplishing its journey in 2 hours 47 minutes, while the slowest only takes 3 hours and 24 minutes. Birmingham, on a trunk line of the Great Western (a company not usually supposed to run slow trains) to the North, is one mile nearer London. It not only has fifteen times the population of Lincoln, but it has great towns and important railway centres, such as Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, and Birkenhead behind it. To Birmingham the Great Western has only three trains in the day as fast as the slowest of the Great Northern seven to Lincoln. The 4.45 P.M., which is much the fastest of the three, only beats the best of the Lincoln service by two minutes. Even the North Western, with a route seventeen miles shorter, cannot get to Birmingham under 2 hours 35 minutes.

Not that the Great Northern would consider their service to Cambridge or Lincoln fast. Their really fast services are three, the East Coast, the West Riding, and the Manchester expresses, and their fastness rises in the order given. The famous "Flying Scotchman" goes to York (188 miles) in 3 hours 55 minutes, or at the rate of exactly 48 miles an hour. The Scotchman is timed to pass Doncaster (156 miles) 3 hours 15 minutes after leaving King's Cross; the 1.30 P.M. Leeds train draws up at

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the platform in 3 hours 4 minutes. From Doncaster to Leeds is only 29½ miles; but the gradients are heavy for a large part of the distance, the line is a network of junctions and crossings and sidings, and there are stops both at Wakefield and at Holbeck, so that to reach Leeds in 3 hours 55 minutes is really a far finer performance than to run along the flat valley of the Ouse to York, 2½ miles further, in the same time.

But to Leeds and to Scotland the Great Northern has its rivals well in hand. It is undeniably the shortest and quickest route, and it has no great motive for further acceleration. To Manchester, however, it is another matter. From Euston to Manchester is only 189 miles (by the road some of the trains take through the Potteries it is six miles shorter still); from St. Pancras it is only 191¼; while from King's Cross it is no less than 203. Moreover, if the Midland route is somewhat harder, the North-Western is undoubtedly a great deal easier. For the Great Northern therefore to hold its own against the flying four-and-a-quarter hour expresses of its two rivals, means simply that it must run three miles an hour faster than what are almost, if not quite, the fastest series of trains in the world.

And it does it; but only once, it must be confessed, each way in the twenty-four hours. To say that it reaches Manchester in the same time that the "Dutchman" and the "Zulu" take to Exeter, nine miles nearer, is only to give a faint idea of the speed. For while the Great Western runs along an almost dead flat, the road from Sheffield to Manchester is twenty miles up one side of the roof of a house, immediately followed by a second twenty miles down the other, and on this part of the road very high speed is of course impossible. Accordingly while the "Flying Scotchman" takes 2 hours and 10 minutes over the 105½ miles between Grantham and London, and the fastest of the Leeds trains only two minutes less, the 2 P.M. *ex* Manchester does the distance in three minutes under the two hours, or at the rate of a fraction over 54 miles an hour. The "Dutchman," which long held the palm as the fastest train in the world, only averages 53⅓ even as far as Swindon. Two communications in reference to this run have been published in the railway papers in the last few weeks. The one records that, starting from the Grantham platform up a gradient of 1 in 200 for five miles, the train covered 24 miles in the first 22 minutes. The other mentions that the down train twice out of three times, and the up train five times out of six, gets over sixty consecutive miles

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of ground in sixty consecutive minutes, and that on one occasion the whole 105½ miles from start to finish were run in 112 minutes.

It would not be fair, however, to give to the Great Northern the whole of the credit of this train. Though the line is Great Northern as far as Retford, to avoid an unnecessary stoppage the Sheffield Company work the trains to and from Grantham. Let us go back and trace its course from Manchester, bearing in mind the engineer's calculation, that to maintain the same speed on a gradient of 1 in 112 as on a level, implies that an engine shall do three times as much work. From Manchester to Dunford Bridge, at the east end of the great Woodhead Tunnel, which runs at an altitude of more than 1000 feet above sea-level, three miles through the heart of the Pennine Range, the backbone of England, the distance is 22¼ miles. Roughly speaking, the gradient is 1 in 120 all the way, and the time is 34 minutes, practically 40 miles an hour. Down to Sheffield, 19 miles further, the fall is a little less steep, averaging about 1 in 130. If this were over a line used merely for through traffic, such as the routes north and south of Carlisle, some part of the time lost in the ascent might be made up in a run down the bank at 60 or 65 miles an hour. But here the line is crowded with junctions and colliery sidings, so the 19 miles occupy 25 minutes, or at the rate of a fraction less than 45 miles an hour. Leaving Sheffield, the train has only three-fourths of its time left to go four-fifths of its distance, so in spite of one sharp climb of three miles and a half near Staveley, it runs the 56½ miles to Grantham in 70 minutes, or 48½ miles an hour. From Grantham to London, as we have already said, the speed is 54.

We have traced the working of this train thus minutely, because it combines what is undoubtedly the fastest long run in the world with one at least of the finest runs over heavy gradients. But though it is impossible to follow the course of other trains with the same minuteness, we would by no means be understood to imply that other companies, such as the Midland, which climbs at express speed over gradients of 1 in 90 for 10 miles through the Peak Forest, or the Caledonian, which has 9½ miles of 1 in 80 up to Beattock Summit, cannot show speed which is just as creditable. Indeed, probably quite the finest run in Great Britain is made by a company not usually much given to parade performance, the North British, which in summer takes the Highland express

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with its heavy Pullmans, between Carlisle and Edinburgh, over several long stretches of 1 in 75 and 1 in 80, and twice climbs heights of 850 and 955 feet respectively, 98¼ miles without a stop in 2 hours and 20 minutes.

When the Great Northern and the Midland and the Sheffield Companies lay their heads together, as they do in the case of the Cheshire Lines Committee, to see what they can produce in the way of speed, especially when they get the flat surfaces of West Lancashire to work out their designs upon, the result is apt to be sufficiently remarkable. Witness the Manchester-Southport expresses, which do their 49½ miles in the level hour. There is a tradition, gradually becoming fainter with the lapse of years, that the Brighton Company once did its 50½ miles from London Bridge in the same time; but now-a-days only one train can attain to 1 hour 5 minutes, while trains that take as much as 1 hour 20 minutes are solemnly limited to "first class only." But then, though London is ten times as big as Manchester, and Brighton is, we fancy, somewhat more populous than Southport, the Brighton Company have not got to fight against an energetic rival with a shorter mileage. Witness too the wonderful hourly service between Liverpool and Manchester, twenty-eight trains a day, which perform their 34 miles, including a stop at Warrington, in 45 minutes, except four of them which, if we may be forgiven the Hibernianism, run outside Warrington and only take 40 minutes. This said service, when it was first put on, startled the dignified and leisurely North-Western not a little. They have been compelled to follow suit of course, but just by way of protest, though their line is 2½ miles shorter, they reply to the four Cheshire Lines 40 minutes' trains by four that drop to 50 minutes, and two more that allow themselves a solid hour.

At the present time the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company are on the point of opening a new line from Pendleton to Hindley, which will enable them to avoid Bolton, and with a short cut outside of Wigan, will reduce their route between Liverpool and Manchester from 39½ miles, its present length, to about 34½, or almost the same as the Cheshire Lines road. The new railway is 13½ miles long, and will have cost, when finished, a good deal over half a million. There are four lines laid throughout, and it has been in all respects constructed for express running. When it is opened some time this autumn, we may look for a considerable addition to the present service of 52 expresses. Indeed, Londoners who want to know what a local

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service can be, and ought to be, should go to Lancashire or Yorkshire and study the question. It would be by no means a paradox, if a North countryman were to assert that English expresses are organized, not for the benefit of Londoners at all, but to take the inhabitants of Manchester and Liverpool and Leeds up to London as often as they want to go there.

Closely allied with the question of speed is the use of that peculiarly English contrivance for saving time known as "slipping." Not indeed that "peculiarly English" is absolutely accurate. There is one slip in France; at Le Pecq on the 5.10 P.M. train from the St. Lazare Station. Probably no one needs to be told that a "slip coach" is a carriage attached at the rear of a train by a special form of coupling, which can be undone at any moment by pulling a rope—or, according to a more modern system, by working a lever—in the guard's van, so that the carriage is left behind without the train being obliged to stop. No company makes greater use of this system than the Great Northern, which in this manner is able to afford to its second-class stations accommodation to which their intrinsic importance would never entitle them. Take, for example, a little market-town like Stamford. It has five connections a day from London at the rate of 40 miles an hour and upwards, and four of them are given by slips either at Peterborough or at Essendine. There is probably not another place in all England of equal unimportance that can boast so good a service. It is perhaps not easy to feel dignified as one glides humbly into the station, perhaps even under the charge of a homely old carthorse, while the tail lamps of the express that thundered through half a minute since in the glory of its strength are fading away in the distance; but when it is a question of getting home in time for dinner, or crawling down about 9 P.M. by the stopping train, most of us are content to put our dignity in our pockets. To such a point have the Great Northern carried the system, that the 5.30 P.M. slips a carriage at Huntingdon, off the portion that itself is slipped at Peterborough, while at Grantham it attaches a fresh "slip," only in its turn to drop it off at Newark, and then at Retford it picks up yet another, which is left at Worksop. Most railways have one station, a Rugby or a Swindon, at which every train stops, though indeed at one time the 10 o'clock West Coast train used to run through from Nuneaton to Willesden. But to the Great Northern there is no place sacred. Four down trains a day run through Peterborough, one ignores Grantham,

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two neglect Doncaster altogether, while a third is satisfied to give it the "slip."

For all that, neither company nor passengers could get on without Doncaster, for it is here that all the engines and carriages and waggons are built, and hither they return from time to time for repair or renewal. And at Doncaster first and last, what with the erection of their works, and churches and schools for their *employés* and families, the Great Northern Company has spent a good deal of money, and not always with the unanimous approval of its proprietary. On one occasion in the early days of the Volunteer movement, when a sum of £700 was expended in supplying with uniforms the *employés* who had enrolled themselves in a newly formed corps, a few irascible shareholders seem to have thought the whole directorate worthy of impeachment.

If any one wishes to realize how huge a thing a modern express locomotive is, he can hardly choose a better place for his studies than the shops at Doncaster. As he enters, he will probably find himself gazing up with astonishment at a pair of the great eight-feet driving wheels, and wondering why he never noticed before how huge they were. Mr. Stirling's express engines might fairly be described as belonging to the Doric order of construction. Absolutely plain and unadorned, without a single band of brass to relieve the monotony of their hue—dull green throughout, except where the polished steel of the piston and connecting rod throws a gleam of light across it—the long line of the immense boiler unbroken even by the accustomed dome, they seem the very model of strength and symmetry. Other companies may go in for "compounds," may raise the working pressure to 160, 170, or even 180 lbs., on the square inch, but the Great Northern engineer holds firm to the maxim *stare super antiquas vias*. Non-compound engines that with steam at 140 lbs. can take sixteen or twenty coaches up the hill for the first ten miles out of London at forty miles an hour, then run the remaining ninety-five to Grantham without a stop at an average speed not far short of sixty are, he says simply, good enough for him. As soon as an organism ceases to develop, it begins, the physiologists tell us, to decay forthwith. It may be therefore that the non-compound engine which would seem to have reached perfection, is doomed to disappear from railroads as completely as it has disappeared from ships. But at least we may claim that the improvement of type in the two

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generations that divide the Killingworth of George Stephenson from the Doncaster of Patrick Stirling has not been effected merely by natural selection.

Linden when the sun was low, and Linden when the drum beat forth at dead of night, were not more unlike than are Doncaster in its work-a-day dress, and Doncaster when prepared for the "Leger" week. In all directions round the station are immense sidings for coal and goods traffic; adjoining the locomotive shops there are miles of line filled as a rule with engines and carriages waiting their turn for repairs. But when the St. Leger is on, goods and minerals and repairs, all alike must give way to the race traffic. As a warning of what is coming, a few days beforehand the company's staff receive a "special additional working time-table." Last year its arrangements were comprised in forty-seven folio pages. The stock in the locomotive sidings is swept away, the hopeless "cripples" shut up in the shops, which are closed for the week; those which are capable of movement despatched to find shelter somewhere down the line. The coals and minerals, to the very last waggon, are sent off to their destination, while no new trains, except for a few hours in the dead of night, are allowed to come in to supply their places. Extra signal boxes are erected on either side of the station, so as to cut the block sections into half their usual lengths. Extra staff of all kinds, including a special break-down gang to repair the telegraphs, should anything go wrong with them, is drafted into the station, and then the Company waits calmly for its traffic.

And it has no reason to complain that the traffic is wanting. The station itself is kept mainly for ordinary passengers at the usual fares. And it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that at the busiest time of the day the trains push each other in and out of the platform. For every train almost is running in two portions, and there are relief trains and private specials and horse trains to and from every point of the compass. The excursion passengers arrive at and depart from the different sidings. On the Leger day last year there were eighty-two train-loads of them from every part of the country, not only from London, and Birmingham, and Liverpool, but from Barrow, Carlisle, and Newcastle, from Chester, Bristol, and King's Lynn. In the locomotive sidings alone there were thirty-four trains drawn up side by side. Each train in the morning runs into the place whence it departs at night, and to each passenger on

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his arrival is handed a printed notice, giving the number of the train (a number corresponding with that on a huge placard affixed to the train itself); its situation, with directions how to reach it, and finally the hour at which it is timed to start on its return-journey. And start they did last September, one about every minute and a quarter from 5.45 to 7.30 P.M., each train of the whole eighty-two punctual to its appointed time. Of all the race-goers, not even excepting the occupants of the luxurious saloons of the various "specials," perhaps the most entirely contented with their day's outing were some parties of Nottingham factory-hands who had chartered the third-class saloons that the Midland built some fifteen years ago for use on their original Pullman train.

To see one of the most formidable rivals of the Great Northern type of engine, we must travel the hundred miles that lie between Doncaster and Newcastle. We mentioned some months back that the earliest compound locomotives, in England at least, were turned out of the shops of the Great Eastern Railway at Stratford. Thence has also come one of the latest developments of the principle, in the form of the engines built on the system of Mr. Worsdell, locomotive engineer first to the Great Eastern, and now to the North-Eastern Railway. A "Webb" engine, with the bright steel of its low-pressure cylinder shining like a great target on its front as it approaches, must be noticed at the first glance by the least experienced eye. But the Worsdell type of compound, instead of three, has only the ordinary two cylinders, which are placed in the accustomed position, either inside, as in the North-Eastern and Great Eastern engines, or outside, as in an engine that is now building in the South-Western shops at Nine Elms. A close observer would no doubt perceive that the two are of an unequal size—in fact the one is 18 and the other 26 inches in diameter; but that is all that is visible from the exterior. Inside, however, the steam, instead of entering the two cylinders alternately, is all admitted in the first instance into the 18-inch cylinder, and passed thence by a pipe through the smoke-box into the larger one. It is claimed for these engines that they are both more powerful and more economical of coal than engines of the ordinary type, while, as they have no more working parts than usual, they are not open to the objection commonly brought against the North-Western compounds of being more expensive to build and to keep in order. The

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North-Eastern directors have, however, determined to submit the question to an exhaustive trial. They have ordered twenty passenger engines and twenty goods engines to be built, identically the same in all respects except that one-half are to be compound and the other half non-compound. An experiment on such a scale as this, extended over a twelvemonth or so, ought surely, one would think, to avail to settle this important question. Half of this order has, so far, been executed, and the latest report is that the compounds can give their rivals 5 lbs. (of coal per mile) and a beating.

There is of course no reason why a compound should run faster than an ordinary engine. But the "Worsdell" compound, exhibited last summer at the Newcastle Exhibition, may claim to have made what is certainly one of the fastest runs on record, as it came down the bank from Grant's House to Berwick one fine day with the 2.40 P.M. *ex* Edinbro' for several miles in succession at the rate of 76 miles an hour, as registered by the speed-indicator upon the engine. It was reported a short time since that the splendid single-wheeled engine that Mr. Johnson has lately designed for some of the lighter expresses of the Midland Railway, came home from the Exhibition at Saltaire at the rate of 72 miles an hour; and a correspondent of a railway journal some time back chronicled a run of 4 miles on the Great Northern at the same speed. But we question if there are many records of 76 miles an hour, made not by a "light" engine, but by a heavy train.* The North-Eastern may certainly take credit, if not for the fastest, at least for the longest run in Europe—that from Newcastle to Edinburgh, 124¼ miles in 2 hours 53 minutes. But there are several longer runs in America. The Chicago "Limited," by the Pennsylvania route, has one break of 146 miles, and two others of over 130; while the rival train *viâ* the New York Central does the 143 miles up the valley of the Hudson to Albany in 3 hours 20 minutes without a stop. The two longest runs ever made in England were no doubt those with the "Trent" despatches, which came up from Holyhead to London, 264 miles, in five hours, with only the single stop half-way at Stafford to change engines.

On the other hand, there have not been many journeys either slower or shorter than that which was taken by five engines, in

* Since the above was written, a correspondent of the *Engineer* of March 10, reports one mile in 46 seconds = 78¼ miles an hour, and two consecutive miles in 47 seconds each = 76 miles an hour, on the 2 P.M. from Manchester between Grantham and London.

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company with fifty men and a snow-plough, over a portion of the North-Eastern in March, 1886. Here is, in brief, a recollection of the adventure as told by the lips of the commanding officer. "We left Gateshead soon after midnight on Sunday, and we began by forcing our way through a drift a mile and a half long, and fourteen feet high. If it had been daylight, we should never have attempted it. But then we came to a cutting, where the snow, falling from the banks above, had solidified the snow beneath into a compact mass; and there we stuck. From Monday morning till Saturday night none of us ever had our clothes off. For thirty-eight hours we were without water, except the melted snow, and without food. At last we got the road clear to Alnwick, and sent an engine down. The man swept the town bare, I believe; anyway, he came back with several hams, and roasts of beef, and shoulders of mutton, two or three clothes-baskets full of bread, and lots of tobacco. That storm cost the Company £100,000. Now we're ready for the next. We've built a good solid house, with a cook's stove, and benches and cushions on which to sleep, and a snow-plough in front on an old engine frame. But I wish we'd had it in '86."

The newspapers reported the other day that in the great snowstorms at the end of February these new ploughs had not come up to the expectations that had been formed of them. So we enquired, and learned somewhat as follows: "We do not use our ploughs for ploughing engines and trains off the line; and so, as there were five trains snowed up on the single line between Tebay and Kirkby Stephen, it is quite true that the ploughs were powerless, at the outset. But as soon as we got the trains and their engines out of the way, we went through in grand style. The next week, on the moors near Consett, with three engines we drove the plough through several hundred yards of snow 9 feet deep." So far, indeed, are the Company from being dissatisfied, that they have already begun to build two more ploughs of the same design, but with somewhat more luxurious dormitory and culinary arrangements. Fully equipped and loaded, each of these ploughs weighs not less than thirty tons.

One feature in English railways, which is not half as much noticed as it deserves to be, is the very large amount of money they have spent on purposes that are entirely outside the working of trains. The capital that the great railway companies have invested in docks, steamboats and hotels must amount to many millions sterling. The Great Northern is conspicuous among

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the leading lines as the one that has kept itself most exclusively to railway business. Once upon a time it put a few thousand pounds into the building of some docks at a Lincolnshire port. But the dock walls failed to keep the water in, and the Company did not repeat the experiment. Its partner, the North-Eastern, has spent a good deal of money at Middlesbro' and Hartlepool, but still, in comparison with its sixty millions of capital, the total amount is only fractional. The other working partner, the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire, has, with the exception of the Furness Railway (whose tail, Barrow Docks, is big and heavy enough to wag the small dog to which it is nominally an appendage), spent a larger proportion of its capital on non-railway matters than any line in England. On its railways the Sheffield Company has spent under £17,000,000. "Docks, steamboats, and other special items," on the other hand, figure in its accounts for a sum of more than £3,500,000.

Grimsby therefore, the terminus both of the Sheffield line and of the East Lincolnshire branch of the Great Northern, deserves description as a typical railway port. A generation back it was an insignificant country town, with a mud-bottomed creek in which small coasting vessels could take the ground without fear of damage; to-day it has splendid docks with miles of quays, and 60,000 inhabitants. But the place is only one vast railway terminus, and might be described as a pocket borough of the Sheffield Company. A vessel comes in with timber from the Baltic. The cargo, almost as soon as it is discharged, is sawn up into railway sleepers, or is made into boxes and barrels, in which to pack the Grimsby fish. Then the vessel goes alongside one of the coal drops, of which there are five, each capable of loading 1000 tons in the twenty-four hours, and with the next high tide she is off on her return voyage. Or it may be that instead of a Norwegian barque it is a steamer trading from Hamburg, or Rotterdam, or Antwerp. In place of timber, she brings rags for the Bradford mills, barley for the great Burton breweries, cheese and margarine from Holland, finishing up on deck with sheep from Holstein, and emigrants bound for Liverpool on their way to America. In return, the vessel will take back agricultural machinery and portable engines from Clayton's or Marshall's, or some other of the famous Lincolnshire firms.

Everything is arranged so that the goods may not, any more than the ships that bring them, tarry at Grimsby an hour longer

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than is necessary. The sheep are scarcely landed before they are slaughtered and skinned and hung up by the heels, seventy to eighty in a waggon, on their road to Glasgow, Liverpool, Leeds, or Manchester. It is true that last autumn the warehouses were filled to overflowing with barley. But that was because the English barley harvest had turned out better than was expected, and so the brewers were not in a hurry to take delivery of the supplies they had contracted for on the Continent earlier in the year.

The present writer saw for the first time in action at Grimsby a thing of which he had very often heard—a grain elevator. As there may be others who are in a position of equal ignorance, perhaps the arrangement may be worth describing. The sacks as they are brought up from the hold of the vessel are straightway emptied into a funnel on the quay alongside. From there the corn trickles down slowly by the force of gravity along an underground channel into the basement of an adjacent warehouse. At the mouth of the pipe it falls not on to the floor, but into a well, from which a series of pockets fixed on an endless band works from the lowest to the highest story of the building. In this way it is carried up to the top floor, where the pockets, as they turn over to commence their downward journey, empty themselves on to a flat band running horizontally through the warehouse from end to end. At intervals there are cross-bands, at a level a few inches lower, on to which the passing stream can be diverted at any moment by merely adjusting a kind of switch. If the topmost floor is filled, it is only necessary so to adjust the band that the corn shall fall back through a shoot on to a band that is working a story or two lower down. The mechanism is so simple, that nobody seeing an elevator at work for the first time can doubt that, had his lines been cast in the corn trade, he would have invented the whole thing himself.

But Grimsby as a trading port is only one among many. As a fishing harbour, on the other hand, it is not only the first in England, but the first in the world. One complete division of the docks, with separate graving dock and wet docks, of a total area of 23 acres, to say nothing of the tidal harbour outside, is devoted solely to the accommodation of the fishing smacks, of which there are between 800 and 900 registered as belonging to the port. And in addition to the smacks registered at Grimsby, there are hundreds of others, from Yarmouth, from Lowestoft, and even from as far west as Dartmouth, that habitually land their

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catch here. The herring luggers only come as far as the outside harbour, put ashore their herrings, some in salt and some packed in hampers with pounded ice, and are off to sea again at once. The larger smacks come into the inner basin, where, to economize space, they are moored in long lines, stem on to the quays. The instant they have landed their cargo, and have had a short time allowed in which to replenish their stores of coal and ice, they are required to move on and make room for fresh comers. Stretching along the quay, are long ranges of sheds in which the fish is sold by auction, and then sorted, cleaned, packed, and wheeled off on barrows to the railway trucks. These latter are drawn up in line, three deep, on the landward side of the sheds, and as fast as the servants of the salesmen deliver the fish to the truck side, the Company's servants receive it and pack it into the van for its destination. By 11 A.M. or thereabouts, most days, the fish is landed and sold, and the trains leave between 4 and 8 P.M. The bulk of course of the produce is for London and the great towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and to show what that bulk is, it may be mentioned that the fish specials not unfrequently need a "pilot" in running up the Penistone bank on their way to Manchester. But there are as many as thirty or forty stations to which vans are despatched direct, and Grimsby fish finds its way as far as to Cornwall, Cardiff and the west coast of Scotland.

Close besides the fish sheds is a dock, in which cod and lobsters are kept alive for weeks. There are also huge store-houses filled with Norwegian ice, one of which, by the way, took fire last summer, and was burnt down, in spite of the uninflammable nature of its contents. An attempt has been made to introduce artificial ice, which can be manufactured cheaper than the natural product can be imported; but whether it be prejudice or actual fact, not only the fishermen, but the salesmen themselves declare that it is not as good for preserving the fish. But then it is whispered, that not a few of the salesmen are shareholders in existing ice-importing and warehousing companies.

That the fishermen do not sell their fish too dear, and that Londoners do not buy their fish too cheap, is a point on which there exists a unanimity truly remarkable. But when we come to enquire into whose pocket goes the difference between 2*d.* and 11*d.* per lb., matters are by no means so simple. The fishmonger says the greed of the wicked railway baffles his utmost efforts, even with all the altruistic energies of Billingsgate behind him, to reduce or to keep down prices. On the other hand facts are

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stubborn things, and Mr. Grierson's book shows that the highest rate charged for the carriage of fish in Great Britain is under three farthings per lb., and that is for salmon by express train over the 750 miles between Wick and London. As we write, there lies open before us a sheet giving all the rates in force for the 160 odd miles between Grimsby and London. They vary between a fraction over a penny per ton per mile for salt herrings in barrel, and a fraction under 3½*d.* per ton per mile for fresh soles and salmon, on the average they amount to 2½*d.* It is estimated that the average charge for merchandize in Great Britain is somewhere between 1¼*d.* and 1½*d.* per ton per mile, and yet the draper seldom asserts that any very large amount of the cost of, say, flannel or calico is caused by the charge for carriage from the Lancashire and Yorkshire mills.

But let us look at it from the retail consumer's point of view. What does it cost to send a small quantity the whole distance? The charge for a hundredweight of salmon or soles is exactly 2*s.* 4*d.*, or, roughly speaking, the retail price of one pound. Put another way, the charge is precisely one farthing per lb. If sent by goods train, these rates include cartage and delivery; but if the consignor sends by passenger train (as in fact he almost always does) there is an additional charge for delivery. How large that charge is may be judged by one instance. Live cod in vans (and "live" fish, it is worth noting, means fish that has been killed after entering port) each holding two tons, costs 70*s.* per van, or 1*s.* 9*d.* per cwt. If we add that these are all what are known as "owner's risk" rates, and that if the Company binds itself, for example, to pay for the fish that in consequence of a fog or a snowstorm has lost its market, one-fourth more is added, so that the carriage of the salmon costs not ¼*d.*, but as much as $\frac{5}{16}d.$ per lb., we believe we have enumerated in full the whole black list of the extortions of the railways.

One thing at least is certain; whether it be on the principle that ill-gotten wealth never thrives, or no, the Sheffield Railway, whose shareholders would think themselves lucky if any one would guarantee them a return of three per cent. on their investments, does not wax fat for all its fish traffic. A mile or two beyond Grimsby, the desire to turn an honest penny by every means in their power has led it to what is, we believe, a unique development of railway enterprise. At Cleethorpes the Sheffield Company has turned showman. Grimsby itself is in the muddy estuary of the Humber, under the shelter of Spurn

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Head ; but Cleethorpes, with a fine sandy beach and an open sea view, is a favourite place for excursions from the Midland and West Riding towns. A few years back, however, there seemed every prospect that Cleethorpes would disappear into the sea, taking with it the tens of thousands of half-crowns that the railway was wont to receive from the excursion traffic. Inhabitants, who could afford to build a mile or two of sea-wall, there were none. So the Company got a special Act of Parliament, under which they have not only constructed the necessary works, but laid out gardens and walks over the rescued land, built an arcade in which the most exorbitant demands of the rising generation for spades and buckets and shells can be readily satisfied, and allotted ground for swings and merry-go-rounds and a switch-back-railway. The very donkeys, who in the too brief moments, when they are not careering along the sands with the sylph-like form of Angelina on their backs, stand in a space reserved for them in close proximity to the station, pay to the Company their duly apportioned toll.

Most of the great companies have made some experiments of late years in the electric lighting of carriages. If, from a commercial point of view, it cannot so far be said that they have met with much success, it has not been for want of enterprise in testing the merits of different systems. The North British is at present lighting those of its trains that run over the underground line across the city of Glasgow on a system of its own. Between the rails there is a third rail elevated and insulated, through which a current maintained by stationary dynamos is constantly passing. On the train there are fixed wire-brushes, which make a contact with this centre rail, and so obtain a supply of electricity to feed the lamps. But the third rail is only laid through the tunnels, so that as soon as the train passes into the open air, the electric lights go out. At night, therefore, or in a black fog, the carriages have to be "lamped" in the ordinary manner. This system then, ingenious as it undoubtedly is, and successful as it is understood to be within its own limits, is evidently not capable of adoption under ordinary circumstances. A second plan is to do, as is done on the Brighton Pullman trains, to run the lamps from accumulators, which are charged from a fixed dynamo at one or more terminal points. But accumulators are expensive and heavy, and the process of charging them is one that takes time. The plant for charging them is also costly, and unless it is erected at least at all the principal stations, the traffic superin-

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tendent is hampered in his disposal of his rolling stock by perpetual hesitation, whether the supply of electricity will last till the train has completed its entire journey.

Electricians therefore are driven to seek, if possible, to obtain their electricity within the train itself. Here also there are two courses open. You may mount a dynamo and a donkey engine to drive it upon the locomotive or the tender, obtaining the steam from the locomotive boiler. This was done some time back by the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Great Eastern, who employed a spherical engine—constructed much on the principle of the small children's toys that one often sees, in which a wheel is forced round by the direct pressure of the steam itself—to work the dynamo. Theoretically correct, in practice the plan was not found to answer, and it was abandoned. Still, at the present time, the North-Western has two trains that run between Liverpool and Manchester lighted on a somewhat similar system. But such a method has one objection that, except under the very rare conditions that are present here, namely, that the train always runs unbroken between the two terminal points, must be fatal. Detach the engine, and your light not only goes out instantly, but remains out till that particular engine (or at least some other with a dynamo upon it) is re-attached.

If on the other hand you can put your dynamo on the train and drive it from the carriage wheels, you are independent of the engine altogether. Five trains so fitted are at work at the present time on the Great Northern, and as this system seems to have a future before it, we must try and describe it somewhat more in detail. Later on we shall hope to say something of what has been done by the Brighton Company in the same direction.

We may note, to start with, that unless the passengers are content to sit in darkness every time the train stops, it is impossible to dispense with accumulators altogether. Further, a carriage runs now one end forward and now the other, and the ordinary dynamo must always be driven the one way. This difficulty is in the Great Northern installation got over by an ingenious arrangement of automatic reversing gear. Again, the accumulators are charged from the dynamo. But an accumulator is, so to speak, like a tank of water on a high tower. If the engineer were to connect his pumps with the bottom of the tank, when the power of the engine was insufficient to overcome the downward pressure of the water stored in it, instead of filling

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the tank he would only have provided an outlet for its contents. So with the dynamo. Unless it is running about 450 revolutions a minute, in other words, unless the train is going 15 miles an hour (for the dynamo makes four revolutions for each revolution of the carriage axle), it is not producing sufficient electricity to overbalance that already stored up. Accordingly what is known as a resistance coil is provided, through which the electricity is diverted when the train first starts. As soon as it has reached a sufficient speed, an automatic switch cuts out the resistance coil and switches the accumulators into the circuit, to be again cut out automatically as soon as the speed of the train slackens again.

Each compartment of the train has two small incandescent lights fixed inside the ordinary lamps; and the two lights are on two independent circuits, so that if the one goes out the other remains alight. So far the system has only been applied to some of the suburban "block" trains, which are composed from year's end to year's end of the same carriages. In them not only the dynamos but also the whole of the accumulators are in the guard's van. But at the present time one of the East Coast trains is also being fitted, and then of course it will be necessary to fix accumulators in each carriage (under the seats or elsewhere), to keep the light going from the time the carriage leaves the train at Edinburgh till it rejoins it, after a run to Dundee or Aberdeen and back. Railway passengers can only wish well to an enterprise which may finally put an end (in main line trains at least) to the antediluvian and filthy oil-lamps. So far of course it is only an experiment; but the cost will ultimately, it is hoped, be less than that of any other system. The weight, however, about three tons per train, is a somewhat serious consideration.

Railway passengers owe a debt of gratitude to the Great Northern. No line has been harder hit by the prevailing depression. Severely as the manufacturers have suffered, agriculturists have suffered more severely still, and nowhere more than on the heavy lands of Lincolnshire. And Lincolnshire, in which the Company has over a hundred stations, is almost a Great Northern preserve. But the Great Northern, instead of yielding to fate as it well might have done, has striven to the utmost of its power to create new traffic, where the old has failed it, not only by improving stations and rolling stock, but actually by adding to and accelerating its already admirable service of trains.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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Land and Tithes.

BEFORE the Government measure relating to tithes has received the full discussion which awaits it in the Lower, if not in the Upper House of Parliament, it is desirable to consider the position in which the question was left after the abandonment of the Bill of last Session, and the extent to which it involves—and is involved in—the whole subject of the condition of the agricultural community.

At and after the passing of the legislation of 1846, it was impressed upon the agriculturists by the Free-trade politicians of the day that their remedy for depreciation of prices would be found in better farming, the grubbing of useless hedges, the throwing together of small fields, and such an absorption of small farms into large as would cause the application to the land of a larger amount of capital, and make as great an area as possible available for the growth of the food of the people. To-day, however, the tale is entirely of a different character. Small farms, allotments, and the multiplication of owners, are the specifics recommended to our notice and pressed upon us for adoption. Still, whether we are to maintain our present system, or to aim by legislative enactments at the increase of the number of persons who shall own the land which they cultivate, there remains the absolute necessity of considering those burdens upon the land which, unlike rent, are not imposed by voluntary agreement, but by Acts of Parliament, and the existence of which overweigh, and will continue to overweigh the agriculturist, whether he be owner or occupier, in his competition with the foreigner. The heaviest of these burdens is undoubtedly the tithe rent-charge, and it is impossible to exclude this from consideration under the twofold plea which is sometimes made—first, that it is a charge which comes before rent; and secondly, that it falls upon the landowner, who cannot justly

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complain, because he bought his land for less money on account of the existence of this charge. The first plea of course opens up the whole question of the origin and nature of tithes, with which I will presently deal in as brief a compass as the subject will allow. The second plea is one which has never appeared to me to be of any real weight. People who bought land liable to tithes previous to the Commutation Act of 1836 doubtless paid less on account of the existence of tithes than if the land had been tithe-free. In the same way, those who bought land when legislation maintained a certain price for its produce paid more than they would have paid if no such legislation had been in existence. Surely when circumstances have so changed that the burden of the charge with which the land was bought has become very much heavier than at the time of purchase, it is a perfectly legitimate action on the part of the purchaser to seek to lighten that burden which, through no fault of his own, has become more onerous than he could have anticipated. To the ordinary observer, the charge appears to rest upon a legislative enactment, just as it was upon a similar enactment that the purchaser relied when he purchased his land, and which justified his belief that he would obtain a fair return from his investment. Now that the enactment which protected him has been repealed, why should he scruple to seek the repeal or modification of that which imposes upon him the burden which he can no longer easily sustain?

A very learned critic of the views which I have expressed upon this subject declares that the Commutation Act of 1836 was "a bargain made for all time." This seems to me rather a presumptuous way of speaking of Parliamentary legislation, the endurance of which must in the very order of things be uncertain, and the fitness of which to the circumstances of the day may and must vary according to changes which cannot be foreseen even by the wisest of human beings. The Commutation Act was passed at a time when tithes had for sundry reasons become increasingly unpopular, and, if it effected anything at all, it certainly established the right of Parliament to deal with the subject, and created a precedent which at this time of day cannot be set aside. Indeed, the contention that the Act of 1836 stands upon our statute-book as a solemn ordinance which must never be altered, is one which has virtually been thrown over by the present Prime Minister himself, who has during the past Session introduced a measure which proposed to alter that

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Act in some material particulars. It is in consequence of that measure, and of my strong conviction that it only touched the fringe of a question which must shortly be dealt with in a more comprehensive spirit, that I am now seeking to call attention to some of the facts which do not seem to me to be fully understood or appreciated by those whom they concern. That these facts have not been long since prominently brought before the public eye may be held by some persons to show that the title of the Anglican Church to tithes is one which cannot be questioned, and that there is no room for complaint either as to their incidence or their amount. I confess that I draw a wholly different inference. I think that it only shows the loyalty of the great body of landowners to their Church, and their recognition of the benefit conferred upon the people by the residence of the parochial clergy in their midst. So long as farming proved to be a tolerably remunerative business, those who owned and occupied the land of England were well content that the Church should have her tenths, or that equivalent which Parliament had secured to her by the commutation of tithes. But not only has farming, save under very exceptional circumstances, ceased to be remunerative, but in many cases the sum levied in respect of tithes exceeds the rent, and has become a burden too grievous to be borne upon agricultural shoulders. It is under these circumstances that riotous disturbances have recently taken place in Wales, and that in some other parts of the country a disinclination has been evinced to pay the tithe rent-charge in its present amount.

In order to remedy the evil, Lord Salisbury introduced the measure to which I have alluded, and in so doing, necessarily directed the public mind to the whole question of the origin and incidence of tithes. For a measure by which it was sought to strengthen the position of the tithe-owner, to impose for the first time a personal liability upon the tithe-payer, and to alter, in an essential particular, the process for the recovery of the tithe rent-charge, naturally set men's minds to consider the nature and amount of the impost in respect of which such legislation was proposed. The very fact of the proposal being made, conclusively proved that, in the opinion of the Prime Minister, no sacred bargain "for all time" had been made in 1836, and showed, moreover, his recognition of the right of Parliament to deal with the question. Inasmuch, however, as that right has been practically challenged by various speakers and writers, it is

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well to look a little more closely into the matter before dealing further with Lord Salisbury's abandoned measure. In so doing, I have no intention of diving down into remote periods of the history of the world, of discussing the customs of the Jews with respect to tithes, and of wearying my readers with elaborate quotations to prove or disprove some historical or legal position which, after all, may have little to do with the present state and aspect of the question. It appears to be beyond doubt that the view taken by those who contend that the State never had any control over tithes, is so far correct, that there never was any general endowment of the Church with tithes by the State—in other words, that tithes cannot be accounted to have been in their origin anything in the nature of a State fund allotted to the Church. The truth would seem to be that, so far as England is concerned, tithes were paid by the owners of the soil and others in response to the teaching of the Church, that a moral obligation existed which rendered that payment incumbent upon them. Then, little by little, the practice of that moral obligation grew into a custom, received the sanction of the civil power, and became practically a legal obligation which was not disputed. There is here, however, an observation to be made which bears very materially upon the right understanding of the case with which we are dealing. Upon the fact that tithes in their origin were not a State fund, but were paid by individuals in discharge of a moral obligation, a large school of English Churchmen base the claim of the Church, apart from the State, to the ownership of these tithes, and speak of any legislative action, which might alter the incidence or diminish the amount of tithes, as robbery and spoliation. But the moment we dispute or deny the right of the State in this respect, a further question inevitably arises as to the Church itself, in consequence of whose teaching tithes were originally paid as a moral obligation. In his 'Defence of the Church,' published in 1886, Lord Selborne vehemently asserts and maintains the continuity of the Anglican Church, and her consequent right to the property bestowed by the faithful for Church purposes prior to the Reformation. In support of this contention, he cites various disputes which took place before the reign of Henry VIII., between Kings of England and Popes, the latter claiming greater authority than the former were disposed to allow, and endeavours to prove that the National Church organization in England was to a great

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extent independent of Rome. But without contravening one single historical statement of the eminent man to whose argument I am adverting, I would make one observation which appears to me to show that the argument is somewhat beside the question. It is quite true that there may have been a legal continuity in the Anglican Church. The organization remained, the national character was made more national than ever, and a considerable part of her ritual and doctrine was preserved. But resting as she did upon her nationality, instead of as before upon her catholicity, and having abjured the authority of the Pope in order to submit herself wholly to the King, it is impossible to pretend that she remained, either in authority or in teaching, the same Church as that to which the faithful of past ages had contributed their offerings. It is probable that many of these offerings would never have been made to a Church which repudiated the supremacy of the then universally acknowledged head of the Christian Church upon earth. It is certain that a large proportion of such offerings were specially made in order that masses might be said for the souls of the departed donors, and these would surely have been withheld from any Church which forbade prayers for the dead, and held masses to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." If the Anglican Church has no other right to the tithes which were originally granted for such purposes than the voluntary bequest of the granters, it would appear that it is neither more nor less than a claim to retain property granted under certain conditions after the conditions have been expressly repudiated.

It appears, therefore, sufficiently plain that, inasmuch as the claim rests upon a line of argument which can only be supported by ignoring the intentions of the donors and repudiating the moral obligation which was incurred by the acceptance of the gift, the Anglican Church will do better to rest her title to tithes, as well as to other Church property, upon some more valid and defensible foundation. She will be far safer in placing her reliance upon that legislative action of the State which is her real charter. The history of the Church in England before the reign of Henry VIII. is comparatively obscure, but at and from that period it is sufficiently easy of comprehension. It is an error, tolerably common, to suppose that the Reformation which divorced England from the general union of Christendom was caused by specific and well-considered differences upon points

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of religious doctrine. It is true enough that such differences existed in England, as in other countries, and that they were pushed to the front wherever they could be usefully paraded and employed. But any one who attempts to divest himself of religious prejudice on one side or on the other, and to approach the history of the question in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, will probably come to the conclusion that there were three special causes which mainly brought about the Reformation in England. First, the interference of the Popes with the affairs of this country, in a manner which was resented as being the interference, not of a spiritual authority, but of a foreign prince; secondly, the Anglo-Saxon dislike of priestly power and privilege; and, thirdly, the vast quantity of land which had become vested in ecclesiastical hands. The existence of these three reasons afforded a favourable opportunity for the development of the policy of a king who had viewed with jealousy the power and wealth of the Church, and who managed with great success to diminish the one and appropriate to his own purposes the greater part of the other. The power which was exercised by King Henry VIII. and his Parliament in dissolving monasteries and seizing upon the property of the Church, was a power exercised by the State against and in defiance of the Church, so far as the latter had a separate existence from the State. But upon the exercise of the same power the remoulded Anglican Church has ever since depended for her peaceful possession of tithes and other property; and the Tithe Act of 1535, providing for the payment of tithes "according to the ecclesiastical laws and ordinances of the Church of England," plainly asserted the right of Parliament to deal with the tithe question, and afforded a precedent for all subsequent legislation upon the subject.

It appears to me to be impossible to maintain the claim of the Anglican Church to tithes, save upon the ground that the authority of Parliament has conferred them upon her; and if this be admitted, the right of Parliament to deal further with the matter appears to follow as a matter of course. In the present state of agricultural affairs, this right has become a duty which cannot be evaded, and which is not to be satisfied by such legislation as has been attempted during the last Session of Parliament. The burden being one which falls upon the land of the country, is not lightened by the endeavour to fix its payment more directly upon the owner, and to make the occupier believe

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that he has nothing to complain of, as if it were possible that two men should enter into partnership in any business without both of them sharing in the outgoings as well as the incomings of that business. Nor must it ever be forgotten that a very large portion of English land is in the possession of small owners, farming their own land, upon whom in any case the burden falls directly, and whose position would only have been altered for the worse by the legislation which proposed to make them personally liable for the payment of the tithe rent-charge, for which, under the present law, liability only attaches to their property upon the land in respect of which the rent-charge is due. The truth is, that whilst our legislators are beating about the bush, and discussing how to overcome the difficulties of the moment, they ignore the fact that the whole question of tithes has become altered by the enormous change which has come over the country since their first institution. During the earlier period of our history, land constituted the principal part of the property of the kingdom, and it was from the owners of land that taxation was naturally and necessarily drawn. But at the present moment land, relatively to the rest of the country, occupies an entirely different position, and it is neither just nor possible to tax it after the same fashion. If it is conceded that it is right and desirable to maintain an Established National Church, surely that Church should be supported from the general revenues of the country, and not by means of a tax upon one particular species of property. This is a proposition which few English Churchmen will deny, but it is always encountered by a statement that public opinion would not suffer such an alteration of the present system. This, at least, I understood to be Lord Salisbury's meaning when he stated in the House of Lords that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would find it impossible to entertain any such proposition. But this, after all, is nothing more nor less than to say that the people of England do not desire to maintain an Established Church, or, at all events, do not care sufficiently about it to allow it to be supported by the national purse, though they may tolerate it as long as it does not require such support. There can be no valid reason why the banker, the merchant, the shipowner, the mine proprietor, the brewer, and all other taxable individuals, should not support the Established Church just as much as the owner of land ; and if public opinion will not suffer this to be done, or if no statesman is found bold enough to test public opinion upon

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the question, the ultimate alternative is Disestablishment and Disendowment in the near future.

Of course it will be immediately and indignantly said that I am advocating the "robbery" of the Church for the benefit of the owners of land, and that the suggestion of her support from general taxation is not one of a practical character. The latter statement is very probably true, fatal though it be to the idea of the permanence of the Establishment. As to "robbery," there may be something to be said upon both sides. When Pope Gregory the Great answered St. Augustine's inquiry as to the proper distribution of the offerings of the faithful, he indicated their division into four parts: one for the Bishop, one for the poor, a third for the maintenance of the clergy, and the fourth for the repair of the fabric of the Church. Lord Selborne, whilst denying that this division was the custom in England, is obliged to admit that "different usages prevailed in different parts of western Christendom;" and himself bears witness to the fact that "in the Church of Rome, *and those to which it gave the rule*," there was this "customary division into four parts." Lord Selborne gives elaborate reasons for his contention that this was not the practice in England, adducing as the last and most conclusive reason for his belief that in the Acts of Queen Elizabeth for the relief of the poor, no allusion is made to tithes as being in any way chargeable with this relief; whereas if this had been so, tithes "must certainly have been the first fund to which the Legislature would have resorted." I confess that this does not appear to me to follow. There is no doubt that the clergy, before the Reformation, were the great relievers of the poor. It is very possible that the share of tithes given through the clergy to the poor was so given without the enactment of any particular law, but in pursuance of early custom, and in obedience to the original advice of Pope Gregory to St. Augustine. It is tolerably certain that, at the time of the spoliation and appropriation of the property of the Church by King Henry VIII., the poor were great sufferers, for they had been relieved by the religious societies which the reforming King swept away, and whose property he applied to other purposes than those of charity. It is far from impossible that at that time, and previously to the Dissolution of the monasteries, there had been a desire on the part of the clergy that their aid to the poor should be considered rather in the light of a free gift than the discharge of a *quasi* legal obligation. And so it may well

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have come about that, in the provision for the general relief of the poor by the Statutes of Queen Elizabeth, it was deemed more convenient and expedient to place the charge upon the parishioners, without any reference to the question of tithes, which already bore a fair share of the duty about to be imposed upon other property.

It is, however, a point which should be borne in mind throughout this discussion that one of two things is true beyond all doubt and dispute. If, as Lord Selborne contends, there was no such division of English tithes into four parts, nor even a tripartite division, after the bishops had been otherwise provided for, it follows that the clergy had a greater share of the tithes than their brethren in other parts of western Christendom, of which no special proof can be shown, and of which it would be difficult to show the cause and origin. If, on the other hand, as has been maintained by writers of authority, this division existed in England as elsewhere, it as certainly follows that the funds originally devoted to four purposes have gradually come to be applied only to one—*i.e.*, the maintenance of the clergy, and that the land has been charged a second time over, in the shape of poor rates, for the relief of the poor. No one can with justice deny that the enormous weight of taxation which the land has to bear at the present time has greatly diminished its value, and unless we are to see a gradual increase of the amount which is yearly going out of cultivation, some step must speedily be taken. Of course the amount of tithes required for the support of a celibate priesthood was less than is demanded on behalf of the married clergy of the Anglican Church, and no one can contend either that the latter are overpaid, or that their duties are not discharged, as a rule, with exemplary and conscientious fidelity. But in truth the present question is not one, as is sometimes assumed, between the clergy and the landowners, nor is there any unwillingness on the part of the latter to contribute their fair quota towards the support of the Church established by law in this country. The question is one between the particular class of property called land and all the other property of the country, and the point to be decided is whether that particular class of property, having deteriorated in value, and being overburdened with taxation, is to be still further deteriorated by the refusal of the Legislature either to remove or to equalise the burden under which it lies.

Nothing is more common or more easy than to abuse land-

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owners, and the possession of land is so much desired, that those who have it not are often moved with envy against those who possess it, and regard them as favoured and privileged persons who ought cheerfully to endure any amount of taxation in return for their happy position. The facts of the case, however, are too strong for those superficial observers and shallow politicians. Even if large landowners are still fair objects for envy, the matter before us is one which does not affect large landowners alone, but the large body of small owners scattered throughout the country. This body is much larger than is generally believed. The Archbishop of Canterbury stated last year, in the House of Lords, that "out of 58,000 persons who paid tithes to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, 37,000, or nearly two-thirds, were owners." It must, moreover, be remembered that the desirability of largely increasing the number of those "small owners" has of late been persistently urged upon Parliament, and if such should be the result of legislation, or of voluntary arrangements made by those who believe in its practicability, every additional small owner will be another man to scrutinise, object to, and, if possible, reduce the burden of taxation to which land is subject. Sooner or later the Legislature will have to face the question; and it will not be solved by the simple proposal to substitute the process of the county court for that of distress, or declaring, by legislative enactment, that a charge upon the produce of the land—virtually upon the land itself—shall be paid by one individual rather than another. It is *the land itself*, and its capability to bear the burdens laid upon it, which must and will be considered.

There is another aspect of the question, however, which should not be lost sight of in the general discussion. I mean the effect of the present state of the question upon the position and efficiency of the Anglican clergy themselves. In introducing the measure of 1836, Lord John Russell told the House of Commons of that day that "the objection to tithes was daily increasing in strength, and that men were becoming more and more unwilling to pay them." One great object of the Commutation Act then introduced was to prevent the unseemly friction between the clergy and their parishioners which too frequently occurred, and to facilitate the collection of tithes by substituting a money payment for the irritating practice of taking the tithes in kind. The measure has apparently worked.

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well enough in this respect until a comparatively recent period, but has so far failed that it is for precisely the same objects that Lord Salisbury's Bill was last year laid upon the table. There is still friction and still irritation. The complaints have all come from the tithe-payers; and the most singular feature of the new measure was that, having been introduced in consequence of those complaints, it in no way sought to relieve or satisfy those who complained, but proposed, on the contrary, to give greater security to the owner and levier of the charge in respect to which the complaints have been made. On the face of it, the object of the measure was undoubtedly good; and no one desires that friction should exist between the clergy and those among whom they labour. The probability, however, of this will not be removed by enacting over again that the owner and not the occupier shall pay the rent-charge. The owner has paid it all along, but for convenience sake has done so (where not occupying his own land), through the hands of the occupier, who was always on the spot. If the occupier is now told that the positions are to be reversed, and that the charge upon the produce of his land, which he has hitherto paid, is to be paid through the hands of the owner, he will not be deceived into the belief that the charge is any the less; nor, indeed, will it be even apparently less to him, because the landowner will probably only so far vary the agreements under which he now lets the land, subject to the payment of the tithe rent-charge by the tenant, by the insertion of a clause providing that "the tenant shall be responsible to his landlord for a sum equivalent to the annual amount" which will have to be paid in respect of tithe rent-charge due upon the farm. Should this course be forbidden by the new legislation, it will simply be necessary to demand additional rent, sufficient to cover the charge, so that the occupying tenant will gain nothing by the change.

Nor is it by any means certain that "friction" would be avoided by the proposed change in the law. Distress for rent has always been found an efficacious remedy, and I may note in passing that, if it be true that tithes are a prior charge to rent, it seems not only strange, but perilous to its continuance in respect of rent, to propose the abolition of that law in respect of tithes. It must be remembered, moreover, that just because the levying of distress is a process very disagreeable to the occupier or owner who has not paid his tithe, payment is usually made in.

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order to avoid that process, and the disorderly proceedings which have recently taken place have undoubtedly been, for the most part, intended as a protest either against the amount of tithe or the whole system. But a county court process is a different matter altogether. A recalcitrant tithe-payer may subject "the parson" to much annoyance and some expense under this process, and should he really desire to pose as a martyr in the cause, he has only to decline payment until the order of committal to prison has been signed by the county court judge, in order to place the tithe-owning clergyman in a position at once invidious and disagreeable as regards himself, and calculated to create further agitation alike against the system of tithes and the Establishment itself. A few "martyrs" to imprisonment for non-payment of tithes will hardly fail to stimulate and intensify such an agitation. Nor is it clear that the tithe will, after all, be recovered if the tithe-payer prefers imprisonment, whilst, if recovered, it will be at the expense of much delay and vexation.

Lord Salisbury, however, appears to be not only convinced that tithes are the actual property of the Anglican Church, but to imagine that the Commutation Act of 1836 was a bargain favourable to the land, and that the rent-charge is not even now excessive in amount. To prove the latter statement, the Prime Minister, in introducing his Bill of last year, entered into a detailed account of the estimated value of an acre of wheat, which he placed at £7, the tenth of which would be 14*s*., an amount considerably above the ordinary amount per acre of the tithe rent-charge. In any such calculation, however, there are several things which must be taken into account. In the first place, although Lord Salisbury declares that the tithe is by right the tenth of the produce of the land, irrespective of the cost of cultivation, such a mode of arriving at the value to be legitimately demanded can hardly be supported upon any just and equitable principle. This might have been well enough in the earlier ages of our history, when we had to deal with a comparatively virgin soil, and when the cost of cultivation was small in comparison with that which is necessary under the altered state of agriculture in our days. It has been stated that at the present time, in order to obtain the £7 from an acre of wheat, an expenditure approximating to £6 has probably been incurred. If therefore, the profit of the producer has been reduced to something under 30*s*., the demand of 14*s*. would at once hand over

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not one-tenth, but more than one-half of that profit to the tithe-owner. In the next place, tithe has always been held to be the tenth of the gross produce of the land: the £7 of which Lord Salisbury speaks is the money value of the harvested produce, without any deductions for the expense of harvesting, and much more than the tithe-owner would have received if, as under the old law, he had had to harvest the produce for himself, and convert it into money as best he could.

There is a third matter for consideration, which appears to me to have been singularly overlooked both by Lord Salisbury and by many other speakers and writers upon this subject. The calculation of the proper amount of tithe rent-charge to be placed upon an acre of arable land is based upon the value of an acre of wheat. Now wheat is supposed to be the most remunerative of ordinary crops. Every practical farmer knows perfectly well that upon any ordinary farm only about one-fourth of the arable land can be annually cropped with wheat. If therefore the return received from an acre of wheat is taken as the basis of calculation for fixing the tithe rent-charge upon all the arable land of the farm, it follows that the average of the amount so fixed comes out at a figure much exceeding the value of the whole produce. Wheat, barley, and oats were the three crops of which the Commutation Act took account, and these three, in any given year, would occupy on an average only about one-half of the arable land on a farm, the rest of the quantity being devoted to fallow and to the growth of other crops, of less value to the producer. It will at once be seen that Lord Salisbury's basis of calculation bears hardly upon the land, and cannot be accepted without qualification and revision. Great complaint, moreover, has been made of the system under which the averages are taken upon which the annual value of the tithe rent-charge is determined. The worst part of the crop—that which the farmer does not send to market (commonly called the "tail wheat")—is not brought into the calculation, which is therefore based upon data which work against the land and put a higher value upon the rent-charge than should be the case if the whole crop were taken into account. The agriculturists of England, under present circumstances, will certainly not indorse Lord Salisbury's opinion that the "bargain" made in 1836 was, and continues to be, a "good one" for the land, and if the present Government can see no way of lightening the burden except an exhortation to the sufferers to recognize that they are

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only paying the Church her just dues, the inevitable result will be that the justice of those dues will be rudely called in question, and the contest will be fought out in the very near future.

In fact, whatever may be thought and argued with respect to the origin and history of tithes, and whatever view may be taken of the settlement effected in 1836, no one can doubt that the whole question must before long be brought under parliamentary consideration. If the State desires to have the land of the country properly cultivated, that land, irrespective of the question of its tenure by large or small proprietors, must not be left to bear the burden of taxation which, in the face of unrestricted foreign competition, renders its tillage unremunerative, and consequently throws it out of cultivation. If the State desires that religion should be, as heretofore, established in the country, let the national purse support the National Church, supplementing the funds already in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the endowments already in the possession of ecclesiastical authorities. Let all lands in lay hands, and all other property, contribute to this national object, in their fair proportion with other property, and let the clergy be paid out of a general fund, and removed at once from all contentions with parishioners, and all questions of distraint, county court process, or other contrivances, with which, in the receipt of their well-earned incomes, they should have no more to do than the officers of the army and navy. So long as they are the ministers of a Church incorporated with the State, and the recipients of stipends paid under the authority of the State, those stipends should be paid as regularly and as certainly as if they were civil servants of the State, and they should be paid out of State funds, and not by a charge upon one kind of property alone. As regards her ritual, her government, nay, her very doctrine, the Anglican Church has submitted to the State, and depends upon State courts, which may be under the presidency and direction of her avowed enemies. If the Church chooses to accept and maintain this position, let her at least enjoy the benefit of her submission to State control. Let her clergy be paid by the State, fairly and equitably, according to the work required from them, and let them no longer be vexed, and their efficiency impaired, by being thrown into unseemly conflict and litigation with those who, under a different system, would probably be their best supporters.

BRABOURNE.

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A Lady's Winter Holiday in Ireland.*

"YOU'VE come to Ireland at a warm time," was one of the first observations made to me after I landed in Dublin. Snow was falling briskly at the time, and the mercury was four degrees below the freezing-point. It was an expressive metaphor for all that. The first indication of a rise in temperature was in the *salon* of the hotel at which I arrived, where there are two coloured maps of Ireland; the one a Parliamentary map, showing from white up to red the Loyalist and Nationalist portions of Ireland; the other an "Agrarian Crimes map," with the area coloured dark red over which crime and "disturbances" prevail, Parnellite majorities and the maxima of crime being made to coincide. On a table by the *salon* door are piles of pamphlets published by the Loyal and Patriotic Union, bearing such titles as "Reasons why Britons should oppose Home Rule," "An Irish Priest glorying in the Phœnix Park murders," "Outrage and the National League," &c. A line over the table suggests that "visitors may take some and give them to friends."

I asked the way to Upper Sackville Street of a workman. He replied that he didn't know such a street, although we were then distant from it about fifty yards. Presently I asked another,

* I went to Ireland with what it is the fashion to call "an open mind," carrying introductions both from the Loyal and Patriotic Union, and from two eminent members of the Nationalist party. These secured me a kind reception everywhere, and an apparently frank expression of opinion from men on both sides. It is not in five weeks, however, or in five months, that a stranger, on the facts or fictions presented to him, could found an opinion worth having on the complicated problems which Ireland presents. This humble contribution to the literature of the struggle aims at nothing more than a careful report of a portion of what I heard, and a description of some things that I saw. Everywhere the staple of conversation was the same, except among "loyalists" and boycotted persons; rents, prices, landlords, grievances, and what may be expected from the English Democracy.—I. L. B.

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and with a very surly manner he replied, "There's no such street in Dublin." Thus foiled, I went into a shop, and was told that the broad and handsome street I was then in was legally named Sackville Street, and was so inscribed at the street corners, but that it is *Nationalistically* known as O'Connell Street, and a few doors higher up a prominent board over two windows is painted in conspicuous letters "National League, 43 O'Connell Street," and the League paper bears the same address. In Waterford, National aspiration has changed Beresford Street into Parnell Street, and I think one may label an Irishman a Nationalist or a Loyalist by the use of one name or the other. I may remark that though the offices of the National League are in a handsome street, they do not look answerable for any very extravagant expenditure. The long public room has a desk running down the middle, behind which are a small table and chair. Over the fireplace is a coloured lithograph of the Irish Parliamentary Party, row above row. The only other adornment is a clever sketch entitled "Victory of the Plan" (of Campaign). Behind this is the *sanctum* of Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., but on the day of my visit he was standing his trial at Tralee. The courteous clerks are too "seedy" in their appearance to suggest high salaries. One of them took some trouble to get me the geographical information which I asked for. Seeing a note in my hand with the signature of a popular leader of the Nationalist party upon it, he remarked, "that name would carry you all over Ireland," (possibly he had forgotten Ulster!) with an enthusiasm of tone which recalled a remark made to me by Mr. Justin M'Carthy before I left England, "You have no conception of the enthusiastic devotion of the Irish people to the leaders of the National movement. It is akin to the devotion of the Italians to Garibaldi." In my subsequent journey I had abundant proof of this, and even the poorest cabins, if they had no other adornment, possessed portraits of Parnell, W. O'Brien, and John Dillon. The plain rooms at "43 O'Connell Street" are singularly interesting, of course, as being the headquarters of what is or has been the actual government of the greater part of Roman Catholic Ireland, and which now stands committed to a conflict with the British Government, the *permanent* issue of which is doubtful.

"Warm times" soon impressed themselves upon me. As a stranger, I was taken in hand, and tutored and coached, and crammed with facts, or what were intended as such,

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chiefly by Unionists; but on two occasions I spent an evening with a very brilliant barrister, a native of the South of Ireland, a strong Nationalist and Home Ruler, but not a Parnellite, and more severe in his criticisms of the compact eighty-six, and more scathing in his contempt for what he termed "their pure selfishness," than anybody I met. This man is brilliant, vivid, eloquent, impassioned in conversation, an ardent Celt, with much of the mournful genius of his race, and a Catholic. An Irish Parliament, with complete control over Irish affairs, and with a delegation to Westminster to vote on Imperial topics, to abolish "Landlordism," to parcel out the land in farms of thirty acres, not to permit any man now or hereafter to own more land than he can cultivate, and a graduated income-tax, are his panacea for Ireland. "To trust Ireland," he believes, would save her. When the prosperity of Ulster was spoken of, he said, "They shot the landlords there in good time;" and going on to speak of a part of Tipperary which is prosperous, he accounted for it by saying, "They shot some landlords, and the rest were scared into giving fixity of tenure!" In plain English, he meant that the terrorizing of landlords had brought about that equitable adjustment of rent in these regions which is now being sought under the Land Act of 1887.

From Dublin one mercilessly cold afternoon I went to Drogheda, a prosperous town of 14,000 people, with a number of excellent shops, a foundry, chemical works, linen and cotton factories, giving a large amount of employment. In addition there is a large cattle trade by steamer. The number of drink shops is enormous. Though the town is prosperous, the streets are badly kept and very dirty. The best inn, in its winter plight, consisted of dusty rooms, damp beds, uneasy chairs, and draughty floors. I asked for the coffee-room. They said that it would be full of men drinking, so I walked about the busy, miry streets till it was dark and I was tired. Then I found not that there was drinking in the coffee-room, but that there was no fire in it. The next morning I wished to take a car to the Massarene Estates, the most northern district to which the Plan of Campaign had reached. At the bar they had told me that it was three miles—at *6d.* a mile, *1s. 6d.* When I asked what I should have to pay for a car, the man at the hotel unblushingly said *10s.* I replied that I should walk, on which he followed me, saying, "How much do you wish to give for a car?" to which I answered, "The fair price, neither more nor

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less," and departed at a rapid pace, leaving him disconsolate. I may at once say that my expedition was an abortive one, for I passed Father Rock, whom I went to see, on the road without knowing it. I had heard from the editor of the *Drogheda Independent*, who indulged in very strong language concerning "landlordism," that Lord Massarene was neither a harsh nor an absentee landlord, and gathered that the dispute between him and his tenantry might have been compromised through the agency of one priest, but that a crisis was brought about through the advice and unyielding attitude of another, an Extremist.

I had quite expected to get a lift, but failed, as every vehicle on the road, and I met over 150, was going into Drogheda, carrying Mr. Smith Barry's tenantry to pay their rents. After walking up a long street of thatched, whitewashed cottages of two rooms each, a comfortable arrangement that I have since seen in Waterford and elsewhere, I had a delightful walk of two and a half hours through the open country. The sky was cloudless, and the frosty air felt and smelt like that of the prairies. Pretty, hilly country it is, dotted plentifully with small whitewashed homesteads, with thatched roofs and neat out-buildings, with a sprinkling of larger farms, a pleasant, trim, prosperous, and even thrifty-looking region, gates and dikes in good order, hedges higher and more ragged than in the Lothians, but very little on the surface to find fault with.

The carts made a long procession, the majority drawn by short-legged, compact, strong ponies about fourteen hands high, a few by mules, and a great many by sleek, comely, fast-trotting asses. The peasants were comely and well clothed, and looked, like their beasts, well fed. On reaching Monasterboice, notorious for its richly-carved cross, I found that there was no inn, and no possibility on that particular day of getting a conveyance. I was most kindly received in a cottage embowered in roses, on which rose-buds were still lingering, and heard a version of the news of the neighbourhood from my hosts. As to the evictions, they said that the people blamed not the landlord, but a new agent. Two of the evicted tenants had been put in as caretakers at 1*d.* per week; the rest were provided for by the National League, and Emergency-men had been put into their houses. The matter, they said, had been managed on behalf of the landlord by the Property Defence Association. They could not, or would not, tell me of any special hardships. They thought that rents were too high for the times, and that they were only paid

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with help from relations in America, or by the wages of the farmers' daughters, many of whom work in the factories in Drogheda. Their cottage was an example of cleanliness, comfort, and homely decoration.

When I returned to Drogheda after this most pleasant walk through a part of what may be termed Hibernia Felix, I found that the room in which the rent-audit was going on was the only room with a fire in it, so I spent an hour there. The rent-taking was a strictly commercial transaction. The manner of the tenants was sullen and ungracious; that of the agent sharp and imperious. There were no courtesies or pleasantries, and, above all, no dinner, that genial accompaniment of a "rent-audit" in England. Still, it was a satisfaction to see about two hundred farmers able to pay rent in these bad times, even if the abatement was, as was said, twenty-five per cent. A well-dressed, good-looking young man took the money, intrenched behind a barrier of dining-tables. The crowd of tenants—broad-shouldered, sturdy, warmly-dressed men, with a few women among them—crowded one on another, some on tiptoe, some sitting or kneeling on tables and chairs, growling at being kept waiting, all anxious to get their receipts and go home, as the night was closing in.

The railroad from Dublin to Arklow passes through lovely country, and I saw the "sweet vale of Ovoca" glorified by a sunset in which the sky was one rippled crimson sea. In that vale, Avondale, Mr. Parnell's house, on an eminence, is a conspicuous object. Two men in the car took off their hats as they passed it. I travelled third class, having found myself always solitary in first-class cars, and heard ceaseless talk of rents, prices of cattle, landlords, and "the times." The third-class cars are usually quite destitute of comfort, and very dirty. On my Arklow journey they were so cold, that the snow brought in by the passengers did not melt. The presence of two constables of the Royal Irish Constabulary on every railway platform when a train stops is a matter of course, and I have rarely travelled in a train in which there was not a detachment of these superb-looking men, with carbines and bayonets, going on duty. This ubiquitousness of armed men suggests security or insecurity, according to a man's views of the "state of things."

I reached Arklow at dusk, and walked over the crisp snow to the long street, which begins at the top of a hill, on which are a barrack, and an ivy-mantled fragment of the old castle on a

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rock above the Ovoca, and ends on the level of the sea, and near it. A forlorn, decayed, dirty street it is, of small shops and innumerable groggeries. Here, for the only time, I encountered beggars, or rather people begged of me—dirty, thinly-clad, poor-looking women, who asked for "coppers, for the love of the Blessed Virgin." At the small inn they could not receive me—it was being painted; but they directed me to "respectable lodgings" near the end of the street, where a road turns off and crosses the Ovoca by a bridge of nineteen arches just above the harbour. I found the very poorest of small shops, with two or three of the very poorest of customers in it. The widow who keeps it is frank and comely. I asked her charge for a room. "Sixpence," she replied, "and you'll get it to yourself"—a cheering bit of information. She lets lodgings to extra police-men, but draws the line when they come to carry out evictions. In the little room behind the shop, unpromising and poverty-stricken, two fishermen were smoking over the fire, and three men who work in Mr. Parnell's quarry, which supplies Dublin with paving-stones, Presbyterians from Ulster, who lodge in the house, my hostess said, were having tea. I had mine, served with hearty good will; but as there was not room for us all to sit down at once, I walked up the long depressing street and called on Dr. Dillon, the C. C. of Arklow, who gave me a very courteous reception. This priest, well known as an Extremist, was sitting in a comfortable room with a good fire, an Irish terrier called John Morley, an original and obtrusive character, on the hearth, many books, chiefly philological, a Madonna over the chimney-piece, and portraits of John Dillon and W. O'Brien on the walls. There were various daring political cartoons from *United Ireland*, and a picture of the "Tullamore Martyr" on a plank bed, with a gaoler running away with his clothes, and of other heroes of the League, two of whom Dr. Dillon said knew from experience nearly every jail in Ireland. He told me the story of the Brooke Estate, mentioned recent visits of English M.P.s who had expressed themselves very strongly on the tenants' side, and anticipated in glowing terms the speedy downfall of "landlordism" and the triumph of Home Rule.

Again I was begged of all down the dark and slippery street by women whose poverty was evidently real, even though the multitude of groggeries might partly account for it. Still followed by women asking alms, I went into a dimly lighted

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shop kept by an active member of the League, to ask if I could get a car for the next day. "He had no car. There were no cars. No, I could not get one." He was sombre and discouraging. I showed him a letter which I had with me, and after reading it attentively, he said slowly, "That name commands our respect. You will get a car." Late at night he sent word that the priest had arranged for my car for the next morning.

My hostess had worked hard during my absence. She took me upstairs with pride to a room with several windows, all blocked up but one. A portrait of Mr. Parnell, a crucifix, a Madonna, and a coarse Ecce Homo decorated the walls. She was anxiously endeavouring by various contrivances to make a fire in a grate without a bottom, and eventually succeeded. She had washed the floor, which looked as if it would not dry till the summer, and had put very clean sheets on a very damp bed. The paper in nearly whole lengths hung off the walls. Everything suggested rheumatism. But kindness, frankness, and good-will quite atoned for these inevitables. My hostess was an interesting impassioned woman, with much picturesqueness of diction, and interested me greatly by her narrative of her descent into poverty. In saying what she could and could not do to make her living at the present time, she constantly said, "I asked *them*," "*they* allowed it," "*they* said I mustn't do that." These were principally transactions regarding policemen, so who the "*they*" are may be inferred.

I asked if Mr. Parnell were popular in Arklow. "Popular," she said, with a shade of contempt in her voice, "popular, why he's loved like the Blessed mother of God! Why, you'd see men taking off their hats in the train as they pass his house. Ah," she said, "the English think if we got Home Rule there'd be disorder in Ireland. Is Mr. Parnell the man to allow disorder? He would be severe indeed. Blessed Saints! He's but to say who shall sit in Parliament, and he's put in. Aye, he is loved, and there'll be no disorder when he comes to power."

Arklow has fifty large fishing vessels, with eight men each, and 100 smaller boats, and the town of over 4000 people depends chiefly on the fishing, which of late years has been unprosperous. The want of a safe harbour on a long coast line is a source of much loss, both of life and property. The harbour and its environments have a look of steady decay.

The snow disappeared during the night, but there was no

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change in the beauty of the weather, and the sun at times was nearly warm. I met my car at Dr. Dillon's, and as another priest, Father O'Donnell, was going to Coolgreany, I gave him a seat, and he gave me his version of matters on the Brooke Estate. I give his own words. "There are eighty-nine tenants on the Brooke Estate. Of these, eighty-two adopted the Plan of Campaign on December 13th, 1886. Before adopting it, a deputation, consisting of the priests and some of the tenants, waited on the agent" (Captain Hamilton), "respectfully asking him for an abatement of thirty per cent., but the agent would not even listen to the request, ordering us forthwith to quit the office, insulting the priests, and telling his solicitor, who he brought with him, to serve the tenants of the deputation with writs as a fitting response to their demand. Twelve months before, the tenants had written a memorial for reduction to Mr. Brooke, to which he did not condescend to reply. There were fifty-one families evicted last July, the eviction campaign lasting three weeks. The tenants' deposited in the Campaign Fund £618 16*s.* 6*d.* less the thirty per cent. which they had asked for. Mr. Dillon told the landlord that if he would not come to a settlement three months after the adoption of the Plan, he would forfeit his right to a solvent cheque."

I have not heard the Brooke version of the affair. Father O'Donnell and others said that Mr. Brooke was "not a bad landlord, as things go;" that the estate could not be described as having been rack-rented, or in any sense an "extreme case." Mr. Brooke is an absentee, and his agent was described as "harsh and arrogant," a man more likely to embitter than smooth matters in times of difficulty. It was said further that when tenants applied to Mr. B. for manure, and in some cases for reasonable repairs, he met them half way. As prices fell, things went from bad to worse, till the fifty-one families were evicted from holdings from 300 acres downwards.

After a charming drive of a few miles, through pleasant pastoral lands, we visited some of the "Campaign huts," in which some of the evicted families are housed. These are solid, light, well-ventilated, two-storied, wooden houses of two, three, and four rooms each, with good heating and cooking stoves in the living rooms, and dry, level floors. No peasantry could be better housed; but life must be very burdensome with nothing to do, and a very dubious future. One young man who had taken a very active part in resisting the sheriff's officers

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was crippled with rheumatism from the subsequent exposure, and a sad-looking young girl, who was suffering from hip-joint disease, said she was much worse from the same cause. There are other huts higher on the hill, and various outhouses, such as the priest's stable at Ballyfadh, have been turned into comfortable dwellings. We went on to the Ballyfadh Roman Catholic Church, which stands on the brow of a hill in a very large graveyard, with a truly lovely view of hill and dale, upland and meadow, dotted with whitewashed farms, sleeping in blue haze and soft sunshine. There we met the parish priest, Father O'Neill, a fine-looking and prepossessing man, who prepared to have great power with the people. There also I had the good fortune to come upon about fifty of the evicted tenants, who had assembled to receive their monthly allowances under the "Plan," a sturdy, well-dressed set of men, mostly middle-aged.

The "hut" in the graveyard is occupied by a couple notorious amongst the evicted families for the desperate resistance they offered to the sheriff's men. In and about this house in conversation with the people I spent the next three hours, receiving a heartier welcome for the sake of my nationality, than possibly I was entitled to for the sake of my opinions. "Oh, bless your soul, you're English! The English are our best friends. It's to the English we look. The English democracy, if it isn't them intirely that 'll give us justice. Bless you for ever, for coming among us! May you make your bed in heaven for coming here!"—and many like exclamations.

The fire was blown to red-hot heat, whisky and cake were nearly forced upon me—indeed, the cordiality was almost overwhelming. The heroes of the eviction fight were introduced to me in this fashion: "This is Mr. ——, the biggest tenant amongst us, but he cast in his lot with us. This is Mrs. ——, a widow. They pulled her house down over her head, may the divil take their souls! This"—bringing up a pale, sad-looking young girl in deep mourning—"this is the murdered Kinsella's daughter. Ah, they shot him like a crow! Our martyr he is, and God Almighty only can revenge his blood, for the man who took aim at him and shot him, (may he have his bed in hell!) is protected by the law—yis, the law." Then an elderly woman was introduced. "Her grandfather built the house, and her father added to it, and they've taken it from her, and they've left her without a copper in the world, and they fired fifty shots at her,

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but God Almighty charmed her life." And so on throughout the crowd, which filled the house, attracted by the fire, the English stranger, and the refreshments. There was one man not there, whom they regretted that I did not see. "A grand man—och, he's a grand man intirely. He's seen the inside of nearly every jail in Ireland!" Then followed a torrent of wrath and invective rising nearly to a scream, interspersed with passionate entreaties to all the powers of Heaven for vengeance on "the murderers and oppressors."

A table with a white cloth was put in front of the fire, with rolls of bank-notes to the amount of £180 upon it. At this the two priests were seated, with lists of the tenants for reference, and each farmer received his monthly allowance from the "Campaign" fund, varying from £2 to £6, an amount of spendable money which some of them might rarely have possessed. It was received quietly.

After this I was almost dragged into the graveyard, and the priests insisted on my saying a few words to the people. These words were wholesome, but I was certain that they could not be palatable, and it said much for Coolgreany courtesy that the people responded with three Irish cheers on the invitation of Father O'Neill. Miss Darcy, the fashionable-looking daughter of one of the tenants, insisted on my going with her to see the home from which they had been evicted—a very pretty, white-washed farm-house of six rooms, with compact out-buildings, standing on a lawn-like slope, with a lovely view. As we crossed the soft green turf before the house, a perfect passion of grief overmastered and transformed this quiet, feminine girl. The "wrong and cruelty," the "hellish greed" of the eviction, she said, had "burned into her soul." "The house was added to and beautified by father and grandfather; it was our very own beautiful home. No man living had any right there. Oh, forgive me, I can't help it, I did love it so—every bit of it, and we had such a happy life there summer and winter; and here we had our own calves, and here pigs, and then these divils came"—and then sobbing violently and convulsively, she tried to open the door. Failing in this, with an exclamation of rage she leapt through the window, from which the glass had been knocked out, and opened it from within. It was a dismal spectacle inside. Relics of occupation still remained, mixed up with broken pottery, and fragments of furniture, shelves, and wood-work, smashed in the struggle. Her own room was reached by a

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staircase, still blocked up by the branches and brushwood used to defend it. She took me up another, and we reached her room, in which a few dainty traces of female occupancy still remained, by creeping through a stone wall, through which an entrance had been effected by crowbars. A big hole had also been made in the slated roof. "Ah," she said, in a terrible passion of tears, "the brutes! the villains! it was my own dear room; they couldn't get up, and I had lime and cayenne ready for them. Mother of mercy! I cannot bear it!" And she threw her arms wildly upwards, sobbing violently. The soft slant rays of the sinking sun were brightening the velvet turf below; not a twig stirred, there was no sound of bird or beast. It was sad and beautiful.*

Afterwards I waited an hour by the fire in "the graveyard hut," and was joined by several of the tenants. I asked one of the leading men among them if he and they wanted a Parliament in Dublin? "Never mind, divil do I care; it's the land we want. We want an honest living for ourselves and our children." I asked another if they were all Home Rulers. "Yes, we are; it's the shortest way of getting rid of landlordism. If only England would give us justice! We're starving. It's not so much Home Rule itself, but we don't want to be forced to go to America; we could live here if it were not for the rent. There's just sixty-three families, and only six labourers among us; our sons and daughters do the work, but the landlords eat out our vitals."

I left, followed by Father O'Neill on his own car. The road was hilly and the turns abrupt, and had it not been for his advice, "Sit limp," I should have been spun off into the ditch more than once. That part of Wexford is most attractive, and owing to the profusion of evergreens and ivy, it had scarcely a a wintry aspect. We passed through various estates on which the tillage was strikingly neat and careful, and all the farm-houses looked bright and in good repair. On these estates, the priest

* Most people know how last July, soldiers, constabulary, and Emergency men were brought to Coolgreany to assist the civil officers in evicting the tenants. A determined resistance was offered in some cases; there were scenes of great passion and violence, and much bitter cursing and wailing, but eventually law triumphed. Emergency men, protected by policemen, are now on some of the farms. Before the crisis the tenants disposed of their live stock, and other movable effects. Several of the farm houses were seriously damaged in the fight, and others are becoming dilapidated from standing empty. The landlord has lost his rents, and pays heavily for the Emergency men, and the tenants have lost their homes and holdings.

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said, there was no "trouble" at all, the landlords are resident, and "have met the times liberally."*

I stopped for a glass of milk at the handsome parish house adjoining the handsome Roman Catholic parish church of which Father O'Neill is priest, and then found myself with only fifteen minutes in which to do three miles. It is exquisite country through which the road to the Inch station passes. The sunset colouring glorified everything, and the frost was keen; but a race with time with a sluggish horse, rather distracted from my enjoyment of it. At last the driver, who was a very good fellow, woke up, and woke up his horse by various shrill and grating sounds. He asked me to hold my watch in my hand, for we had only five minutes in which to do a mile. Up and down hills sheeted with ice, over bridges, through a hamlet we clattered; one more minute! "There she is!" he exclaimed, as a white cloud of steam rose among the trees; then, in answer to a prolonged whirring yell, the horse dashed forward at a hand gallop, and the car and the last train for Dublin reached the Inch station simultaneously.

ISABELLA L. BIRD.

* It must be remembered that while a great depression lies upon all Ireland, it is only certain districts which are "disturbed." The remark the priest made about these estates applies to much of Wicklow and Wexford, and to several other counties, in which landlords and tenants lead quiet lives and pursue their avocations in peace, although both are sufferers.

(*To be continued.*)

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High Schools and High School Girls.

DURING the last fifteen years England has been the scene of an important, though peaceful revolution. It has been conducted without undue vehemence, with little noise. But the quiet determination, the earnest conviction of its leaders, have gained the end in view, in spite of all opposition.

High Schools, *i.e.* Public Day Schools for Girls, are now an accepted fact. Nevertheless, their inauguration marked the beginning of a new order of things in education and in society, of which we have not by any means seen the end. The progress of this revolution is ancient history to many of us who have watched it closely, and who have been in varying degrees associated with it. But on every side we still find numbers of people who are in entire ignorance of what has been done. And among those who are aware of the existence of High Schools, the most extraordinary misapprehensions are rife as to the movement.

The low condition of education for girls of the upper and middle classes had long been known to persons who had studied the subject. And when the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners revealed the full extent of the evil to the public, Mrs. William Grey determined to inaugurate a reform in the then existing state of things. As a first step, in 1871 she formed the "National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes." And among the objects which this Union had in view we find the following in Clause 2: "To promote the establishment of good and cheap day schools, for all classes above those attending the elementary schools, with boarding-houses in connection with them, when necessary, for pupils from a distance." And again in Clause 3: "To raise the

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social status of female teachers by encouraging women to make teaching a profession, and to qualify themselves for it, by a sound and liberal education, and by thorough training in the art of teaching . . . also to secure a test of the efficiency of teachers by examinations of recognized authority and subsequent registration."

The idea of these day schools did not, however, originate with the National Union. A model was ready to hand; an example which showed that not only was it possible, and even profitable, to maintain such schools at fees which were then considered absurdly small, but to obtain educational results which proved beyond the shadow of a doubt the excellence of the system of teaching. The North London Collegiate School had been established in 1850 as a private enterprise by Miss Frances M. Buss. In 1870, determined to widen her sphere of usefulness, she turned her private school into a public one; transferred her private interest to a board of trustees; and established a Middle School at even lower fees. The fees of the Higher School were from nine to fifteen guineas a year. The ages of the girls from six to eighteen. The necessary capital was guaranteed by Miss Buss's immediate friends. Her own generosity to the school is too well known to need any word here. She, and Miss Beale of Cheltenham College, remain to-day honoured leaders in all that can add to the efficiency of day schools for girls.

With this hopeful example before them, the Central Committee of the National Union started their first public day school at Chelsea "on the general model which has proved so successful in the North London Collegiate and Camden Street Schools for Girls, under Miss Buss." The requisite capital was provided by a Limited Liability Company—"The Girls' Public Day School Company." Their first prospectus, issued in 1872, is almost identical with their latest of 1888; and both contain these pregnant words: "The School system is specially adapted to meet and correct the defects pointed out in the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission. 'Want of thoroughness and foundation; want of system; slovenliness and showy superficiality; inattention to rudiments; undue time given to accomplishments, and these not taught intelligently or in any scientific manner; want of organization.' Serious endeavours are made to train the pupils for the practical business and duties of life."

Such was the programme this earnest and enthusiastic band of workers set before themselves.

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I propose to enquire how far they have succeeded in their endeavours during the fifteen years since the Chelsea High School was opened. And what effect their work, with that of their forerunners Miss Buss and Miss Beale, has had upon the education of English girls in general.

The Company have now thirty-two schools; in which, up to the present date, March, 1888, 20,837 girls have been educated, including 6185 pupils in the schools this term.

The Company employ, besides their thirty-two head-mistresses, 348 staff-mistresses, and 130 teachers of extra subjects. They spent last year on teachers' salaries £60,617 15*s.* 10*d.*, and £1162 11*s.* 11*d.* on Scholarships and Prizes. They have also started a Provident Fund for the mistresses in their employ which was pronounced at the Conference of the Teachers' Guild, in January last, to approach "as nearly as possible to what might be called an ideal scheme."

The success of the first schools of the Girls' Public Day School Company showed that they supplied a want in the country. Local enterprise in various parts of England began to start similar schools. Or existing establishments were remodelled on the same system—low fees, efficient teachers, thorough and systematic work.

In 1876, Canon Holland, to whose Council I belonged for some time, started the Church of England High School for Girls in Upper Baker Street; and this proved so successful that the Eaton Square Branch was opened in 1883. In the same year some persons, objecting to what they considered the secular education given in the schools of the Girls' Public Day School Co., formed the Church Schools Company. They have now opened sixteen girls' schools, with 1039 pupils. High Schools for Girls have been opened in India, Japan, New Zealand, and most of the Australian capitals. Nearly every large town in England has, or will shortly have, its High School for Girls, or an equivalent to it. And although these schools vary infinitely in constitution, in management, in rate of payment, &c. &c., their aim is the same—to put a thorough education within the reach of all who need and desire it.

It is extremely difficult to arrive at any accurate idea of the number of High Schools now in existence. Miss Brough, Secretary to the Teachers' Guild, has kindly informed me that she knows of at least 130. And from the statistics she has of sixty of these schools, she calculates the number of pupils in 130

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schools to be about 24,000, while at least 1000 mistresses are employed in them.

It is not, however, to mere numerical success we should look. The real question is, do High Schools succeed as well for the moral, physical, and intellectual training of girls, as they do from the commercial point of view, and as institutions of public utility? For this it will be necessary to examine the system of teaching, the class of teachers, and the effect on the girls taught.

The central principle of the High School system is, to combine the advantages of home life with the healthy stimulus of class teaching. During the most important years of a girl's life, when her body and her character alike are growing, and need ceaseless care and guidance, she should receive that care and that guidance from the God-given guardian, her mother; while at the same time her intelligence receives a thorough and healthful training during a certain number of hours in the day, from the most efficient teachers, in common with a number of children of her own age.

None but those who have gone through it know the deadly dulness of the lessons of a solitary girl—no one at hand with whose work to compare her own—the monotony of the same face and the same voice, hour after hour, day after day, no matter how kindly the voice and face may be.

The only escape in former days was to send a girl off to a boarding-school. And the evils of the ordinary boarding-school are too well known to need discussion here. Many girls, however, must be sent from home, if they are to get any education at all. And although it may be argued that the same objections apply to boarding-houses connected with High Schools, I believe the drawbacks to be minimized; as the boarding-houses are under close supervision of the school authorities, and usually take such a small number of girls, that they are more like a home than a school-house.

One common mistake which parents make with regard to High Schools is to suppose because the standard of teaching is very high that they are "finishing" schools—that a girl who has learnt but little at home may be sent at fifteen or even sixteen to a High School, and there make up for lost time. And when they discover that their girl has to begin by unlearning much that she has learnt badly; that she has to give time to getting rid of want of system, slovenly habits of work; that she takes a low place in school because she is often ignorant of the very

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rudiments of a thorough education—they abuse the High School for what is their own fault.

It is almost exclusively among such girls that the danger of overwork occurs. An intelligent, ambitious girl of sixteen finds herself far behind her contemporaries, and tries to make up by undue exertion for the previous neglect of her education. If the parents, as is not unfrequently the case, urge her to "get on," to be "sure to take a good place by the end of term," she is tempted to break the very stringent rules laid down by many head-mistresses as to the exact amount of time to be given to preparation at home. Her mind has not been trained by long habit to steady, methodical work. Everything is new to her, even to the form in which her work has to be put on paper. She sits up at night, unknown to her teachers. When an examination comes, which the children who have been in the school from seven or eight years old take as an everyday affair, she gets anxious, worried, flustered, cannot eat, will not play or take exercise for fear of losing an hour of precious time, breaks down, and the High School system is blamed.

A very close and constant observation for the last eleven years of the working of more than one High School, has convinced me that if children are sent quite young, they take to the system like ducklings to water. Insensibly the little creatures assimilate habits of neatness, method, industry, which must be of infinite service to them in after life. The delightful object lesson, for which a bright young mistress has been off to the great manufacturing town, and brought back steel pens or specimens of glass or cotton in all stages of their various manufactures; or the natural-history lesson, with a live kitten, or guinea-pig, or hen, or jackdaw, brought by its proud possessor, and kept in school for the morning as a model. The botany lesson, for which the teacher has hunted through every flower shop within reach to find illustrations, when the small girls make their little drawings of simple, cleft, or dentate leaves, and are told to bring a living specimen next time to show that they understand what they have learnt. Such pleasant play-lessons—the jam on the dry bread of the three R's—give the little opening minds an appetite for learning without undue fatigue. The regular hours and occupation have been found to have a beneficial effect on their health. The children, accustomed to kindly authority, to intelligent teaching, to sunny faces succeeding each other every hour or so, grow up in an atmos-

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phere of cheerful, earnest, pleasant work. The "sorrowful hearts and red eyes," of which one of the strongest opponents of the system has lately spoken so feelingly, may exist in schools with which she is acquainted, but are certainly rarities in High Schools.

I am far from saying that every High School mistress is sunny—every High School girl devoted to her work, diligent and faultless. There must be dull and cross teachers; though I have not yet seen them in the High Schools I have visited, or with which I have been officially connected. There are plenty of idle, naughty, troublesome girls about the world still. But many a girl, who at home with her governess is bored into naughtiness and idleness, is good when sent to a High School, because her mind is occupied and stimulated by the bright, interesting teaching; while the high standard of honour, and the strong *esprit de corps* of a good High School, make a child feel that she is not only bringing disgrace on herself but on the whole class if she gets into trouble.

A few years ago a head-mistress of my acquaintance was questioned as to how "those dreadfully naughty Z——'s got on in school. Their parents could do nothing with them at home. No governess would stay in the house." My friend's surprise was unfeigned as she answered, "You surely must be mistaken. They are two of the best girls I have in the school." They were satisfied and interested, and therefore perfectly tractable. Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. And many mothers tell me their girls have never been so easy to manage at home as since they went to the High School.

The system of teaching, briefly stated, is this.

The school hours are from 9 or 9.15 to 1 or 1.30, with two short breaks of a quarter of an hour in the morning for play and for physical exercises. There is no afternoon school. But girls may return for an hour and a half or two hours in the afternoon to prepare their lessons under the supervision of a mistress. The extra lessons, outside the curriculum, are given in the afternoon. Advanced drawing in the studio which is now attached to most of the best schools—music—dancing. And now in some schools a voluntary afternoon class has been started for the elder girls in plain needlework, on the admirable system of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework. In many schools each girl who prepares her lessons at home is given a paper, on which she is bound in

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honour to put down the exact time she devotes to each subject. This should prove a sufficient guarantee against a tendency to over-work.

The teaching is of course carried on in separate class rooms, properly warmed and ventilated. The classes, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, should never exceed about twenty girls. Each pupil has a separate desk of one of the many improved "Swedish Desk" patterns, and these are placed about two feet apart.

I hope to see the day when every school (many have them now) shall have its laboratory, its museum, and its botanic garden, as well as its gymnasium.

On the absolute necessity of the physical exercises now taught in many schools, it is impossible to insist too strongly. All the best head-mistresses are agreed that, if girls are to do good mental work their bodies must be thoroughly exercised and developed. And the trained experts who teach these exercises, are not only able to do so without any danger of overstraining the delicate organs of a girl's body: but in the case of a crooked or weak back, or a failure of power in any limb, they are able to give remedial exercises, or carry out the directions of a doctor with perfect success. These physical exercises should always be done in a suitable dress, without stays, tight waists, or tight sleeves. And the costume now in use in the Girls' Public Day School Co.'s and other schools, is the perfection of comfort. It is warm and light, and makes a pretty and useful school dress.

Whether regular gymnasium work is desirable for growing girls is a question on which very grave doubt has been thrown. In any case it should never be undertaken without a first-rate man teacher, whose superior strength enables him to catch a pupil in case of a slip. But the physical exercises are wholly good; not only developing muscles and giving strength to the whole body, but teaching girls to move with grace, and training them in quickness and accuracy of eye, hand and ear, as they are all done in time to music. I know few more charming sights than a couple of hundred girls in their pretty blue and red dresses, going through their ball, pole, and wooden dumb-bell exercises with absolute precision.

Where it is possible, a good playground is attached to the school. Hockey, fives, lawn tennis, rounders, and even cricket, where ground is available, are encouraged by the head-mistresses

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and the councils. And in the Leamington High School, with which I am more especially connected, the quarter of an hour for play at eleven is generally the occasion for an impromptu dance, one of the elder girls or a good-natured mistress playing while the rest whirl round the big room.

The work of the whole year is tested by some qualified examiner, in addition to the ordinary school examination at the end of each term. The Girls' Public Day School Company's Schools, the Leamington High School and many others are, or will be this year, examined by the Oxford and Cambridge Universities Examination Board—one of the only examining bodies in England that undertakes to examine schools on their own work.

And this brings me to the much-vexed question of examinations. In the recent attack to which I have already alluded, the writer betrays extraordinary ignorance of the system she criticises, for she appears to consider that all High Schools work solely for the Senior and Junior Local examinations; in brief, that High School teaching and Local examinations are synonymous. As a fact a very small number of girls go in for the Local examinations from any school. Out of 400 girls perhaps only twenty may go up. One or two forms at most are using the text books recommended in the syllabus for the Local examination; and these need only be used at most for two terms.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am fully aware of the infinite good the Local examinations have done and are doing by giving a standard of work in public and private schools and families, all over the country; and by sending first-rate examiners to the local centres. I have belonged to the local committee of one centre for several years, and have watched the kindly and intelligent interest the examiners take in the candidates. And here let me dispose of a wholly groundless accusation, that the interest and object of the examiners' work lies chiefly with the boys. On the contrary, many examiners have told me that the girls are the most interesting, because the most eager part of their candidates.

Still, feeling that the only serious drawback to our present system of education for girls is, that it is possible—I do not say it is the fact—that individual talent may not have full scope, it is most important that everything should be done to foster original thought, to develop any germ of individuality in girls of ordinary intelligence. And in a school that in its year's work keeps too

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closely to the lines of the Local examinations, this, difficult at all times, becomes wellnigh impossible, save in the case of some intellect of exceptional power, strong enough to come to the front under no matter what system of education.

But after all, as Miss Hughes, Principal of the Cambridge Training College, said recently, "the success of a school depends *infinitely* more on those who teach than on what is taught." Given a first-rate head-mistress who is not tied and bound to a system, with a good staff under her, a staff such as a first-rate head-mistress can and will choose, the school does good work, be its curriculum what it may. The responsibility of a head-mistress is enormous. So is her power; for she can generally carry out any scheme of education she chooses.

The work now done in the best High Schools is of a surprisingly high quality. I am permitted by the Council of the Girls' Public Day School Co. to quote the following passages from the Report of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board on the work of the Company's Schools in 1887.

In Literature: "The Examiner finds it hard to write, without apparent exaggeration, of the very high opinion he has formed of the general excellence of the Literature work of the Schools. At least four of the Schools sent up work superior to anything of its kind which the Examiner has ever seen before, except occasionally in the University Examinations of adults; while quite a dozen other Schools followed close upon the excellence of these four, and in the opinion of some may have equalled them."

In Arithmetic another examiner says: "I may now say that I was very much astonished at the enormous improvement in the Arithmetic of girls which has taken place in the last ten years. Their Arithmetic is now as far in advance of the boys' as to style and accuracy, I do not say in power, as it was then behind."

No further words are needed to show that the primary object of the National Union in 1872 has been attained in 1888; and that the education of a large number of girls is in a highly satisfactory condition.

When the first High Schools were opened, the difficulty of finding highly-trained women willing to work, and capable of working on the lines laid down for them, was considerable. The Girls' Public Day School Co. was exceedingly fortunate in the choice of its first head-mistresses. The need created the supply. Women of culture and power saw what a great future opened before them if England responded to the appeal.

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The introduction of Public Day Schools was but a part—perhaps the most important part—of the general movement for the Higher Education of Women of the last thirty years. Cheltenham College had been at work since 1854. Bedford and Queen's Colleges had done good service in London. And later on, students from Girton, Newnham, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, London University, &c., were available for posts that needed highly trained intellects, all eager to make use of the rather suddenly acquired liberty of thought and action, which now began to be recognized as not dangerous or wholly undesirable for young women of good social position.

The longing to learn, the joy of the fulfilment of this thirst for knowledge, were succeeded as a natural result in some generous and high-minded natures by a desire to teach. At first the notion of a well-born and well-bred girl giving up her comfortable home to take up a profession at all, was highly repugnant to most parents and relations. And the idea that a girl, who need not work for her bread, should take to the despised profession of teaching—should become "a school mistress"—seemed to the last degree impossible and intolerable. This feeling obtains largely still. Fifteen years ago it was almost universal. Well might the National Union speak of "raising the social status of female teachers."

There were brilliant exceptions to the general rule. Women, who, by force of character, nobility of aims, and remarkable talents, had overridden all prejudice; whose schools were centres of life; whose private pupils were among the most cultivated and intelligent of their generation. But in most cases the calling of the teacher was a *pis aller*. She usually taught because she could do nothing else—not from conviction—not with enthusiasm. The "art of teaching" was an unknown quality to her. A well-born girl, obliged to teach to earn her bread, lost caste. In private families she was often treated less well than the servants. As under-teacher in an ordinary boarding-school, her life was even more miserable. The noblest profession a woman can take up, that of developing the minds and characters of our future women, brought distinct social degradation to the greater part of those who adopted it.

Happily a few parents were wise enough to see that what their daughters needed was occupation; that even pleasant, if idle lives were utterly unsatisfying to girls touched by the eager modern spirit; and that the emptiness of such lives was fruitful

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of morbid views of life and religion—of discontent—of ill-health—of hysteria in all its insidious and fatal forms. They determined to brave the prejudice of generations, and allow their daughters to teach. All honour to these pioneers. Their path was not a smooth one. But parents and children have had their reward. The parents find that their girls are no less devoted daughters; that they are happy and healthy in body and mind, because they have an honourable and satisfying calling. And it is gradually dawning on even the most conservative mind, that it is possible to be a High School mistress and yet be a lady, in the most exclusive sense of the word, one who is able to hold her own in the best society in the land.

A really first-rate High School is a centre of cultivation to its town. Its mistresses—I speak from personal experience—are welcome guests, not only in the homes of their pupils, but in all houses where intelligence and refinement are valued. They have their own place in the local society. It rests entirely with them to keep it.

As to the scholastic position of women teachers, a change no less marked has come over the country.

The remarkable gathering which took place last June at Uppingham, when the Head-mistresses' Association met as the guests of our dear and honoured friend, the late Rev. Edward Thring, would have been impossible fifteen years ago. First, because there were few such head-mistresses. Secondly, because no Public School for Boys would have dreamt of meeting them on equal terms. Now we find the most accomplished masters and mistresses, as at the First General Conference of the Teachers' Guild in January last, meeting for serious discussions of all points in their profession—the schemes of the best boys and girls schools compared for the benefit of each.

And here let me note the absence of jealousy and rivalry which is so delightful among the mistresses of our High Schools. An earnest enthusiasm for their profession creates a kind of freemasonry among all "High School people," which is most inspiriting. All are eager to learn what their neighbours are doing, and to show what they are doing themselves, not for personal advantage, but for the furtherance of the cause of education. Some indeed carry this devotion to their work to an unwise point; and instead of shaking off school and giving their minds as well as their bodies a complete change of scene and thought, spend their holidays going about to study fresh systems, fresh

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departures in the educational world. Such a mistress runs the risk of becoming purely scholastic, of being unable to talk anything but "shop;" forgetting that the education of a girl entails acquaintance with a good deal besides books and systems. Some of the most successful mistresses I know are those who are aware that to do the best work they must touch life at as many points as possible, in order to avoid, by all means in their power, the danger of slipping into a mere scholastic groove. For it is certain that if a girl finds that her mistress is not "up to the mark" in everyday matters—if she even sees her slovenly or eccentric in her dress, she loses confidence in her teaching, because she sees that in ordinary life the teacher has less knowledge of the world than the pupil's mother and sisters.

It has been urged as a plea against girls taking up High School teaching that the life they lead is too solitary and too independent. This opens too wide a field for discussion in this article. But I may say that no evil results have ever come to my actual knowledge. The assistant-mistresses whom I know are many; and I can honestly say I have never met a more quiet, simple, self-respecting, honourable body of young gentlewomen. What I particularly admire is the purity of thought, and healthy condition of mind I find among them. Without being prudes, they are singularly innocent-minded. They are interested in the questions of the day, social, political, artistic, intellectual. And the mythical personages of whom Miss Sewell has been told—"some clever governesses of large schools who, on visiting Rome, candidly confessed they did not care much about it, as they knew nothing of the event of bygone days connected with it"—are certainly not among the High School mistresses it has been my good fortune to meet.

One of the most remarkable features in the High Schools I know, is the relation between the girls and their mistresses, who are at once their teachers and their friends. They throw themselves into the girls' lives with a devotion and enthusiasm which is beyond all praise. It is they who help the girls to organize the school games; they who on the Saturday holiday take a little knot of their girls out far beyond the limits of the town to get primroses, or for field botany or geology, or arrange a tea-party in the woods. It is they who set on foot the museum; who help in the school clubs; who encourage the "Old girls Clubs," which help the girls who have left to go on with

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intellectual work at home, and keep up a feeling among them for their school; who start the little school "Kyrle" Society for beautifying the class rooms; who devote hours for weeks beforehand to rehearsals of the Christmas play or tableaux. No wonder the girls love them, and through their kindly influence learn to love their school.

Perhaps what strikes one most in one's intercourse with High School girls is their exceeding happiness. On this point Professor Max Müller insisted with particular emphasis when he did us the honour of opening the Leamington High School for Girls in 1884. In speaking of his experience at the Oxford High School with children of his own, he said, "Going to school became a real happiness, and work, which before had often seemed tedious, became a real pleasure." And when I see High School girls, whether at work or at play, his words seem to be fulfilled to the uttermost. They are satisfied, they are interested, they are happy.

The constant change of teachers is an important factor in this happiness; for girls and mistresses alike it is good. If the girls in one class are exasperatingly stupid, their teacher knows that in half an hour or so she will be rid of them, and that the next class may probably be that day in a more hopeful frame of mind. If the mistress is tired and worried, the girls on the other hand will see a fresh face before her nervous irritability has had time to affect them.

Reference has already been made to certain charges brought against the High School system, and among others one of the most unfair is that a girl of eighteen, of ordinary talent, fresh from a High School, "will tell you with the proud consciousness of truth (such at least as she understands it), that she has finished her education. She has passed the Senior Local Examination, and now she is ready to teach."

As I have already tried to show, not one girl in twenty goes in for this examination. And it would indeed be a fearful prospect for the country if every one of the 24,000 pupils now in High Schools intended to take up teaching. But the real sting of this sentence lies in the accusation of ignorant conceit which this form of education is supposed to engender. The whole system of these schools is intended to show the girls how little they know, how much there is to be known; and nothing can impress this upon them so successfully as the thoroughness of the training that is given them. It is the mere smatterers—the possessors of

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that dangerous thing, a little knowledge—who are conceited. I should say—and I know that those whose experience is far wider than mine will endorse my view—that the ordinary girl, by this I mean the girl of average intelligence, who has been brought up in one of the best High Schools, is humble, because she is aware of her own ignorance; earnest, because the dignity and beauty of work is always before her; innocent and simple, gentle and singularly honourable, because she has been under the influence of pure-minded and refined women whose code of honour is peculiarly high; fearless, because she has been ruled by love; happy, because her life is full of varying interest.

And though all may not go quite so far as a small High School child of my acquaintance, who complained bitterly to her mother that "she didn't see why they must have a holiday on Saturday—she would *much* rather go to school," yet the girls' enjoyment of their school-life is undeniable.

The number of High Schools now in existence, represent but a small part of the work which the Public Day School movement has done in the last fifteen years. To begin with, it has raised the standard of education in every girls' school of any worth in England. It has created the demand for better text-books, and these are now in use in hundreds of private schools, in thousands of families. It has shown the need of thorough training in those who have to teach; and this has resulted in an increasing number of Training Colleges, Lectures, Examinations, &c., whereby girls can obtain practical and theoretical knowledge of the science of teaching. Lastly, as we hope we have shown, it has raised the social status of the teacher.

A few of the objections raised by our opponents remain to be considered. Does the thorough and hard mental work of the High School system hurt the health of girls?

This point has, I think, been disposed of finally by Mrs. Pfeiffer in her admirable little book, 'Women and Work.' Not only are all the leading educationalists agreed that the health of High School girls is exceptionally good, but, "in the light of medical experience" (to quote Sir William Gull's own words), "the advantage to health of good and even high intellectual training for girls and young women cannot be doubted." And this remarkable opinion is confirmed by evidence from Dr. Lionel Beale, Dr. Hermann Weber, and a long list of other distinguished members of the medical profession. Mothers have repeatedly told me that their girls have never been so well as

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"since they went to the High School,"—often adding, "because they are so happy."

Then we are told by some of our opponents that the thoroughness of the work tends to destroy what they call general culture. For instance, that the thorough study of a play of Shakspeare prevents a girl enjoying Shakspeare or any other poet. This certainly has not been my experience. A couple of years ago it was my privilege to look through some of the papers of the highest form of a good High School on the play they had been studying, and I confess I was fairly astonished not only at the thorough knowledge of the subject, but at the real appreciation of its beauties, and the original treatment some of the girls gave it. These children had not been merely instructed; they had been taught to think for themselves.

Again, many people, usually those who are not personally acquainted with High Schools, imagine that the girls are rough. I suppose that a "Public School," to which any one may come who cares to pay the fees and obey the rules, conveys the idea of something rough to the minds of these critics. Speaking from personal experience, I can only say that this is a complete fallacy. Many of the tradesmen's daughters who attend High Schools in which I am interested, are among the gentlest and quietest of the pupils. A rough girl will be rough at home or at school. But in the schools I know best, the rough girls are in such a minority, that they soon find roughness does not pay, and insensibly begin to mend their manners. On one occasion when the sixth form and the staff of a High School came out to a strawberry feast in the garden of an old country house, an unseen spectator, a woman of the world, sensitive and almost hypercritical on the question of good breeding, to whom our modern developments are a source of keen interest, told me that what struck her beyond everything as she watched from her window, were the peculiarly gentle and low-toned voices of the flock of happy young creatures who wandered free as air about the lawns and shrubberies.

And now a word as to the mixture of classes, which in the eyes of hundreds is the great objection to Public Schools for Girls. Under good management no difficulty has arisen from it. At school, in the class-room and the play-room, every girl is on an exact equality. But once outside the school no one is supposed to know any of her school-fellows except those whose acquaintance her parents allow. And experience shows

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that a careful selection of their girls' friends is by no means confined to parents of the "upper ten thousand." Moreover, I believe that it is highly salutary to the children of some wealthy parents to find that riches and social position cannot do everything for them: but that character, talent, industry, moral worth, carry a girl who has had none of the advantages which the rich child has enjoyed, far beyond her in her school life.

Another plea against this equality of learning is that it is supposed to unfit a girl for ordinary home life. If it does so it is indeed a failure; for one of the chief aims and objects of High School education is "to train the pupils for the practical business and duties of life." Thorough mental and sound moral training does not make a blue-stocking of a girl. By putting the best possible education within her grasp, her intelligence is awakened. She becomes aware that work in all forms is an honourable and beautiful thing. Because she has mastered her own language and one or two others—because she is a thorough arithmetician—because, instead of frippery accomplishments, she can appreciate fine music, and has been trained to draw accurately what she sees before her instead of taking home a so-called picture mainly touched up by the teacher—because she has an intelligent knowledge of geography, physical and political, and of the literature and history of her own and of other countries, and has learnt the rudiments of one or more natural science—I believe her to be more fit than she could otherwise have been to fill her place in the world, whether that place is in the counting-house, or making butter in the farm, or living the ordinary life of a girl in society.

For after all what is the object of a good education, of which school should lay the foundations to be built upon all through life? Let the answer be in the noble words of the head-master of Clifton College, addressed to the mistresses and girls of the Clifton High School: "The reason why it is worth your while to get the best possible education you can, to continue it as long as you can, to make the very most of it by using all your intelligence and industry and vivacity, and by resolving to enjoy every detail of it, and indeed of all your school life, is that it will make you—*you yourself*—so much more of a person. More—as being more pleasant to others, more useful to others in an ever-widening sphere of influence, but more also as attaining a higher development of your own nature."

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

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The Chain.

A FAMILY LEGEND OF THE SWEDISH COUNTS OF PIPER.

AT Helsingborg upon the Sound a gallant regiment lay,
Thirsting for glory and renown, impatient for the fray;
No braver ever fought beneath King Charles's blue and buff,
The foe oft found it to his cost aye ready and aye rough.

Carousing sat the officers around the festive board,
The pine logs sputtering sparks of flame in the huge chimney roared,
And with a fitful cheery blaze alone lit up the hall,
Tingeing with red before their time the arms upon the wall.

Outside with fearful havoc raged the storm in awful din,
Its discord adding harmony to the gay sounds within;
Sudden a gust bursts in with startling crash the oaken door,
Wreathing the hall with sleet and smoke and ashes from the floor.

Upon the threshold stands a form in mould gigantic cast,
And in deep tones a voice is heard above the tempest blast:
"Count Axel Piper! I have come across the raging sea,
From thy brave brother Eric, as a messenger to thee;

"'Tell Axel I must speak with him before the break of day!'
This is Count Eric's message, and I now have said my say."
"My brother's mad!" Count Axel cried, "come in and close the door!"
The stalwart messenger obeyed, and strode along the floor.

Veiled in a cloud of steam upon the guests he glared around,
The rain streamed from his reeking dress in fire-drops to the ground;
And as the flames burned bright or red, the water where he stood
Seemed now a fiery circlet and anon a pool of blood.

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"Come hither to the fire, thou wet, but surely thirsty soul,
Shalt with us pass the night and with us help to drain the bowl.
My brother dear, Count Eric, must e'en wait till broad daylight,
For the Fiend take me if I cross to Elsinore this night."

Then to the gay and reckless youth that messenger drew near,
Two words alone of dread import he whispered in his ear:
Uprose Count Axel with a start, his face was ashy white,
"The Chain! the Chain!" was all he said, then rushed into the night.

Now hand in hand, down to the beach with desperate haste they speed,
Nor lightning flash, nor whirlwind blast, nor raging surf they heed;
The boat they reach just as the midnight bell begins to toll;
That mournful bell, the awful knell of many a seaman's soul!

Wrapped in his cloak Count Axel lies on deck, he knows not how,
And by him that wild mariner sits grimly at the prow;
No sail was set, no oar was plied, the idle helm untouched,
Yet swifter than the raging wind the vessel onward rushed;

It seemed as though in mocking scorn to breast the tempest's wrath,
And with each thunder-clap to seek the forkéd lightning's path;
Above the storm the dying shrieks of drowning men are borne,
And crash of many a gallant vessel from its anchor torn.

Now swiftly past old Kronborg's towers they dash upon the shore,
As the last stroke of midnight sounds in far-famed Elsinore.
Then from his stupor roused, upon the beach Count Axel sprung,
And to that awful mariner a well-filled purse he flung.

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"Take back thy gold," the seaman cried, "this trip was paid, I trow,
With many a curse and many an oath, five hundred years ago.
Beneath that snow-beladen pine there stands a coal-black steed,
Mount it and to the Swedish camp then gallop with all speed."

Into the saddle vaults the youth; riding with headlong speed,
No need of spur, no need has he to urge the goblin steed;
Tearing along, no road he sees throughout the murky night,
No rest he takes, no breathing time, till breaks the morning light,

Disclosing dimly in the mist old Copenhagen's spires,
The Swedish camp, the watchful sentries, and their waning fires.
In silent lines, with measured tread, King Charles's troops draw near,
And at their head Count Axel sees his brother now appear.

"What, Axel here! Whence dost thou come?" Count Eric thus began—
"'*Be here before the break of day!*'—'twas thus thy message ran."
"No messenger was sent by me on such an errand vain."
"*He* came last night, *and I am here on business of the Chain.*"

Then slowly drooped Count Eric's head down to his horse's mane;
It showed a sad and altered man when lifted up again.
"Give me thy hand, dear Axel; thou must ride with me to-day;
My time is short, my frist is o'er, and I have much to say."

And side by side those brothers fought throughout that dreadful day
In hottest *mêlée*, side by side, the foremost in the fray;
And while the cruel cannon roared and carnage raged around,
They spoke of home and gentle ties, and friends beyond the Sound.

A whizz, a blow; Count Eric reels and staggers to the ground—
"My day is o'er, another bullet has its billet found!
The Fiend has been a friend indeed to me throughout my life,
And e'en in death, since I have met my doom in battle strife.

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"Kiss my dear Hulda and the babes, befriend my darling boy,
And teach him, though no longer mine, to be his mother's joy;
Bring him this magic gift—good-bye!" Then from his breast
he drew
The Chain, and with it gushed his life-blood and his spirit true.

L'ENVOYE.

Still in the Piper family the demon chain remains,
And still in all its pristine force its magic power retains;
The eldest son resigns it only with his latest breath—
Unscathed through life it bears him, but it brings him sudden
death.

The Chain is but a foot in length, of wondrous metal wrought,
By alchemists assayed in vain, by miners vainly sought;
And though in fire and in the fight and in the sea oft lost,
The eldest of that noble race still wears it, to his cost.

J. SAVILE.

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Some Recollections of the new Crown Prince of Germany.

BY A FORMER TUTOR.

It was between thirteen and fourteen years ago that I last saw Prince William—as I must still call him—but if it be true that the child is father to the man, I cannot but think that the estimate of him which commonly prevails in England is mistaken. That Prince William when I knew him was a frank, well-mannered, genial boy, I am quite sure. That he has developed now-a-days into an imperious martinet, I for one find it impossible to believe. Indeed I heard only the other day from a German lady, whose friends had received him in their house on the occasion of some recent military manœuvres, that host and hostess had been charmed by his courtesy and kindly consideration.

My acquaintance with the Prince came about very accidentally. After taking my degree at Oxford, I went to Germany to learn the language. Of what use, in a commercial sense, at least, the language was to be to me when learned, I had, it must be confessed, no very clear idea; nor indeed have I formed one since. Six months' residence at Heidelberg taught me a fair number of Americanisms, but very little German, so I determined to move out of the track of the English-speaking population, and October, 1873, found me established in Berlin. Among other introductions with which I was furnished was one to a leading *savant* of the University, Professor H——. The day after I had left my card and the letter of introduction at the Professor's house, I received a line from him, asking me to call upon him at the University.

At the time fixed I duly appeared, and after two or three indifferent remarks he asked if I was prepared to undertake

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some tuition. "No," I replied, I had come to Berlin to learn, not to teach. I had been told, I remembered, by a Professor in Heidelberg shortly before, that if I undertook tuition, it was possible I might receive as much as two shillings per lesson. But from the magnificence of this career I resolutely averted my gaze. "It is, however," persisted the Professor, "in a family of a certain distinction." I bowed, but said no more, till the Professor explained that the family was that of the Crown Prince, that the Frau Kronprinzessin was seeking for an English tutor for her two eldest sons.

This was entirely a different matter. Now not my poverty but my will consented; the only difficulty was that my little better than schoolboy acquaintance with English history and English literature did not justify me in taking part in the education of the future ruler of the German Empire, who numbered men like Gneist among his tutors. But Professor H—— re-assured me; I had taken a degree that implied at least some knowledge of English, and the Crown Princess wished, he said, that her sons' English tutor should be as nearly as possible of their own age.

It was arranged that I should go next day to the Crown Prince's palace to see the governor of the young princes, General von G——; and I well remember how I reconnoitred the approaches from a distance, before I mustered courage to walk up under the big *porte cochère*. In my confusion, I failed to find the bell; the sentries could not understand my German, still less could I understand theirs. How at last I got in I know not, but when at length I did, I was immeasurably relieved to find that the hall porter knew what I had come about, and I was conducted to General von G—— at once. At a later period, I learned that there was a humbler door in the side street for the use of the household, and that it was not necessary for me to affront the presented arms of the sentries, or the gaze of the passers-by on the Unter den Linden. I had expected to be asked to send to England for testimonials; but the General, who by the way spoke English with great fluency and almost entire accuracy, appeared to be satisfied with the Professor's recommendation, and it was settled that I should come next day and be presented to the Crown Prince and Princess, and then the lessons should begin at once. Prince William was to have one hour every day; but for the present, Prince Henry would continue his with the English governess.

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The following afternoon I was ushered into the presence of the Crown Princess. She was anxious, she said, that her son should acquire a good English accent; she herself was told by her friends when she went home that she had lost the art of talking pure English. I replied that in that case my ears must have been dulled by my residence abroad; and I plumed myself not a little upon my courtier-like answer, till I was told afterwards that it was great presumption in me to have answered at all. After enquiring for more than one of her friends among the authorities at Oxford, the Princess went on to say that she wished Prince William to read Milton and Bunyan. 'Paradise Lost,' or at least the first few books, we accordingly studied with the most painstaking care. On one occasion I remember her Royal Highness sent for me to say what she wished read, after 'Paradise Lost' was finished, and I was regretfully compelled to acknowledge that we had only arrived at the second book, and that there was little prospect of our "wandering steps and slow" reaching the gates of Paradise for at least another twelvemonth. But I am anticipating.

From the Crown Princess, I was taken to the Crown Prince's *appartement*, but he was engaged, and I could not see him. Indeed, I never saw him to speak to but once, when he came suddenly into the room as we were at our lessons, to ask if I had enjoyed a review for which he had been so kind as to send me a special order of admission, as he did on more than one similar occasion, and I only recognized who was speaking to me by the field-marshal's *bâtons* crossed upon the collar of his military frock. But though I did not see him, I heard of him incessantly from his sons, who were evidently devoted to him. "Papa says this," and "papa thinks that," "I will ask about it," were phrases that I heard every day of my life; and it needed but slight acquaintance with the *vie intime* of that Imperial household to know that, in this instance at least, the opinion of the outside public did not err in ascribing to the Crown Prince a character of frank and genial kind-heartedness.

Of his simple and affable good-nature I saw an amusing instance on the occasion of another review. There had been a grand parade of the troops forming the Potsdam garrison. It was in honour, if I recollect right, of the Emperor's birthday. The whole of the Royal Family had been present, and after all was over, Potsdam station was thronged with guests on their way back to Berlin. The train was just ready to start, when the

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Crown Prince drove up in his victoria with an equerry by his side. He was ceremoniously escorted to the foot of the portable steps leading from the low platform to the door of the carriage that had been reserved for him. He was just going to get in, when in an adjoining compartment he caught sight of an officer of his acquaintance. "We'll get in there," he said. "But, your Imperial Highness," protested the astonished official, "it's second-class!" "What matters that?" laughed the Crown Prince, and catching hold of the door-handle, up he clambered, and the train moved off. But never shall I forget the face of horror with which the station-master rushed into his office to telegraph to the Berlin authorities that their future Emperor might shortly be expected to arrive, travelling second-class.

It was at this same review that I first saw my two young Princes in uniform. They had recently been gazetted as second lieutenants in His Majesty's First Regiment of Foot Guards. Even among the splendid troops of the Prussian Guard, the First Regiment are conspicuous as a race of giants, and their stature is made yet more lofty by the head-dress that they wear. What its correct name may be I know not, but it may often be seen in pictures of the time of the great Frederick, and except that it is taller, it looks not unlike a mitre without the division down the centre. In this towering head-gear, little Prince Henry, who was only aged eleven, looked for all the world, as he marched past by the side of his men, as if his childish face was situated in the middle of his body. The Prussian troops have an exceptionally long parade step, and the boy tried hard to keep pace; but the effort was too severe, and every now and then he was forced to trot a little way. But as he passed his grandfather, he dressed up correctly, and then as he came to the salute, regardless of discipline, looked up and smiled in conscious satisfaction.

Reviews and similar State functions were the only interruptions to the work of the young Princes. I remember that a week or two before Christmas, thinking that I should like to go home for a few days, I asked General von G——, who was always present during our lessons, sitting at the other side of the table, when the holidays began. "The Prince never has any holidays," was the startling reply, and it was strictly true. An hour's lecture at a German University never lasts longer than three-quarters of an hour, but Prince William went on for the entire morning, with only the half-minute's break that was afforded as one Professor rose to go, and a second entered the room and took

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his place. And if the full tale of sixty minutes was reduced by one through the unpunctuality of the master, a heavy frown used to cloud the kindly features of his governor.

And judging not only by the Prince's general intelligence and information, which was quite exceptional for his age (for of course I had no opportunity of testing his scholastic attainments beyond my own special subject), but by his knowledge of English, it certainly must be confessed that this system was successful. After an experience of teaching many hundreds of English boys of the same age, I do not hesitate to say that Prince William could write English as well, and knew as much of English history and English literature, as boys of fifteen at an ordinary English public school. His mistakes in composition were, no doubt, of a different class. He wrote Germanisms, while an English lad's faults would rather be slipshod grammar, or colloquialisms. But he had no difficulty in expressing himself in English so as to make his meaning perfectly distinct; while as for talking, he spoke it just as fluently as I did. On one occasion, I remember, he brought me a birthday letter to Queen Victoria to correct. I went through the first page with him, pointing out that we should turn this phrase that way, and alter the other to something else, till I stopped short and told him that the whole of the letter was perfectly intelligible, and that probably his grandmother would sooner receive a letter from him than a letter from me.

Nothing could be more simple and natural than the lives the Princes lived. Whether in their schoolrooms, their meals, or the manner in which they were treated, there was but little to distinguish them from the children of any gentleman of good fortune. The words "Royal Highness" were never used. "Prince" or "Prince William" was the universal form, except indeed from their governor, who more often perhaps used the phrase "*Lieber Prinz.*" Certainly, however, the *du*, which naturally belongs to the German schoolboy, was replaced by the more respectful "*Sie.*" We used to shake hands unceremoniously every day, and Prince William would chat about what he had been doing; that Professor Helmholz had told him this, or that Count Moltke had explained to him that; or again he would enquire whether I had been present at such and such a concert, or seen the last new play. He was very fond, I remember, of fairy stories, and lent me more than one of Lord Brabourne's books. And much excitement was caused on one occasion in

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the unfashionable street in which I lodged, by a *fourgon*, with two servants in the Imperial liveries, driving up to deliver one of these volumes at my rooms. In return I gave him a copy of 'Alice in Wonderland,' but I doubt if its fun impressed him as much as it might have done.

Much has been said and written about Prince William's crippled arm that is far from accurate. I had been in the habit of sitting close beside him every day for weeks, before I ever noticed that his arm was in any way different from that of other people. Even then, I only observed it, because my attention was called to it by others. Then I perceived that the left arm was always in almost exactly the same attitude, and that the Prince could only move it very slightly, bending it a little up or a little down from its normal position across his body, as though it were fixed in an invisible sling; and that if he wished to use it to steady the sheet of paper on which he was writing, he was obliged to raise it on to the table with the other hand. No doubt this lack of power is a great loss and inconvenience, especially to so ardent a soldier as Prince William, for it compels him, I understand, to ride only horses that have been specially trained for his use, but it is fortunately no disfigurement whatever.

It was not often I was reminded of the existence of the restraints of a Court. Still on one occasion when I told Prince Heinrich, who persisted in an incapacity to distinguish "who" and "how," that if he made the mistake again, I should have to set him to write out each word a hundred times, I was warned by a slight rise in the eyebrows of the watchful General, that princes might not be set impositions like meaner folk. Another time it was Prince Heinrich himself who reminded me, and on this wise. We were reading the story of the boyhood of King Alfred, how his mother promised to give him her illuminated song-book as soon as he could read it, and how he went out and found himself a master, and soon learned to read. I was endeavouring to cultivate his faculty of historical criticism, by showing that a careful comparison of the dates proved the story impossible. "Oh! of course it can't be true, Mr. ——," burst in the young Prince; "why, I'm very nearly twelve, and I should never be allowed to go about Berlin by myself."

Indeed, the history that we read was chiefly that of the Anglo-Saxons, or, as in those days I should have been careful to call them, the "Old English." I have often since felt constrained to

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trust that my successors made more rapid progress through the centuries than I did. Otherwise I fear Prince William can hardly yet have heard of the death of Queen Anne. Not but what there were advantages in remaining among the musty records of the Dark Ages. I used to wonder how, when we came to the reign of George III., I should manage to tell Prince William my honest opinion of his ancestor's capacities as a statesman, or of the Prince Regent's claim to the title of the First Gentleman of Europe.

But one day I was forced to confront a somewhat similar problem. I had no sooner opened the door of his schoolroom than the Prince met me. "Mr. ——, Uncle ——" (I dare not give the name, lest Mr. Labouchere should give notice of a question on the subject in the House of Commons), "Uncle —— says that Oliver Cromwell was a horrid beast. What do you think?"

What my answer was, I have quite forgotten.

There was an old servant of the Prince's who was rather a *bête noire* of mine. I often longed to tip him, but could never muster up sufficient courage. Prince William once had a day's holiday on a Saturday, and so I ran over to Dresden. When I got there, I telegraphed for leave to omit the Monday's lesson also. The following Tuesday, the old man said something to me about the expense of telegraphing. Supposing that there had been some extra charge, I took out some money, and asked how much. He explained that he only feared that the telegram had cost me a good deal. I verily believe he wanted to tip me, only that he was just as shy as I was.

But the dog heats of July had come, and Berlin, not yet supplied with its admirable drainage system of to-day, was becoming unbearable. The Princes were to remove to Potsdam, and at the beginning of September were to be entered at the *Gymnasium* at Cassel. So I resigned my post, but I still hold an imposing document sealed with the Imperial arms, testifying that my "lessons were attended with great success, and had given general satisfaction." Since then I have given many hundreds of lessons to many hundreds of boys. Some of them, I trust, have been attended with success, and have given satisfaction. But a more promising pupil than Prince William, or more gentlemanly, frank, and natural boys than both Prince William and his younger brother, I can honestly say it has never been my lot to meet with.

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Two Philanthropic Novelists:

MR. WALTER BESANT AND MR. GEORGE GISSING.

NOWADAYS everybody is turning their attention to that many-headed monster Demos. Even Mrs. Grundy is shaking her poke-bonnet and muttering that the times are out of joint. Trafalgar Square, on the one hand, is flooded with demonstrations; Belgravia, on the other, broaches theories after dinner over its port wine—or even from its sofas. Amateur Philanthropy has become as fashionable as Amateur Theatricals have hitherto been.

Now, although this may have its absurd side, as is indeed necessary with any dilettantism, we cannot but own that the tendency is good. We are at any rate awake. Self-interest—the only true alarum for the majority, alas!—has roused us, and we see that some attempt at solution of social problems is necessary to our safety. Hence, the philanthropic atmosphere which is gradually spreading from the slums of St. George's-in-the-East to the very halls of My Lord and Lady Dives, has penetrated into every region of daily life, and more especially into literature. We have had the Historical Romance, the Mystic Romance, the Social Romance, the Psychological Romance; it has remained for the present day to give us the Philanthropic Romance. It must yet be seen whether such Romance will answer its purpose. To us, at least, it seems more probable that the public will take its ugly lesson of home-truths in the form of a pleasing tale, which has no pretensions to be personal, than in the direct and dull shape of long statistics. And if the novel can thus succeed in turning people's thoughts and energies towards undeniable evils, without sensationalizing them, it will indeed have fulfilled a mission which has not been attempted since the days of 'Aurora Leigh.'

True, we have had Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Dickens, both of

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whom described the poorer classes with master-pens; but Dickens, in so doing, confined himself to the exposure of particular abuses, and beyond this, had little or no purpose of their mental improvement. 'Oliver Twist' was certainly not written to induce reform amongst thieves, and theatrical effect is often his *sine quâ non;* whilst Mrs. Gaskell, who possessed all the purpose, confined it to the interests of the Manchester mill-folk, wrote of what she knew, and only solved such problems as came beneath her eye—thus leaving a purely local and temporary answer to purely local and temporary questions. It must also be added that even Mrs. Browning's task was easier than the latter-day novelists. She was a poet, writing in poetic form, and possessing all the advantages offered by that form. For in poetry, when difficulties loom around, we are relieved by beauty of diction and imagery, and are often carried away by the loveliness of those indefinite ideas and ideals which the poet alone is allowed to give as a cure for minute, statistical evils, such as really need the most practical and specific remedies. These remedies the novelist, who has not the protection of poetry, is supposed to provide. He is exposed on the dead-level of bald prose, and has no refuge anywhere, so that every vagueness, let alone inaccuracy, is at once eagerly spied out by the argus-eye of popular criticism, and brought home to him without loss of time. Every honour is therefore due to the spirits who have attempted a labour beset with so many hardships, however incomplete the result; and it is with all gentle courtesy and absolute humility that we approach the work of the two leaders of this genus of Romance—Walter Besant and George Gissing.

They may be considered as representatives of the two schools of Philanthropy—the Optimistic and the Pessimistic—Besant taking the former, and Gissing the latter point of view. It will be interesting for a moment to inquire which method, according to their own showing, proves the most effective. This is the easier as their *mise-en-scène* is much the same. They neither of them, as a rule, describe the lowest of the low. Besant generally prefers the hardworking sempstresses and day-labourers of the East-End. Gissing keeps to the artisan and better sort of work-girl in Lambeth, Holloway, or the like. They are thus far in accord that they both acknowledge this class to be the best material to work upon, and both preach that prevention is better than cure. Strangely enough, too, they see

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many of the same good qualities in this material, and it is mainly in their view of the possibilities of the qualities that their difference consists—the difference of long and short sight, of focus rather than of the eye itself. But this is large enough to fix a great gulf betwixt them and to hinder all further resemblance.

Let us take the two most characteristic novels of each of these men, and briefly sketch their plot and result. 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' and 'The Children of Gibeon,' are perhaps Besant's—'Thyrza' and 'Demos' Gissing's most typical stories. We will begin with 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.'

Angela Messenger, a student from Nuneham and the heiress of a huge brewery, wishes to use her wealth and learning for the good of the people, and on leaving Cambridge, where she has studied the Social Sciences, she takes lodgings in a boarding-house at Stepney Green and lives there *incognita*, conceiving that her only chance of helping those below her is to live as they do. The same mode of life has simultaneously been pressed upon a young man, Harry Goslett by name, and the adopted son of a lord. When the story takes place, the lord thinks fit to reveal to him the real facts of his parentage, and tells him that he adopted him as an experiment, and took him away from his home for that purpose. His father had been a common serjeant, and had married a woman of his own class. On learning this, Harry determines to give up the luxury which is not his birthright, and to live and work amongst his brethren. He finds shelter beneath the same roof as Angela, who gives herself out as a dressmaker, and he becomes her *aide-de-camp* and the furtherer of all her plans. Angela begins by forming a dressmakers' association, supposed to be self-supporting and co-operative, but in reality maintained by fictitious orders from "Miss Messenger." She takes a house in which they work, ventilates, adorns, and amplifies it—prepares a gymnasium and a tennis-ground, and forms an evening club of entertainment, where, with Harry's help, she teaches music and dancing. In a short time this *régime*, together with improved diet, produces marvellous effects. The girls without exception grow refined, both outwardly and inwardly, and Angela and Harry, believing that culture and pleasure will do away with all spiritual ill, and that association (which according to them is the end of these means) will abolish physical evil, end not only by matrimony, but by planning the Palace of Delight which is built out of her

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fortune. This institution is intended to embrace every sort of pastime and instruction; it is a small world, including technical schools, schools of all sorts (in connection with board-schools), dancing-rooms, concert-rooms, theatres, statue and picture-galleries, industrial exhibitions—every pleasure in short which can be imagined, and some of which may indeed now be seen in the People's Palace, built in the Mile-End Road, on much the same site as here planned. The book winds up with the opening ceremony.

'The Children of Gibeon' is merely a variation on the same theme, except that it more specially demonstrates the wrongs done to the sempstresses. In this case, an aristocratic lady adopts the daughter of a laundress and a burglar, and brings her up entirely *incognita* with her own daughter, so that nobody —not even the girls themselves—knows which is which, though the story of the adoption is common property. She also sends the plebeian's brother Claude to the University, and invites him to her house when her daughters are twenty, merely saying he is the brother of one of them. After this the former plot repeats itself. One of the girls is sensitive and artistic, and shrinks from the life of the poor, though why Mr. Besant should oppose the artist's nature to the philanthropist's remains questionable. The other, Beatrice, feeling sure she is the adopted girl, becomes fired with the notion of life with her brethren, and goes to live in the East-End, in the same house as three sempstresses (one her supposed sister), whom she gradually conciliates, though they are at first hostile. Claude constitutes himself her protector, and shares her ideas. When the two girls come of age their parentage is revealed to them. Beatrice turns out to be the real and Viola the adopted daughter, and the curtain drops on the marriage of Claude with Beatrice, and their withdrawal to the scene of her former labours, where they resolve to live, and to consecrate life to philanthropy. We leave them and Mr. Besant, all delightfully certain that they can reform the ills that flesh is heir to, by means of a "Brotherhood of Labour," a "Sisterhood for the Protection of Workwomen," a "Street Committee for Sanitary Improvements," and an "Earthly Tract Society" for the diffusion of pamphlets inducive to culture.

Now let us turn to Mr. Gissing's books. Here we have a very different picture. Solomon gave us to understand that there was no new thing under the sun; but Mr. Gissing does not even allow us the sun to be under. He is mentally colour-blind,

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and whereas Mr. Besant paints in perpetual *couleur-de-rose*, Mr. Gissing revels in the blues. His descriptions, his thoughts, his characters, abounding as they do in power, are one and all monochromic without relief.

In 'Thyrza' a young man named Egremont, a strong Idealist, whose father was a self-made man, but who had himself received a University education, conceives great theories for the regeneration of the people, with whom the factory possessed by his father in Lambeth puts him in easy relations. Wishing to realize these theories, he begins by taking a room and there lecturing on English Literature, and afterwards on Modern Thought. He has amongst his audience every specimen of the most intelligent artisan; but about the only man on whom he makes lasting impression is one Gilbert Grail, a workman with a passion for reading, to whom Egremont's teaching seems of real value. Grail is reserved, proud, and intelligent, as men of his class are, but eventually becomes intimate with his lecturer, and aids him in all his philanthropic plans, especially in the arrangement of a Free Library, on which Egremont was then expending most of his energy. Just at this time Grail becomes engaged to Thyrza, a work-girl who lives with her devoted sister Lyddy in the same house as himself.

This Thyrza is certainly an exception amongst her fellows, which is perhaps accounted for by the fact that her mother was a teacher. At any rate, she possesses the typical artist nature, with a glorious voice with which to express it. Fiery, impressionable, thirsting for love, she accepts Grail's offer of marriage rather from respect than affection. Egremont meanwhile settles Gilbert's pecuniary prospects by making him his librarian at the new library, where he and his wife are to live. Not long before the day fixed for their wedding, Egremont sees Thyrza at the library for the first time. This is the beginning of sorrow. In spite of his struggles, and against his will, he falls in love with her, and she with him. She breaks off her engagement with Grail, who, by reason of his education and of all the gentle instincts it has engendered, feels his trouble as no common man could. He has always felt the cruelty of a fate which gave him the passion for learning, and at the same time tied him down to mere manual labour; but now he is more bitter than ever. Thyrza, meanwhile, in despair at her conduct, disappears, thinking this kindest to Gilbert. The passion which has grown up in her heart seems to her inevitable; her truthful, impulsive nature makes the

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tie of marriage with Grail a disloyal impossibility, whilst her refined instincts and intense temperament make sorrow prey doubly upon her also. She finds work as a servant in an eating-house, hides her whereabouts, falls dangerously ill, and is eventually discovered by Mrs. Ormonde, a philanthropic lady and a friend of Egremont's, who has known his story throughout. When Thyrza gets well, she separates her from her belongings, and trains her for a singer, hoping to make her forget her love in work. As for Egremont, his lectures had all failed long before this affair—the audience had dropped off, and Grail alone had remained—Grail, whom he had only succeeded in making more unhappy. His library having now also failed, as Gilbert of course resigns his post, Egremont retires to America, and grows less morbid in the backwoods. He has given his word to Mrs. Ormonde to keep away from Thyrza for a certain number of years, and keeps his promise. At the end of that time his passion has cooled. Misled by the philanthropic lady, who acts from the best motives, he believes that Thyrza has forgotten him, and he marries an old friend—a scholarly icicle with a great many "motives," and jogs through life contented, but never quite happy. Thyrza has all this time kept faithful to him, and dies of a broken heart. Grail withdraws in utter misery to Battersea, and the only person who is eventually happy is the unselfish Lyddy, Thyrza's more commonplace sister, who is strong in plain action, not in intellect, and who marries the man she cares for. We shut the book, convinced that, according to Mr. Gissing, any effort is failure, idealism a lovable folly, the practical philanthropist an impossibility, pleasure for the poor a false existence, only bringing them still lower, and culture, above all, an irretrievable mistake.

'Demos' is just as saddening, if not more so. It is written to prove the errors of Socialism and the impracticability of equality. Mutimer, a Socialistic workman, comes by an accident into a large estate, and marries a lady—a girl in the neighbourhood, who is persuaded into the match by a worldly mother. Mutimer is a shrewd, clever man with a strong will, who was eminent so long as he stayed in his own class, and whilst the necessity for work subjugated his brutal instincts and uneducated thirst for power. But his good star waned when he came into his property and deserted the work-girl, to whom he was originally engaged, for a well-born wife. Socialism he only uses as a means to push himself; and although he forms model works and a model

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village community on his estate, and spends thousands on them, it is only to bring him into Parliament. The book exists to prove this, and to unfold the degrading misery of his wife, who is daily exposed to his coarseness and incongruous habits of thought and life; also to demonstrate the ruin of the rest of his humble family by their sudden acquisition of wealth. He eventually falls a victim to his own cause. The Socialists begin to mistrust and hate him, and end by hounding him to death. He is pursued by the mob, and takes refuge, horribly mutilated and half dead, in the house of his quondam love, where he dies disgracefully. His wife ends by marrying a man whom she had loved before her first marriage, and the last scene again leaves us with the depressing feeling that there is no such thing as success or happiness in the world, let alone the fitness of things, and that every other man is moved to action by self-interest pure and simple.

"We are interesting," says the author in this book, "in proportion to our capacity for suffering, and dignity comes of misery nobly borne." "We are interesting," says every one of Mr. Besant's books, "because we can enjoy ourselves, if our capability of happiness be properly developed." Both have caught hold of a half-truth—one writes to prove the success, the other the failure of Idealism. The one wanders out with all the hopes of an intelligent child, and loses himself in the vague, satisfied as a rule, by rosy mists and melodious generalities. The other is hemmed in by a throng of hideous facts, and, not being tall enough to see beyond them, sinks to the earth crushed by utter despair. The one is the literary progressionist, the latter-day Œdipus, who has found the answer to the Sphinx's riddle; the other is the thorough Conservative, who being powerless to prevent the "progress" to which he ascribes all the ills of the world, has nothing better left him than to sit and bewail them—the more zealously that he is presumably, at present, a convert from the Radicalism of youth. Starting from such opposite standpoints, although both of them have the same feelings and therefore wish for the same end, their minds are so different that the means that each proposes for this end, lie as widely as possible apart. Gissing has but one—the Tory ideal—the re-establishment of a Lilliputian Feudal System adapted to the needs of the nineteenth century. "Let us," says he, in the person of Mr. Wyvern in 'Demos,' "effect the substitution of human relations between employer and employed for the detestable 'nexus of

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cash payment.' That is only a return to the good old order, and it seems to me that it becomes more impossible every day. . . . I denounce the commercial class, the *bourgeois*, the capitalists, call them what you will, as the supremely maleficent, the intellect of the country is poisoned by their influence. They it is indeed who are oppressors; they grow rich on the toil of poor girls in London garrets, and of men who perish prematurely to support their children. . . . What is before us? Evil. . . . Progress will have its way and its path will be a path of bitterness. . . . Two vices are growing among us to dread proportions—indifference and hatred. The one will let poverty anguish at its door, the other will hound on the vassal against his lord. . . . Let us raise our voices, if we feel impelled to do so at all, for the old simple Christian rules, and do our best to get the educated by the ears."

Nor can he tell us how to arrive at the means that he thus recommends. Being himself, as far as his books reveal him, devoid of any conviction, even the conviction of doubt, he fails to give us any solution, or to offer us either the guidance or the confidence which he lacks himself. We feel more inclined to try and comfort him than to receive any explanation of life from him. It seems indeed as if, in hopeless confusion and tossed on the unstable waves, yet abhorring compromise, he wrote rather to make himself clear to himself and as a personal relief, than for any altruistic purpose.

Now let us turn to Besant and hear what he has to say on these topics. Popular Radicalism he opposes with all his might, fathoming the fallacies of the demonstrative demagogue with a strong sense, curiously diverse from the dreamy indefiniteness of so much of his work. It is only literary Radicalism, if we may so call it—the Radicalism of social theories and political generalities, rather than the localized rules and scientific formulæ of practical politics—which he advocates. Listen to the speech, in 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men,' which Harry Goslett makes at a working-man's club in answer to a certain demagogue called Dick Coppin.

"Whether the House of Lords, or the Church, or the Land Laws stand or fall, that, my friends, makes not the difference of a penny-piece to any single man among us. . . . It comes of your cursed ignorance. . . . You think that Governments can do anything for you. Has any Government ever done anything for you? Never—never—never. Because it cannot.

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Does any Government ask what you want—what you ought to want? No. Can it give you what you want? No. . . . Whatever you want, *you must do for yourselves.* . . . Now then, what do we want?"

He then continues with a list of the measures which he considers certain to produce reform. 1. Local Government. 2. Cheap food. 3. Improved houses, of which the working-men themselves should be the inspectors. 4. Improved Board School education (which Goslett declares has hitherto been all "Kings of Israel" and "spelling"), and the sending of their "own men to the School Boards to get that thing done." 5. Pleasure (for says he, "You can't play music, nor sing, nor paint, nor dance—you can do nothing"), and the substitution of holidays at different times for the set Bank Holidays. 6. Co-operation for the improvement of the women's wages and condition.

Now this is all very well; and doubtless the measures suggested by Mr. Besant would produce, if not the perfect cure he seems to anticipate, at any rate considerable improvement. But although association, to which he *does* definitely point as a potent aid, already within popular power, would doubtless go far to better the wages and hours of working-women, or even to produce the alterations in holiday-making which he deems so important, still it would hardly affect the laws of commerce and of population, on which the price of food is really based—or the fact of over-population which governs competition. Nor could it create the appreciation of the "pleasure" provided, which is the real essence of pleasure. For you may have as many concerts, picture-galleries, and standard play-houses as you like, but if the appreciative feeling be not there, the pleasure can no more exist than sound for a stone-deaf person. But when we ask how we are to reach these goals, our Œdipus can give no other clue than the aforementioned association—nothing more practical than a Brotherhood of Labour, to include both men and women as workers, and to control work and wages alike—further forbidding the men to marry under thirty and the women under twenty-five; not to speak of the Earthly Tract Society and the Street Committee which we have before mentioned. And when these are established, "there will come," he hopefully writes, "a time—one sees it already in the close future—when the pickpocket shall find no home anywhere and the burglar no place to store his swag and keep his 'jemmy,' when all evil-doing shall be driven out of the land, and faith,

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goodness, charity, hope, and the love of beauty and the desire for art shall spring up like flowers in the sunny month of June, and the men shall at last join hands, and shall swear by the living God—the women shall no longer be robbed and wronged."

But this is hardly sufficient answer to such facts as he mentions in connection with the proposed institutions. "Elevenpence-halfpenny a day and fourpence for the workbook, which you can get for a penny outside, and if you dare to complain they make it sixpence. There's machine-work and shirts at a penny apiece; we can get twopence a dozen for the button-holes; there's bottle-washing for five shillings a week, and cigar-making for the same. There's the dust-yards and the sifting at a shilling a day." These are rigid details which require rigid measures, alas! and not only generous dreams from our arm-chairs, over our evening fire; for it is thus that Mr. Besant always seems to us to be writing—from out the midst of a cozy haze of blue tobacco-smoke, and in a study adorned by Apollos and Venuses, Michael Angelos and olive-green books, together with all the suggestive appliances of a modern culture. Mr. Gissing, on the contrary, writes from a back-alley reeking with putrid vapours, strewn with blackened orange-peel and resounding with hideous din, so that he cannot even hear the voice of Nineteenth Century consolation. The one worships culture for all men, and cries out that nobler pleasures should be provided for the poor; the other declares that "universal education . . . works most patently for growing misery. . . Its results affect all classes and all for the worse"; whilst his "heart bleeds for the class created by the mania for education, and consisting of those unhappy men and women whom unspeakable cruelty endows with intellectual needs, whilst refusing them the sustenance they are taught to crave." As for pleasure, he says: "Go along the poorest street in the East-End of London and you will hear as much laughter, witness as much gaiety, as in any thoroughfare of the West—laughter and gaiety of a miserable kind—I speak of it as relative to the habits and capabilities of the people." It is curious to remark here, that the pessimism of Mr. Gissing, which allows him to believe in none but the blackest of futures, causes him at the same time and from sheer hopelessness to accept the present with much more resignation than the optimistic Mr. Besant, who sees a golden time coming, but meanwhile takes the gloomiest view of popular happiness as it exists at this minute. But this is perhaps the

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case with every optimist and pessimist—for whereas the former, who is perpetually living in radiant plans, must necessarily be perpetually crushed by reality, and thrown into corresponding depths; the latter, knowing no help for matters but blind endurance, has no refuge but philosophy, and sits down, with the quiescence of a man who waits patiently by the wayside because he sees no end to his journey.

Here again both these authors seize half a truth, and both, consequently, become guilty of half a falsehood, This one-sidedness, which weakens all their work, seems due to a certain want of proportion which is common to both of them, and which may be called lack of humour in its largest sense. Without this last-named faculty, a heart-whole view of life is a sheer impossibility, and we therefore find that Mr. Gissing writes us a realistic jeremiad, whilst Mr. Besant gives us a Bowdlerized Whitechapel—a family edition of the East-End, which is wholesome for our hopes, but often not so true a picture as the other.

Meanwhile these two agree strangely in some things: in their hostile mistrust of politics, for instance; above all, they unite in believing that Religion, as they separately understand the word (though both use it to express an earnest and defined conviction of some sort), will alone redeem the working-classes: that their ruin lies in their having lost this, and in their growing indifference and consequent incapability of action. But whilst Mr. Besant prays for the new creed and for Comte's edition of Christianity, Mr. Gissing invokes the old letter and the old spirit—for others, even if not for himself.

Indeed, the main difference between them lies in the fact that Mr. Gissing looks for salvation from the upper, and Mr. Besant from the lower classes. This naturally affects their whole view of things, and more especially of the working-man and the philanthropist. In the former, and the possibilities within him, Mr. Besant is, as we have seen, an ardent believer. Mr. Gissing, on the contrary, regards the faults of the working-classes as radical differences and positive evils, not merely as undeveloped germs and negative good. "The fatal defect in working-people," he writes, "is absence of imagination. Half of the brutal cruelties perpetrated by uneducated men and women are directly traceable to lack of the imaginative spirit, which comes to mean lack of kindly sympathy." Now lack of imagination is a solid fault, which cannot be changed in the individual, but which it will take centuries of patient effort to influence, and

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whilst the last-named author asserts the absence of any sympathies, Mr. Besant is assuring us that it is only when we educate these non-existent sympathies that we shall certainly find Utopia.

We detect the same tone with regard to their relation towards the philanthropist. Talking of Dalmaine, the self-interested, pushing politician in 'Thyrza,' Gissing observes: "These men are the practical philanthropists, and to sneer at them is very much the same as to speak contemptuously of the rain-shower which aids the growth of the corn." In the ardent worker and in personal influence he has no faith, and only looks for success from such efforts as spring from the hope of personal advancement.

On the other hand, "Let us all go and live in the East-End," sings Mr. Besant, who holds this out to us as his second panacea—the complement of association. But he forgets that we have ties at home as well as abroad, and that if we all lived in the East-End, the West would be empty, whilst an already terribly overcrowded neighbourhood would become still more overcrowded; he does not see that trade would die, that culture, conversation, ideas, and literature would sicken for want of proper surroundings, and of that variety of topics on which they live; above all, that we should have no fresh air-current to carry Eastwards. He forgets that philanthropy means love of mankind, not of one particular section of mankind; that the rich have claims on us as well as the poor, and that the higher duty often lies in a proper combination of both elements. Modern asceticism differs from mediæval asceticism, in so far as it takes for its end the redemption of humanity instead of personal salvation; but a convent life is not confined to four walls. We may be monks and nuns in the midst of a crowd, and none the less narrow than those of old, because our cells live within us, instead of our living within them.

But no critic of any tone, however insignificant (indeed, the more insignificant he is, the more imperative would seem his obligation) can end nowadays without a final lunge at the fault which he has made his monopoly in an author, and which is probably his own besetting sin. We will therefore repeat that this *idée fixe* of Mr. Besant's seems again to spring from that same lack of proportion which causes extreme views both in him and Mr. Gissing, and makes them blind themselves to the sensible safety of the Via Media. They should examine how

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far they allow their own natural favouritism for pet theories to block up their horizon. Mr. Gissing's resolute wailing is surely disproportionate, and though no one could accuse Mr. Besant of too much lamentation, still unfounded ecstasies are also want of symmetry, and persistent glee about non-existent joys is not sense of humour.

Mr. Gissing, who starts by telling us that he "concerns himself with facts," and that "the great fact of all is the contemptibleness of average humanity," does doubtless hold the most courageous position, for he faces, nay, he over-faces truth. It is a diseased truth which he gives us, devoid of sweetness and devoid of faith and hope. Happily morbidity is not the reality of life, and we feel that there is a weakness about the eyesight which can only see "contemptibleness" in that "average humanity" which is, after all, composed of most of our friends and relations, even though, in this case, the failing springs not from pride, but from despondency.

Mr. Besant, on the other hand, continually gallops away from truth, on a very high horse indeed, or hides it from himself in a pink-silk veil. But it is fair to him to say that this foible does not arise from cowardice, but from a humane shrinking from the realising of other people's sorrow, and from an intense need of faith in his fellow-creatures. He is indeed the best to work upon—the best in ideal, though Gissing be the best in fact; and if we could only join his aims, his buoyancy and his elastic power of planning, to the latter's love of truth, of facing the worst without flinching and of describing what he sees, we might perhaps find at least the alpha of the Sphinx's enigma. Meanwhile, whilst we remember the truth of Mr. Gissing's pictures, we will not say with him that "to sleep is better than to wake; and how should we who live bear the day's burden, but for the promise of death?" We will rather dream our dream, in the conviction that it will gladden our realities, as music the fight, and we will believe with Mr. Besant, that "There are so many joys within our reach; there are so many miseries which we can abolish . . . we shall all together continually be thinking how to bring more sunshine into our lives, more change, more variety, more happiness."

EDITH SICHEL.

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On Tour.

THE title "On Tour," does not necessarily imply that I am describing a theatrical tour; it simply means that I am making a little excursion of pleasure from memory among various subjects,—now at St. George's Hall with our little company, now taking holiday in Cairo and elsewhere, now at the southern watering-places during our annual professional visits.

To begin at St. George's Hall. I am sometimes asked, what my system is in writing Sketches? I don't know; I have no system, except that of putting off everything to the very last. I write down notes on odd pieces of paper, on the backs of envelopes, on margins of newspapers, on invitation cards; in fact on anything that comes handy. Sometimes I buy a twopenny washing account-book and make little notes with a dash—thus: (—). This last mystic sign means "music," to be worked out at the piano. Then when the sketch is produced, I tear up the notes, and trust in the future to memory. What is the good of preserving sketches of a purely ephemeral nature, things lightly put together in a slight conversational style, only fitted to last some few months? The sketches must go out of fashion as quickly as the manners and customs they attempt to portray. In sketches of this description one deals with passing manias. The mania, perhaps, for putting bows of ribbon on incongruous pieces of furniture; for painting drain-pipes and panels of doors with lilies and daffodils; for giving a cheap Japanese appearance to a thoroughly European room by means of paper fans, screens, and umbrellas; for filling a drawing-room with so much furniture that it needs a guide to enable the bewildered traveller to avoid the pitfalls of *poufs*, ottomans and little tables; for ladies to dance in amateur ballets, accompanied by their sisters and cousins and aunts on banjo, bones and mandolines, or for young men to wears bangles—*gages d'amour* which *will* show themselves, much to the outward annoyance but inward delight

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of the wearers. All these things are but the follies of the hour, and if you wish for a record of such things, there are the pages of *Punch*, than which no better social recorder exists.

On one or two occasions I have been sorely put to it to be ready in time; for instance, during the last weeks of 1886. The title of my Christmas sketch, "Oh! that Boy!" was advertised. Thus far had I got, when we closed during the week before Christmas, in order to give six performances at Bath, Bristol and Cheltenham; an afternoon and evening at Bath on Monday, ditto at Bristol on Tuesday, ditto at Cheltenham on Wednesday. Mr. Alfred Reed fell ill, and I undertook to play his part as well as sing my own sketch. I went down to Bath on Saturday night, and felt as if I was going to knock up myself. However, I couldn't afford the time; the part had to be learnt by Monday. I worked and worked, but not one word could I remember. As a rule, I am like Mr. Lenville in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and am a "confounded quick study," but on this occasion the memory would not work. I was in despair; I couldn't sleep, and grew more miserable hour by hour. However, I managed to conquer in the end. All this time I had hoped to devote to my new sketch; but what with study, travelling and two performances *per diem*, I found on my return to town on Thursday that I had done nothing. The same evening I had to sing at a private house at Woodford, consequently no work done. Friday morning I mapped out one song and the opening of the sketch; *i.e.* about five minutes out of the necessary thirty-five or forty. I had promised to go and spend Saturday (Christmas Day), and Sunday in Hertfordshire. I went down on Friday at dinner-time, saying to myself that in a large country-house I should be sure to find a room where I could shut myself up at times and work. Not a bit of it! How that sketch was ever done and brought out I do not know. I shudder to think of it. My servant, who acts as my home adviser and critic, tells me he suffered agony during the performance; he never knew what I was going to say next—nor did I! This is, of course, an exceptional case. Had it not been for the unfortunate mishap of illness of one of our company, and the sudden necessity of study on my part, I should have had ample time; however, all's well that ends well; but I do not care to repeat the dose.

Singing at private concerts involves much railway travelling, especially as I have three nights in the week when I am free, the Entertainment being given in the afternoon of those days at St.

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George's Hall. These free nights are very useful, as they enable me to accept engagements for private concerts in many parts of the country. But the wear and tear of the work is sometimes very great. Supposing I just catch a 5.30 or 5.40 train; that means no dinner. Then on arrival at the house I have to dress, sing, and wait till supper for my long-deferred meal; then up to town next morning with perhaps another journey, as happened on one occasion two or three months ago. I sang at Cambridge after a morning performance in town, had to leave by the 8.51 A.M. for Liverpool Street, went home, changed to the frock-coat of afternoon respectability, went to Victoria Station at 12 o'clock, arrived at Eastbourne at 2.20 P.M., sang two sketches, returned to town, arriving at 7.50 P.M., and sang that night at St. George's Hall. And in spite of this I am told, or my friends are told, that I only sing to amuse myself, because I have £9000 a year of private income!! This amazing fiction was solemnly repeated a few weeks ago to one of my friends, coupled with the remark that it was a shame I went on singing, because it was nothing more or less than taking the bread out of other singers' mouths. However, my friend was connected by marriage with my family, and soon convinced the astonished gentleman that my private income was, alas! absolutely *nil!*

There is an old cabman often on the rank at St. George's Hall, who is apparently immensely struck by my frequent railway journeys. Anywhere out of the London radius is a sort of unexplored territory to him, and he looks upon any one venturing into these regions as a bold and venturesome being, holding his life in his hands.

I was leaving the Hall a week or two ago for some town, I forget which. My servant called a cab, and put in my portmanteau. The old cabman who was watching the process, said, "What! your guv'nor off again! Well, he *is* a wunner for going about. Where is it to-night, the South Eastern? Paddington is it! Well, he is a wunner! Why, talk of Stanley and the Dark Continent! Why, he ain't bloomin' well in it with *your* guv'nor. Ye never know where to 'ave '*im*!"

"Tell me of some of the people you have met," says my Interviewer. Poor Interviewer! he has not had a chance of getting a word in for some time.

By far the most amusing people I have met have been people entirely unknown to fame. During my various travels, whether at home or abroad, I have meet very droll people. I remember

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a certain gentleman when I was returning from Cairo in 1878. He was on board the *Mæris*, a Messageries Maritimes steamer. He had been in Cyprus. We asked him whether there were many antiquities in the Island. "Antiquities," he cried, "why the place is *alive* with them!" On being questioned as to the mosquitoes, he informed us that they flew about like partridges, and barked like dogs. On arrival at Marseilles, he confessed that he had a large tin box full of tobacco, and he was rather doubtful of his success in smuggling it through the Custom-house. But he was equal to the occasion. The *douanier* asked him what the tin box contained. "*Aoh ça!*" he said, "*ça c'est le médecin!*" The idea of tinned doctor so tickled the official that he at once passed it.

During the whole of our eight-day voyage this same gentleman could not find out my name. At length we arrived in Paris, and breakfasted at the Grand Hôtel. After looking at me long and earnestly, he said, "Somehow I seem to know your face! Now what *is* your name?" I replied that my name was Corney Grain. "Of course," he said, as a sudden light burst upon him, "I know now! *Christy Minstrels!!*"

What fun I have had during my two visits to Cairo, the pleasantest holidays in my life! Then I remember me well of a certain Irish surgeon on the way to the Pyramids, during my second visit to Cairo. He insisted that we should stop half way and have whiskies and sodas. The hamper was produced, and one of the party was holding a soda-water bottle in a direct line with the said surgeon's eyes. "Bedad!" he cried. "Do ye moind houlding that soda-wather bottle the other way? I've met so many mess-waithers with one oi!"

In the matter of English-French I never met any one to equal an old friend of mine; he was so outspoken and so unabashed, he cared not how much people laughed. The scene was Monte Carlo in the gambling rooms. He had won, and a lady took his winnings, a daily occurrence in that charming resort. He claimed it from the bank; the croupiers took no notice, so he threw a five-franc piece into the wheel when it was in motion. Needless to say, a row ensued. He cared not one jot, but rising in his wrath, and emphasizing his remarks with his doubled fist—a brawny one, by the bye—he thus delivered himself: "*Voilà ma mise; j'ai gagné et j'expecte d'être payé; je ne suis pas venoo à Monte Carlo ni pour voller* (voler) *ni pour menter* (mentir), *et si l'administration ne poo pas payer, elle faudrait fermer la boutique!*"

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There was a roar of laughter mingled with cries of "*à la porte,*" &c. Thumping the table with his fist, he shouted, "*Si ong me touche, je le too-e-rai*"!! He got his money!!

Then there was another of my friends who wanted a clean hot plate, and asked for "*un plat blanchisseuse chaud*"!

And then the row with the *sergents de ville* in Paris! where my broad-fisted friend knocked them down right and left, and on being confronted next day with one of his victims, a very wizened little man, said in tones of infinite scorn to the magistrate: "*Ça!! Cette chose!!! Se je l'aurais touché je l'aurais too-é!!!!*"

One gem of pronunciation comes back to me. The story was told me by a friend who was at the Opera. He entered into conversation with his next-door neighbour in the amphitheatre; they discussed various melodies till my friend's next-door neighbour summed up the discussion thus: "Well, my favourite melody of all is 'Emma Parry'!" My friend pondered and pondered. Who was "Emma Parry"? Any relation of the great John Parry? At last in despair he asked what opera it was in. "In 'Martha'!" Still he pondered. The opera he was listening to had no longer any charm for him—that magic name kept ringing in his ears. Emma Parry had taken possession of him; he rushed out, went to the nearest refreshment bar, and when asked what he would take, replied, "Emma Parry and soda;" he rushed to the Underground station, "third-class for Emma Parry," he cried; he felt his wits going, he reached home, his wife noticed he was strange, heard him murmuring Emma Parry, her jealous fears were aroused, confidence reigned no more in that hitherto peaceful and happy home. In the middle of the night he arose with a start: "I have it," he yelled, "*M'apparì!!!*" Pronounce the "M" by itself and then say "*apparì*," and you get Emma Parry!

Another gem I possess is in writing; it is a washing-bill presented to me in Cairo in 1884. I give it literally:

Dicembre 1884 Cairo
conto Di biancarie

52

Doxen 4 (½ a shilling
Doxen 3½ (Maik
a shillig 15½
Landry

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All I know is that I paid fifteen shillings and sixpence. The rest is to this day a mystery.

I met a very old and very quaint American lady in Venice once. She came up to me and said, "I know what you are and what you do. I hope you'll give some of your funny things to-night." I explained that I was holiday-making, and I was going to meander lazily in a gondola that night. Apparently resenting my refusal to sing, she retorted, "Wall, I think you're the least funny-looking man I ever met!" There was another American lady on board a British India steamer when I went to Cairo in 1884. She was piling up large heaps of jam and buttered toast on a plate. "What *are* you going to do with that, madam?" said an astonished old gentleman. "Sir," she said, "I am doing unto others as I would be done by; I am taking this to a sick friend on deck!" If anybody, friend or otherwise, ever brings me jam and buttered toast when I'm sea-sick, I'll fall on them and crush them!

This charitable American lady was the wife of a missionary on board. There were some six or seven of them, and they sang such doleful hymns. Vulgar sugar-and-watery sort of negro-minstrel melodies with sacred words adapted to them. There is nothing to my mind so uncongenial as the commonplace hymn tune, the hymn tune that smacks of the bones, banjo, and tambourine. Still on Sunday evenings up and down they paced, singing these clap-trap tunes in strong and vigorous tones. At last they began "God save the Queen." "Ha!" we exclaimed, "at last there is a straightforward simple melody, and, moreover, it shows that the end is at hand." Not a bit of it, they had adapted words to it of their own, and the end was as far off as ever.

There was a silent but humorous Scotchman on board, and never a word spake he, but he silently went to his cabin. Still on and on went our loud-voiced minstrels, up and down, up and down, regardless of the feelings of quiet elderly ladies in the saloon writing letters to the friends to whom they had said good-bye for years or for ever, regardless of the sick people moaning in their berths. Suddenly there stole on our ears a faint, weird sound. Not pig-killing on Sunday? No! nearer and nearer it came. The Relief of Lucknow! 'Twas the bagpipes!! Blessings on your head, my bonnie Scotch laddie! Blaw your pipes!! Hoot awa'!!! That Hieland Lament did it. We saw our American cousins no more for twenty-four hours.

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It is pleasant at times to meet with sympathy in one's work. I know nothing so cheering as the kindly-meant, kindly-spoken word of encouragement from the really sympathetic listener; it cheers one up and incites to renewed efforts, and you feel you have not lived in vain. I myself felt I had not lived in vain when a gentleman said to me at the end of a rather trying sketch: "That must be hard work, Mr. Grain; almost as bad as selling cards on a race-course!"

Again, a word of discouragement is apt to send the spirits of a sensitive person to zero. To arrive in a watering-place as we did once with our company, and for the landlord of the hotel to say: "I am afraid you won't do very much to-night, gentlemen. There's a menagerie here with a wonderful performing monkey that's drawing the whole town!" He was right—all the "best people" went to the monkey. There was a rough-and-ready criticism overheard at Southsea on the pier by one of our company. I had just passed a group of London 'Arries and 'Enriettas who knew me by sight. "There's Corney Grain" (pronounced Grine), said one fair maid, pausing for a moment in a succulent but somewhat pungent meal of "srimps." "Is 'e amusin' off the staige?" "No!" said 'Arry, as he wittily flicked the tail of a shrimp on to an old lady's bonnet, "none of them artists ever are!" "Right you are, 'Arry!" to use your own choice phraseology; at all events you are not far wrong in many instances.

But, *per contra*, I have always treasured up a remark made to me by a dear good Bishop, now alas! dead and gone. He sat with a rug round his episcopal legs, for he felt the cold. He listened, and I am proud to say "chuckled," if it be a right and proper term to use about a Bishop. I was presented to him. He was a dear kindly old gentleman, and in his kindliest tones he said: "Thank you, Mr. Grain; I have been not only amused but *edified!*"

This reminds me of my first and only conversation with the late Mr. Chorley, the musical critic. I was very young at the time, and arrived punctually at the house where I was asked to dine. I have now come to the conclusion that it is useless to be punctual in certain London houses; I do not see why I should arrive at eight o'clock in order to wait twenty minutes for some one else. However, I think on this occasion I was before my time—my hostess had not come down, but Mr. Chorley was seated in a large armchair; he gave me a look as I came in, but

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knowing me not, retired within himself again. I felt nervous and uncomfortable ; I thought I ought to try and break the ice. I went up to him and said : "Mr. Chorley, I think."—I heard a curious little piping voice, issuing from the depths of the arm-chair, saying "*I think so!*" I said no more, but retired snubbed and abashed. But I felt relieved at dinner, when Mr. Chorley seemed out of temper with the Robertson plays which were then in full swing at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre. "These Robertson plays," he said, "annoy me with their monosyllabic titles, such as 'Caste,' 'Ours,' and 'School.' We shall have 'Birth' and 'Baptism' next." Baptism I thought scarcely monosyllabic, but I held my tongue, and contented myself with reflecting that, after all, the severest critic is but mortal!

I remember another reproof I received from a member of my profession at Hastings. He was one of an out-door concert-party on the beach. He had blacked his face. It was some years ago. Now-a-days he would wear a small mask and call himself "A Disguised Nobleman," and what is more, have found people to believe him. He sang "I traced 'er little footsteps in the snow," and I fear he was not in good voice. He then went round with the hat. I gave him sixpence, but with rather a stand-off air, as though I knew not singers and their Bohemian ways. But *he* knew *me*, for as he took my sixpence he hoarsely whispered, "'Ard work, Mr. Grain, our profession ; but there! *you* don't know what it is! Why, I'd sooner do *twenty* of your shows in a room than *one* of mine on the beach!"

Sometimes one singer will *not* take you, another singer, at the value you put on yourself. I have found it so in the case of a very great music hall "artiste." "The Great One" was singing at a supper-party given by some cheery souls. Uproarious was the applause—song succeeded song ; at last to give him a rest they asked me to sing something. I went to the piano and chose some little imitations of German, French and Spanish songs. I knew I could not compete with the "Great One," so I had better seek something that would contrast with his songs. He listened very indulgently, and when I had finished, he turned to one of the guests and said, "H'm! I wish I'd had the bringing out of that fellow, what an artist I'd have made of him!"

I am always getting snubbed like this ; even praise takes a dubious form when an old gentleman says to you, "We went to hear you last night, and thought you'd rather improved.

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Rather improved! No! I do not like the term. *Better than ever* would have flattered my vanity more. But then one must take what one can get, and be thankful, though it be trying at times to your vanity or dignity.

My dignity I have found seriously assailed on many occasions. Once at Ryde, long years ago, Mr. Reed and I walked down to the pier one Sunday morning. We were to play the next day, and our agent had undertaken to bring the luggage and scenery from Portsmouth. It came that very Sunday morning as we arrived on the pier. It looked so wicked and improper by daylight, so disreputable! We tried to ignore it, but the agent called to us by name, and the name "German Reed" was on every package in large letters. The pier was crowded.

"Bill," said a railway porter, "what's all this?"

"'Ow should I know?"

"It's a Punch and Judy show," said a pert bystander.

The crowd looked at Mr. Reed and myself and laughed. At last, nettled at our loss of dignity, we told the agent he should not have brought it over on Sunday.

"What nonsense," he replied; "why, it's a jolly good advertisement!"

I felt that my dignity was seriously imperilled on one occasion, and by my own greediness. I stayed for the night in a house after a concert; my host and hostess were most kind and hospitable, but did not understand the ways of singers who are fond of a little supper after their work. I went again, and knowing how pained my host and hostess would be if any hint I gave showed that I had not had enough supper on my previous visit, I took a packet of sandwiches and a pint of champagne with me for a private supper in my bedroom. Alas! the bedroom of my kind hosts was next to mine, and the walls were very thin. How was I to open the champagne and not allow the "pop" to be heard? I couldn't do it under the bedclothes, it might be "up," and overflow. How would it do to give a great cough at the precise moment of the "pop"? I tried it. The cork wouldn't come out, but I gave a cough that would awaken the dead. A knock at my door. It is my host. "Mr. Grain," he said, "I fear you have a bad cough. I have brought you these lozenges, they are infallible. I'll guarantee you won't cough after one or two of them." I thanked him. "I hope you are quite comfortable," he said; "is your bed all right?" Horror! he was making for it, and I had hidden the pint of champagne in it when he

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knocked! "It's delicious," I said, as I in despair sat on the bottle. "Soft as eider-down." "What!" he said, "why, they've never given you a feather-bed! Let me feel!" He felt the bottle. "What on earth is this?" "My hot-water bottle," I said. "I never travel without." "Hot water-bottle in a warm September? What must you want in January?" "Oh, I'm a chilly mortal!" I said, feeling hot all over. "Well, you don't look it," he said. "No!" I said, the ice plant *looks* warm, but it isn't!" "Well, good-night," he said, "and don't you let me hear that cough again, or I'll get my wife to send you some of her own pet-remedies, and you won't forget *them* in a hurry, *I* can tell you!

Good heavens! What a position! Here was I, deceiving my kind friends, and plunging into a slough of deceit and falsehood from which there was apparently no escape. Meantime the wretched pint of champagne was in the bed, the top of the cork had broken off, and it was liable to go off at any moment. If it did, my host might think I was ill, and would probably come with some of his wife's horrible pet-remedies. *He* had apparently survived them, but they would probably kill *me*. What was I to do? Should I wrap up the bottle in all the towels, put it in the bath and leave it to take its chance? Should I fill the bath with water and submerge it? If I adopted this plan, would the explosion, if it occurred, be audible in the next room? If I threw the bottle out of the window, it would be making a horrible noise when it smashed, and would probably alarm the neighbourhood, living as it did in perpetual apprehension of burglars. I was loth to lose the champagne, but I only possessed a scent-bottle corkscrew. I resolved to do it or die. I broke the corkscrew. Luckily my knife possessed a thing for picking stones out of a horse's hoof. This was the first time I had ever known such a thing to be useful, and even then not for the purpose for which it was intended. I must have picked at that cork for an hour. At last there came a faint fizzing sound. The critical moment was approaching; I listened; all quiet, not a sound except a faint nasal duet in the adjoining apartment. Hurrah! the cork is out! a noiseless victory! Now for my long-deferred drink——

It was corked!!

But I fear I am wandering away from the answer to my Interviewer's question as to people I have met. Well, I have sung before "all sorts and conditions of men," from Royal

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Personages to the "Two-Headed Nightingale." But I have little to record about them that would interest or amuse. A polite word or two, and the conversation, if any, has ended.

But I know no more interesting study than the varieties of audiences. Sometimes in one week during the season I sing before nine or ten different "sets" in various parts of London, and I can only repeat that wherever it may be, they treat me with the greatest kindness and hospitality. I have heard stories of singers being treated with rudeness. All I can say is that I have never found it myself.

The difficulty I find is in procuring new subjects for sketches. Having produced fifty-six during my career, I sometimes despair when I find it is time to produce something new. But I confess I like my work, and much more do I like it since I have given up playing in the pieces at the Entertainment. Acting is not congenial to me—I am not a good actor, and the fact was borne in upon me more and more as I grew older, and I was delighted when I could give it up and devote myself exclusively to the Sketches at the piano.

There are perhaps one or two little hints I could give to young beginners who intend to devote themselves to similar Entertainments. Do not give a caricature or imitation of any subject, be it in music or manners and customs, till you are tolerably certain that the original is thoroughly familiar to your audience. Some years ago, when Hungarian Bands began to be so popular, I gave an imitation of their style of playing. It fell flat as ditch-water. Eighteen months ago I revived it in a Sketch and it was a success. The audience had become familiar with the original in the interval.

I remember an instance of this at an evening party of very "smart" people where I was singing. I had sung, and a gentleman followed my Sketch with some imitations of actors. The audience enjoyed it, till he came to an imitation of the late Mr. Compton. Nobody seemed to recognize it. At last one very "smart" lady whispered to her neighbour: "Who is it?" "Who is it?" said that lady to *her* neighbour. "Who is it?" said that lady to a gentleman sitting next to me. "Who is it?" whispered that gentleman to me. "Compton!" I replied. "Compton"—"Compton"—"Compton," was whispered down the line, till the name reached the original questioner. "Oh! Compton of course!" she said. "Very good—*how* like! Bravo! Excellent! Inimitable!!"

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Moral, give out the name of the person to be imitated beforehand.

One other piece of advice. Do not, I implore you, put things off to the last. I speak with authority, for I have done it all my life.

But the time has now come when I can put off one thing no longer—namely, taking Farewell of my Readers.

I asked a question in one number of this Magazine as to the origin, &c., of a certain song. I have received some thirty or forty replies to my question, and I take this opportunity of thanking my correspondents for the trouble they have taken in copying out and sending me the words, and in some cases the music. On looking back I find that I have not had much to say, and that what I have said is not of much importance. All the more hearty, then, must be my thanks to the Press and the Public, who have borne with me so patiently, and treated my humble efforts so leniently.

R. CORNEY GRAIN.

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Reminiscences of Boar-hunting in Morocco.

PART II.

DURING one of our beats, a large boar was started from the low bush near the coast in Avara, and two mounted Moors joined me in pursuit. The country was open, and ground good for galloping. The pig went away at racing pace, bounding like a deer over the low bushes. On getting near, I was astonished to see his ears were cropped like those of a terrier. After a gallop of a mile we speared him. One of my companions, Hadj Abdallah, exclaimed, "Do you remember four years ago two 'Berkool'* being caught by the dogs, and you and I carried them in our arms, and let them go near a thicket, where they would be safe; but the little fellow you carried turned on you, when freed, and tried to bite your legs, and you bid me catch him, and turn him loose again into the thicket? This was done," said Abdallah, "but the 'Berkool' had shown such pluck, I thought I would mark him, so I cropped his ears and then let him go, saying, 'we may meet again,' and here he is, and has given us proof this day that he was as gallant a 'haloof' as he was a 'berkool.'"

During the number of years I have hunted in Morocco I have killed with gun or spear upwards of five hundred boar, and once only have I been wounded; but I have been knocked over frequently from carelessness, in approaching down-wind boar at bay, or in stalking at night. The latter sport, especially when stalking a "solitaire," is very exciting. It requires skill patience, and great caution.

I wear, when stalking, shoes with rope-soles, enabling me to

* *Berkool*, Moorish name for young boar still striped.

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tread noiselessly over rough ground. I have stalked boar on a dark night up-wind, when feeding in corn, until I have approached the animal hidden by the crop, and have put the barrel of my gun within a foot of his body before firing. When I heard the boar occupied in tearing off a pod of Indian corn or munching grain, I advanced. When he stopped feeding to listen, as they will cunningly do for several minutes, I stood motionless also, until the munching recommenced.

One very dark night I managed to approach so noiselessly along a narrow path through a copse which led to an orchard, where I heard from the windows of my villa at "Ravensrock" a boar eating apples, that I actually pushed my knee against the boar, who had his snout in an opposite direction, before either of us became aware that we were at close quarters. My gun was not cocked, for I did not expect to have to use it until I entered the orchard, where I supposed the boar to be still feeding. The leap I made in the air was not more frantic than that of the boar, who jumped into the thicket. We were both terribly startled. The boar had no doubt in the still night heard me close the door of the balcony, two hundred yards off from the orchard, and had hidden in the dark path to listen and await events.

On another occasion, having observed during my rides on the hill that boar came down at night to a rough field of barley, I took my gun a little before sunset and rode to the ground. I left my nag in charge of a Moor, about a quarter of a mile from the field, and directed him to keep quiet, and not to come near the field until I fired a shot. The crop of barley I had observed was poor and short, so I felt sure I should see the body of any boar worth firing at, above the ear.

I seated myself on a rock about three feet from the ground. In my belt was a long Spanish knife, with a handle made to insert in the muzzle of a gun, like a bayonet. The moon had set, the sky was cloudy, and starlight very faint. I wrapped a piece of white paper as a sight around the gun, a few inches from the lock, so that I could see it, even though the night was very dark. Just as the 9 P.M. Gibraltar gun boomed across the Straits, I heard a rustling in the bush and a grunt, warning me the enemy was nigh.

The wind was favourable; the boar had entered the field on a different side from what I expected. I strained my eyes to view the beast, whom I could hear chewing the ears of barley, but could not at first distinguish him.

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At length he approached within fifteen yards from a rock where I was seated, and I could just see his head above the barley, therefore I concluded, supposing the stalk was short, it was a sow or only a two-year-old. I waited until the object advanced within a few yards, and could see a good patch of black body. I fired, and heard the noise of the fall; then the boar rose, went a few yards, and tumbled over, and I could distinctly hear what appeared to be its death-struggles. Then all was still; I got down from the rock, but did not reload, thinking there was no risk, and walked to the spot where I heard the struggles.

In the short barley were several low palmetto bushes. Seeing a dark object move, as I fancied, I aimed and fired. It was a palmetto bush, the leaves shaken by the wind had rustled. Within a few yards of this bush a large form suddenly rose and came slowly towards me. Both barrels were empty. I had barely time to insert the Spanish knife in the muzzle of the gun when I could see a grim head and tusks glistening in the starlight. It was not, as I had supposed, a sow or a pig, it was a tusker.

The ground was favourable, for I stood uphill above the boar. I held the gun so that the knife should enter at the shoulder and not strike the head. As the boar pressed on to reach me, I joyfully felt the blade penetrate into its body up to the hilt, and expected he would fall dead; but no, limping on one sound leg he continued to advance; so I backed, nearly falling over a palmetto bush; then the boar moved to one side to get round upon me, and I followed his movements, dreading every moment that the knife, if the boar retreated, would be withdrawn.

Again he came on with a rush, and I moved rapidly backwards until my back came against a rock in the field about four feet from the ground. I scrambled up it, pressing the knife and gun against the boar's body to assist me. He tried to follow, but with his disabled leg failed, and then moved away, carrying the knife in his body whilst I retained the gun. I reloaded safely on the rock, thanking God for my narrow escape.

As the Moor came up with my horse I shouted to him to keep at a distance, saying the boar was alive and close by. I then got off the rock and advanced carefully, with both barrels loaded, to the spot I fancied the animal had retreated. Up he got, and came at me with a rush, receiving the contents of both

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barrels in his head and body. I found the long Spanish knife had entered the neck above the shoulder, and passed along the skin without penetrating the body. The steel was not good, and had been bent during the struggle. The boar proved to be a fine three-year-old, with tusks which could have cut me into shreds. During my tussle with this beast I had a vivid recollection of having heard that a Moorish hunter, a short time before my adventure had fired at a boar at night in a field of Indian corn, and had followed up the tracks of blood at dawn for some distance, when he came suddenly upon the wounded animal, who charged before he could fire, knocked him down and ripped his body severely. His family, finding next morning he did not return, sent out in quest of him to the field of corn, and there he was found in a dying state, wounded in the stomach, just able to relate what had happened. Within a few yards of the wounded man lay the tusker quite dead.

Some years ago an English official at Tangier, R——, a very absent man, sallied out one night to sit for a large boar, which was reported to pass every evening after dusk a path not far from my stable at Ravensrock. Near this path in the bush was a rock, on which my friend squatted with a double-barrelled gun to await the boar.

It was a very dark night, but the path of white sand in front, contrasting with the green bush around, could be clearly seen, as also any object moving along it. He heard the tread of a large animal, and as it approached within a few feet he fired, but his horror and dismay can be imagined when down fell a donkey with panniers and a man on the top! Explanations ensued, with warm expressions of regret on the part of R——, which were accepted good-naturedly by the Moor, especially when the former put in his hands double the value of the donkey and the panniers. The ball had penetrated through the top of the skull of the donkey. Strange to say the animal recovered, and was made use of in R——'s garden.

R—— was a very able and efficient officer, but had always showed a marked preference for a morning's ride to his villa in the country rather than to the chair of his office. He bought a horse, which he facetiously named "public business." When some one happened to call at the office to see R—— during his absence, the reply, according to R——'s instructions, was that he had gone out on "public business."

Boar during the fruit-harvest come down to the orchards near

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Tangier and commit great ravages. When sufficient fruit is not scattered on the ground, they will rub against apple or pear trees until the fruit falls, or they will spring on the top of a trellis of vines, tearing it down to the ground to get at the grapes. The Moors put nooses of rope at the gaps in the hedge where boar enter, and fasten the noose to a tree or to a bundle of branches. The animal is often found strangled in the morning; but when the rope is fastened to loose branches it is less likely to snap, and the boar will carry off the bundle, until stopped by an entanglement of the rope with some other object.

Being out one day with a party of hunters, I saw at a distance a thick bush moving slowly, as by magic, along the top of a dense copse of gum cistus. No horse or man could be seen. One of the hunters exclaimed, "a boar has been caught in a noose! See the bush to which it is fastened moving along the top of the copse." We decided to take the animal alive, so approaching the bush and long rope to which the noose was attached, we laid hold of the rope and pulled it tight, until the boar was half-strangled. We then gagged the beast with a thick stick and string. He was dragged out of the thicket, put on a pack animal and carried to a room in my stable, where the gag was removed and food and water given.

Next day I invited a party of riders to see the boar turned loose in the open, two or three miles away from the bush. The horsemen took no weapons, and our motley pack of boar dogs were held in leash by hunters, who were directed to let go when I should give the signal after the pig had a fair start of one hundred and fifty yards.

Some ladies joined us on horseback, but my wife, being nervous, rode a donkey, and had a Moor to lead it and to take care of my young son, who was in front. I placed them on a hillock about two hundred yards off, where I thought they would be safe and be able to view the boar. Telling the horsemen and Moors who held the dogs in leash not to start until I gave the signal, I had the boar conveyed to a high bank on a dry water-course, and then removing the gag and untying the rope, we dropped him gently down, thus giving time for the men on foot to hide and me to mount before the boar could charge us. He was only a two-year-old, so his tusks were not very formidable. The boar bolted up the gulley, and on reaching the top of the bank looked around, north, south, east and west, but saw no cover. Viewing my horse

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about forty yards off he charged, and I galloped away. The boar halted, looked around, and saw on the mound an object with brilliant ribbons dangling in the wind, and then to my great consternation made straight for my wife's donkey. In vain I rode full tilt, cracking my hunting-whip, trying to turn the beast, and shouting to the hunters to let the dogs slip; but before they came up, the boar got under the donkey, trying to rip it, whilst the Moor, holding my son aloft on his shoulders, was kicking at the boar.

Up came the dogs, who drew off the boar's attention, and away he went; but being better inclined to fight than to gallop, the chase was short, and he was pulled down by the dogs.

"Take this knife," I said to a long Yankee official; "as this is your first boar hunt, you shall have the honour of giving the death-blow." Knife in hand, the New Yorker fearlessly advanced, and was inserting expertly the blade near the region of the heart, when up jumped the dying pig, knocked over his lank antagonist, and then fell never to rise again.

Boar when caught young become very attached to man, and will follow like a dog. They can be taught cleanly habits when kept in a house, but have no respect for flowers, and cannot resist rooting up any object which is not firmly fixed in the ground or pavement. I had a large sow as a pet, which followed me out riding for long distances.

When attacked by dogs on passing villages, the sow would turn on them and fight gallantly, until I came to the rescue with my hunting-whip. She became at length very troublesome, and would be off on the loose into the town whenever the stable door happened to be left open. I had frequent complaints from bakers and greengrocers, and had heavy damages to pay for robberies of bread, so I gave orders that the sow was to be shut up in a yard.

One day, when the door had been left open, as the sow rushed rapidly up the street towards a greengrocer's shop in the little market-place, where she was accustomed to rob, it happened that a young mulatto woman, whose legs had been paralysed for some years, and who gained her livelihood by begging, was crawling on her elbows and knees along the streets, coming down towards the Legation. She had never seen a pig in her life, so when she beheld a large black animal rushing frantically, as she supposed, to devour her, thought it was a "Jin."*

* Evil Genius.

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The shock was so great, that up she scrambled and ran off; the paralysis of her legs had ceased. This miracle performed by the sow was a source of wonder to all, especially to the Mahomedans, loth to believe that "Allah" should make use of the unclean animal to heal the maimed. The next day the mulatto appeared at my gate, walking upright, to petition that I should give her compensation for the fright she had experienced, pleading also that the pig had deprived her of the means of gaining her livelihood, for she was now whole, and no one took pity and bestowed alms on her as before. I gave her only my blessing, for she was strong and young, and could work. The sow was presented by me to a gentleman in England, who wished to introduce a cross of the wild animal.

The sagacity of the boar is greater than that of most animals. A Moorish Sheikh dwelling in the mountains about forty miles from Tangier, brought as a gift to the Basha a full-grown boar, that had been caught when only two months old. The animal had become very tame; it was brought tied on the back of a pack mule.

A few days after presentation the Basha's sons carried the boar out into the country and let it loose, slipping greyhounds to give chase. The boar knocked over the hounds, charged and ripped two horses, and got away. Next morning it was found feeding quietly in the yard of its master's house, forty miles off! I was glad to learn that the owner, on hearing how his pet had been treated by the Basha's sons, kept the animal until it died.

As an instance how animals will remember man when treated kindly, I give the following anecdote about a beautiful leopard, presented me thirty years ago by Sultan Mulai Abderahman, grandfather of the present sovereign.

Mulai Abderahman was very fond of having wild animals kept loose in the garden or courtyard of his palace.

On entering the "Meshwa," or courtyard of the palace, a lion would be seen unfettered, crouching, or as has happened, two panthers have passed near to me, prowling about the Sheriffian garden.

The Master of the Horse related to me that Mulai Abderahman, mounted on a magnificent white charger, happened one day to pass through the court of the palace, when a lion which H.M. was accustomed to stop and caress, sprung up the side of his

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horse and placed its paws on the knee of the Sultan. H.M. reined in his steed, which snorted and reared. The Sultan showed no alarm, and did not, said the Master of the Horse, change a muscle of his countenance, but turning to the Kaid of the Meshwar, or chief officer of the Court, and putting his hand on the head of the lion to stroke it, enquired, "How many pounds of meat are given to the lion per day?" The officer stated the quantity. "Let the lion have ten more pounds," said His Majesty. The lion's petition being granted, it quietly dropped off H.M.'s horse and lay down quite pacified.

"These animals," observed the Master of the Horse, "understand what is spoken, though they have not the power of speech to tell what they want."

"Mashallah," I gravely replied.

Sultan Mulai Abderahman had a beautiful tame leopard named "Meimon," the trusty, nearly as large as a Bengal tiger.

It was very good-tempered, and a great favourite of His Majesty. A young negro slave who swept the entrance of the Sultan's palace happened one day to find the leopard lying on a heap of dust, so he hit the beast with his broom to make it move. This was resented by the leopard striking the lad with its paw on his head, and he fell dead. This slave had been an especial favourite of the Sultan. H.M., on learning what had happened, ordered that the leopard should be confined in a cage, and sent as a gift to me at Tangier, and that a Jew should be despatched to take charge of the animal.

I received a letter from the Vizier, making known the gift His Sheriffian Majesty had been pleased to send me, and stating that the animal was docile, but dangerous if struck. No mention was made, however, of the death of the slave. A Jew is generally selected to be the keeper of a lion or other wild beast, as the Moors say a lion disdains to strike a "cowardly" Jew. I found the leopard very good-natured, so I dismissed the Jew and took charge of it myself. In the daytime the leopard was allowed to run loose in the little garden of the Legation, for my family were absent in England; but I had it fastened, when visitors came to see it, by a long chain to a palm tree in the garden. I fed the leopard myself, and he gambolled about like a cat, purring and rubbing himself against my legs when I caressed it. If I happened on such occasions not to take sufficient notice he would strike me heavily with a soft paw.

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One day the leopard finding the door of the dining-room open that led into the garden, entered, and passing along a lobby he found the laundry open, and an old Irish woman ironing there. On seeing the beast glaring at her over the table where she was engaged, she boldly advanced with a hot iron in hand, with the courage of her race exclaiming, "Get out ye darthy baste." The leopard much offended, withdrew with a dignified gait and passed on to a courtyard near the kitchen, where a Moorish woman, squatted on a mat, was sifting flour. With friendly intentions and hoping to be caressed, the leopard put his head into the old dame's bosom, but she thinking this was the preliminary step to being devoured, swooned dead away.

A man-servant passing saw the leopard and woman in this compromising position, but being afraid to interfere, rushed to the room where I was writing, pale with alarm, to announce that the leopard had killed "Titam," and was about to eat her.

I ran to the rescue, and found "Meimon" covered with flour, purring and rubbing himself in a loving manner against the reclining form of poor Titam, who was still in a swoon, but otherwise uninjured. I told "Meimon" his conduct was most unbecoming, not to say improper, so he left poor Titam, and bestowed his attentions on me, covering me with flour.

At dusk I was in the habit of accompanying the leopard across the street to his cell in the stable-yard. One evening when leading him, he lay down in the street and refused to move. In vain I coaxed the beast. The road was thus blocked, for those who wished to pass, viewing a huge leopard crouching loose in the street, hurriedly turned back. I sent for a piece of meat, and walking with this bribe into the stable, the leopard deigned at length to follow me.

When my family was expected, and thinking there was a risk that he might attack them as strangers, I sent the leopard as a gift to the Zoological Gardens.

Eight months afterwards, when I was in London on leave of absence, I visited the Zoological Gardens, and there I saw "Meimon" lying in a cage.

I requested the keeper to allow me to pass the bar in front of the cage to pat the leopard.

He replied it was not permitted, but on telling him I was the donor, he allowed me to cross the barrier, warning me, however, that though the animal was docile, it showed sometimes a surly temper.

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I approached the cage where the leopard was lying listless in a corner; "Ya Meimon, Ya habeeby boosni." "Oh, beloved Meimon," I cried in Arabic, "come and embrace me."

The animal sprang up and came to the side of the cage, and no doubt would have embraced me if the bars had not stopped him. I put in my hand and stroked his back, whilst he rubbed against the bars of the cage, making a low purring noise. Then I scratched his head, when to my horror he suddenly took my hand in his mouth; but the friendly beast only mumbled, without hurting it, and then let my hand go. A crowd had collected outside to witness the exhibition, so I thought it was time to leave, though I might have gone round with my hat to beg alms for the prisoner. As I left the cage, the leopard watched me with eager eyes, and when some way off I turned to look again, the beast was standing up with his paws on an upper bar, his bright eyes fixed anxiously upon me. During my long life loving eyes have often watched my departure, but none brighter or more anxious than those of my four-footed friend; so we parted, never to meet again, for the leopard was dead when I revisited the Zoological Gardens, after a two years' absence.

J. H. DRUMMOND HAY.

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French Ghosts.

EVERY country has its peculiar stories of supernatural visitations, usually termed superstitions, and ridiculed by the educated classes. Why, however, should we be ashamed of a half-conscious admission that there may be something mysteriously real in the ghostly traditions found everywhere, and believed by all races of men, however different in nature and training?

In France, notwithstanding the national brightness of humour, and the practical, prosaic, common-sense very generally found here in these days amongst the lower classes, tales are yet current, as strange as any of the weird legends of the Scotch Highlanders or Irish peasantry. In the province of Berry, for instance, we find the "*fadets*," in Brittany the "*Korils*" and "*Korigans*"—very much like what are called in some parts of England "the little people." The "fadets" are mischievous little imps, of the nature of "Puck," but comparatively harmless; the "Korils" and "Korigans," diminutive black elves, who haunt certain parts of the country, are seen only at night, and are supposed to be more dangerous than the "fadets." Woe to the wayfarer who meets them on the *landes*, if in a state of deadly sin; the "Korigans" surround him, and force him to dance in the ring with them till the cock crows; then he must die, for no one who has joined in the dance of the "Korigans" can again live amongst Christians. The Druidical remains which are common in Brittany—the flat altar-stones, called "*dolmens*," and the upright stones, like those of Stonehenge, called there "*menhirs*"—are supposed to be especially haunted by the "Korigans."

But a meeting with these elves is not the only danger to which the solitary traveller on the "*landes*" is exposed, and he must especially beware of the "*mois noir*," or "black month"—November—when the spirits of the dead are supposed to be as numerous in the air as the dead leaves in the byeways. On the night of the Feast of All Souls (November 2nd) the Bretons lay

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the table and light the fire, that the poor souls who leave the cold churchyard to visit their former homes may be warmed and comforted. The wayfarer who wanders alone on the desolate roads may then meet the "*charrette de la mort*," or "death-cart," covered with a funeral pall, drawn by six black horses, and driven by one, who is a vision of death. He who sees this, will soon meet his doom.

There are also the "*Lavandières de nuit*," or "Night Washers;" harmless to the innocent, but fatal to the sinner, who in the silence of the night, hears the beat of the wooden clappers long before he sees the figures of the dead women beating their shrouds on the stones, by the water in which they wash them, according to the custom of their country. And as they beat in solemn cadence, they chant in the Celtic-Breton tongue—

"If no Christian comes to save us,
We must wash till Judgment-day,
By light of moon, through snow and storm,
We must wash our winding-sheet."

When the "Lavandières" see a sinner coming towards them, they rush to him, and call on him to wring the shroud with them. He must then be careful to twist in the same direction as they do; if, through terror or ignorance, he twists the wrong way, the shroud fastens round him, and he falls into the iron grasp of the "Lavandières," who squeeze him to death.

At a time of uncertain date, in that part of the country called "Le Ponthou," there was an inn called "l'Auberge Blanche," or "White Inn," from the whiteness of its outer walls. The innkeeper, named *Floc'h*, and his wife, were God-fearing people, and much respected in the neighbourhood, so that travellers rested willingly at the "Auberge Blanche."

One stormy night of the "mois noir," a traveller, who seemed of distinguished rank, riding a fine horse, stopped at the door, and courteously raising his hat, addressed Floc'h, the innkeeper saying that he wished for supper and a bed in a separate room.

"God save you, sir," answered Floc'h, "I can give you supper, but we have already six mule-drivers who have taken all our beds, and I have none to give you."

The traveller persisted, and urged the good man to grant him shelter of some kind, on such an inclement night.

Floc'h then said, he was very sorry—but that he really could not oblige him, for he had only the "Red room" left; that since

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he held the inn only two men had slept there, and that the next morning their hair *had turned from black to white.*

"Do the spirits of the dead haunt that room, my good man?" said the traveller. A low murmured "Yes," was the reply.

"Then, by God's grace, I will try the adventure. Please to light a fire, for I am cold."

The inn-keeper obeyed; but when the stranger, having taken supper, went up to the "Red room," he knelt down with his wife, and trembling, both remained in prayer.

The traveller stepped firmly into the room, and looked round.

The room was large—with red walls, on which were strange shining stains, as of blood. The large square bed was entirely surrounded by curtains, in Breton fashion. There was no other furniture, and the wind moaned piteously, as if the souls of the departed were entreating for the prayers of the living.

The traveller knelt, prayed fervently, and then lay down on the bed, without fear; soon he fell asleep.

But as the hour of midnight was striking at the clock of the neighbouring church, he awoke,—at the same time distinctly hearing the rustle of the curtains slipping on their iron rods, and opening on the right side of the bed.

The traveller started up, and attempted to rise, but *something cold met his foot,* and he drew back with irresistible horror.

Before him was a coffin, with four tapers at the four corners, and a funeral pall. The stranger sprang to the other side of the bed, but the coffin passed round, and again stopped the way. Five times he tried to leave the bed, and five times the coffin came before his feet, with the tapers and the funeral pall.

He then knelt on the bed, and, crossing himself, said: "Who art thou, dead man? Speak—a Christian hears thee."

A voice came from the coffin.

"I am a traveller, murdered here by those who held the inn before the present owners. I died in sin, and I burn in fire."

"What will'st thou, suffering soul?"

"Six masses at the Church of Notre Dame du Folgoat; and a pilgrimage made for me by a Christian."

The tapers were then extinguished, the curtains closed, and all again was silent. The traveller spent the night in prayer. The next morning he related to the inn-keeper what he had seen and heard; then he departed, adding, "Good man, I am a Rohan, of a house as noble as any in Brittany.—I will do what is needful—fear no more, all will be well." He kept his word,—

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and a month later, there was no further cause for alarm in the "Red room."

Another story is particularly curious, as belonging to the present time, and related with evident sincerity by persons of education. In a small town of Brittany not far from Dinan, during the "mois noir" when, according to popular belief, the spirits of the dead have especial facilities of communication with this world, a woman, returning home from her work, went into the church to attend the evening prayers and "instruction" of the Curé, or *Recteur*, as they are called in Brittany. The night was cold and stormy, the church crowded with worshippers, and the woman, whose name was Fanchette, not easily finding a seat, as the "instruction" had begun, sat down on the steps of a confessional, drawing round her, for the sake of warmth, the thick serge curtains which conceal the penitents from view in the Breton churches. Thus, snugly, ensconced, and tired with her day's work, she fell asleep.

When she awoke, all was silent; the church was empty, and on trying one door after another, she found to her dismay that she had been locked in. The 'sacristan' had evidently gone home without perceiving her, and she could not hope for release till five o'clock the next morning, when he would come to open the church and prepare for the early prayers and first mass.

Exceedingly terrified, Fanchette dared not remain in the nook which had concealed her only too well; and fearing she knew not what, she finally thought of taking refuge in the pulpit, vaguely supposing that she would feel more safe there, from its isolated position. By the dim light of the lamp before the altar, which only made "darkness visible," she tremblingly reached the pulpit, where she crouched down, preparing to spend the night there as best she could; and being too frightened to sleep, she began to tell her beads.

Suddenly, in the intensity of silence, the old clock of the old church began to strike the hour. One, two, three—twelve o'clock! What was that sound? Did she hear a door open? She raised herself on her knees, and timidly peeped over the edge of the pulpit.

Yes, a door was open; that leading to the vestry, from which the figure of a priest in full vestments was slowly coming forth.

The figure came to the foot of the altar, and turned towards the empty church. A deep voice then uttered solemnly [the words: "Is there any one here who will serve my mass?"

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There was an awful pause. Again the sad appeal was heard:

"Is there any one here who will serve my mass?"

After again waiting for a response that could not come, a third time the solemn tones rung through the empty church:

"Is there any one here who will serve my mass?"

Then, slowly and sadly, the figure turned, and disappeared through the open door of the vestry, which closed, and all again was silent.

The terror of the solitary listener need not be described, nor with what intense relief, after the dreary hours that followed, she heard the church bell ring for the morning prayers, and was released by the sacristan. She said nothing to him, however, of her terrible adventure, which she reserved for the *Recteur*, to whom she hastened to relate what she had seen and heard. He was at first incredulous—declared that she must have slept again and dreamed the whole; but seeing her so persistent in her protestations, he determined to watch himself in the church, and fathom the mystery.

The following night, the *Recteur*, having taken the keys from the astonished sacristan, wondering at his reverend master's sudden fit of devotion, went into the church and knelt in prayer.

At the last stroke of the clock striking twelve, to his intense astonishment he saw the door of the vestry open, and the spectre-priest depicted by Fanchette come forward to the foot of the altar-steps.

He heard the voice she had described utter the sad appeal:

"Is there any one here who will serve my mass?"

"There is!" exclaimed the *Recteur*, rising to his feet. "*I* will serve your mass."

The vision stood motionless, whilst he lit the candles, and prepared what was necessary. When all was ready, he knelt in the usual place, and the solemn service began; the *Recteur* firmly repeating the responses, but without being able to conquer what he felt to be an invincible repugnance to look on the face of the Unknown. When the time of the first ablution came, he could not, however, avoid seeing the hands on which he must pour the water: he turned away with a low shudder—*the bony fingers could not belong to a living man!*

Bravely, however, he accomplished his task to the last *Deo gratias*; when the spectre-priest turned towards him.

"I owe you deep gratitude—you have delivered me. A duty which I had neglected on earth, must be performed before I

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could be admitted to eternal bliss. The task is now accomplished, thanks to your aid! I shall come here no more."

The figure on which he gazed seemed to dissolve into thin air, and disappeared. The *Recteur* rose from his knees and left the church, awe-struck, but happy.

In Normandy, near the pretty little watering-place of Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, the peasantry refuse to pass at night over the open spaces where several roads meet, and where, according to local custom, a cross is usually erected. They declare that an extraordinary white beast is seen there, of which they are in great awe and fear.

But the strangest mystery of actual present occurrence is that belonging to the *presbytère* or rectory of St. Symphorien, not far from Avranches. Here, for several generations, strange noises have been heard, to which no amount of careful investigation has ever been able to assign a natural cause. Footsteps run up and down the passages and stairs, and no one is seen. When the present Curé, like his predecessors, is sitting in his private room, reading or writing, he hears some one running along the passage, and coming to the door, which then opens, the steps quickly crossing the room to his side, when he has the particularly disagreeable sensation of an invisible being standing near him. Nothing is said or done, the steps recede, and the door closes.

The same strange incidents are noted in the life of the Curé d'Ars, a contemporary humble village priest, whose extraordinary virtues were known far beyond the surrounding country, and finally so celebrated, that it became the fashion for the fine gentlemen and fair ladies of the Second Empire, to go to Ars, in order to seek his counsel in their difficulties. Crowds of visitors from all parts of France besieged the poor *presbytère* and rude village church, to obtain an interview, if only for a few minutes; and all left him, wondering at the wisdom and extraordinary spiritual lights possessed by the simplest and humblest of men, who led a life of absolute poverty, denying himself all comforts, and even necessaries, to give to those in need. But here again were strange visitations, known to all around. The windows and doors of the *presbytère* were violently shaken, strange sounds were heard, and it is even reported that, in the morning, there were signs of a personal struggle with unknown powers. But of this the Curé never spoke, only answering enquiries by saying:

"Yes, *they* were very noisy last night."

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Who? no one dared to ask.

But here there was a good man—no sinner—(beyond what is absolutely inherent to human nature)—and heartily the enemy of sin. All is mystery!

At the Palace of the Tuileries itself there was the familiar spirit—the "*petit homme rouge*," or "little red man," who was always to be seen before a great calamity about to befall the reigning dynasty. The Duchess d'Angoulême is said to have seen this vision just before the Revolution of 1830. The "little red man" was seen again, so it is said, just before the catastrophe of Sedan, and lastly, during the fire which destroyed the palace under the Commune, when, we may hope, the "little red man" returned for ever to his congenial home.

Before concluding this series of *uncomfortable stories*, we must relate one of an incident which, according to our appreciation, though not the most terrifying, is yet the most extraordinary and inexplicable of all; having occurred in our own time to a gentleman, well known in the scientific world of Paris, whom we have ourselves met in society, and whose veracity is unimpeachable; the late M. B——y, one of the editors of the "Annales Scientifiques"; a man then in the prime of life, constantly engaged in scientific research, and most unlikely, from his pursuits and frame of mind, to give way to undue credulity or freaks of imagination. The story—which he was not willing to relate—was, however, told by himself to a mutual friend, through whom it became known to the writer of these pages.

M. B——y stated that he had another friend, who from boyhood had been dear to him as a brother, and who went to Algeria, as a colonist, in the more inland part of the country. M. B——y had been for some time without news of him, but felt no anxiety, and was not particularly thinking of him, when one night, while sitting writing in his private room, to his joyful surprise he saw the traveller come in, wearing a strange dress, which was unfamiliar to him. He started up, and hastened to meet the visitor, heartily extending his hands, when to his astonishment he drew back, saying:

"Do not touch me. *I am dead*," ("Ne me touchez pas—*je suis mort*,") adding, that he had come to ask him to prepare his mother for the news, that the shock might not be too sudden.

The whole was so unlike the conventional "Ghost," that M. B——y, according to his own statement, felt no more fear than if he had seen his friend under the most ordinary circum-

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stances. The apparition then took its place in an arm-chair, opposite to the one occupied by M. B——y, and the two conversed freely as in former times; the one still belonging to this world, receiving the assurance of the other that he was "very happy" (*très heureux*), but that he was not permitted to say more. The strange visitor then told him that he would come again two days later, at the same hour, and disappeared.

When he found himself alone, the awe and terror which had been absent from the interview, came in full force, and overpowered M. B——y, who tried to brace his nerves by seeking every kind of natural explanation of the wonderful sight he had witnessed. Hallucination—a passing fit of delirium,—a delusive dream, everything seemed more satisfactory than the reality. Finally, he determined not to cause perhaps needless affliction to his friend's mother, and consequently refrained from writing to her, as he had been requested to do.

When the time came for the apparition to return, he prepared a large fire, placed an arm-chair in readiness for his visitor; then distributed lights in the room, so as to give it festive brilliancy. At the exact hour, his friend again stood before him,—but grave and sad; mildly, but earnestly, reproaching him for not having written to his mother, and entreating him to do so without loss of time, or she would hear the sad news too suddenly from other sources. M. B——y promised to atone for the omission, and again the friends conversed; M. B——y remaining perfectly calm and without fear. The visitor then bade him farewell saying that he should be seen no more on this earth; and as M. B——y gazed, he saw him gradually disappear. Again he was seized with intense awe and terror; but this time he did not hesitate to write to his friend's mother, saying that circumstances which had come to his knowledge led him to entertain serious fears as to the safety of her son. Scarcely had the poor mother received this first intimation of danger, when the official communication reached her, announcing the sad event as having taken place on the *very day* when M. B——y had first seen his mysterious visitor, and enclosing a photograph, representing his friend in the strange dress which had surprised him, and which he found was the one adopted by colonists in that distant part of Algeria.

ASHTON BRAND.

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A Counsel of Perfection.

BY LUCAS MALET.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," "MRS. LORIMER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"De toutes les passions violentes, celle qui sied le moins mal aux femmes, c'est l'amour."

"AND so you mean to go as a lamb to the slaughter. Without striking a single blow for freedom, you will permit yourself to be hauled back to that prison. It is horrible, absolutely horrible, Miss Casteen."

Antony Hammond stood in the middle of the road, holding a cigarette between his fingers, and spoke in his usual good-tempered half-bantering way.

He would say it lightly; but he felt he must say it, or he would run the risk of actually bursting with provocation. For he had had a few minutes' private conversation with Mr. Denison, while the party was waiting for luncheon at the inn, which, while deepening his instinctive repulsion to Dr. Casteen, had also deepened his sense of the virtues of that disagreeable old gentleman's daughter. She was behaving too well—so it seemed to Hammond,—unnaturally, almost ridiculously well. And, let the consequences be what they might, he felt compelled to tell her so.

"You observed the way she kept the letter," Mr. Denison had said to him. "She did that simply to shield the old man. She was afraid I might read it again, and that my wife might get hold of it. It was an outrageous letter, Hammond. You would have felt so too, if you'd seen it. An atrocious letter—full of innuendoes and implied accusations against her. You might suppose that Miss Casteen was a detestably bad daughter; a

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kind of Regan and Goneril and *Anastasie de Restaud* rolled—so to speak you know—into one; instead of being what she is—well—in fact," Mr. Denison had here fixed his blue eyes mournfully on an extremely smart Frenchman seated on the box of an approaching carriage, very much to the amusement of that well-finished young gentleman—"in fact, one of the very noblest women I had ever had the honour of knowing. And then writing all this to me and getting the curate to act as secretary! It is hardly possible to conceive more villainously bad taste. It was an insult to Miss Casteen. The whole letter was a flagrant insult. And it was unpardonable to put me in such a position. Infamous!—you agree with me there Hammond, don't you?—And you saw how she behaved under it all."

Mr. Denison wriggled wildly.

"She excused him," he moaned; "actually took elaborate trouble to excuse him."

Hammond had vented his sympathy and agreement in the ejaculation of certain desires regarding the future of the distinguished rector of Bishop's Marston which it is superfluous to set down here. And now, as he stood in the middle of the road with his cigarette between his fingers, he felt obliged to prove to Lydia Casteen what an extremely ill-used person she was. Her resignation appeared to him almost to verge on callousness, to argue a want of delicate perception. He felt he must speak. And he was alone with her, for the two had wandered on and on up the magnificent valley, in the still, diffused afternoon light, leaving their companions far behind.

"Please don't talk about prisons," Lydia answered quietly. "I am only going home."

"Upon my word, Miss Casteen, it seems to me the words home and prison are pretty well synonymous in the case of some women."

Lydia made no immediate reply; but busied herself by adding some quaint pale blossoms of grass of Parnassus and some fronds of oak-fern, from among the blue-grey boulders composing the rough wall on the right of the road, to the bunch of wayside flowers she held in her hand.

"I wish you would show fight," Hammond went on, standing a little behind her and watching her movements as she bent down to pick the tender little ferns. "Somebody ought to point things out to you; and as no one else seems inclined to do so, I make bold to take the office of Mentor on myself."

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"Mentor never preached sedition," Lydia said with an attempt at lightness, but without looking round.

"Nor do I preach it, Miss Casteen. I only preach foresight and moderation. You are establishing a bad precedent. You are too yielding. If you will pardon my saying so, you are very much too exquisitely amiable."

Lydia straightened herself up with an abrupt action, and looked full at Hammond. He saw—and, with the curious mixedness of feeling habitual to him, he was both glad and troubled at seeing—that, for once, her clear eyes were suffused by tears.

"No, no," she said, "you judge me too kindly. You think much too well of me. I am not at all amiable. I am afraid I do not in the least want to go home. It is very disagreeable to me to go home. And that is wrong of me. But it has been so interesting here. And I have been so very happy."

She continued looking at him with the same full liquid gaze.

"I have come to understand so much that I never understood before. My conception of life has been a very meagre and contracted one heretofore. I am not ashamed of that, it was inevitable. I have never tried to deceive myself upon the point. I have never found any satisfaction in pretending it was otherwise. Indeed I should have been very sorry to think that the possibilities of life could be measured by my small experience; just as I should have been sorry to think that our reposeful inland landscape at Bishop's Marston was the measure all possible of picturesqueness and grandeur. There is something very inspiring in thinking of the great vague Beyond—even if one can never hope to see, or know, or enter into it oneself. It hangs like the golden light at evening in the west;—sunset to us, but sunrise somewhere else for others. I have comforted myself in the thought of those others. Ever since I can remember, certain words, even names of places, have given me a delicious sensation, have been full of infinite suggestion to me. I knew it was improbable I should ever make any nearer acquaintance with them; but that did not seem to matter,—at least not very much. I express myself so badly.—But don't you think there are many things, of which one is content to know that they are, and that some people have enjoyed them? That seems enough; one does not aspire to have a personal share in them. You understand what I mean?"

At this plain question Hammond looked down on the ground. His good-tempered neat-featured face wore a curious expression.

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Miss Casteen appeared to him a person of very fine fibre indeed. And he had the grace to be by no means proud of himself as he stood there before her.

"I don't dare to say that I understand," he replied. "But I am very sure that this would be a very much better world if more of us did understand. Such altruism as that, I'm afraid though, is hardly likely ever to become the practical creed of the majority."

Lydia's eyes rested upon him for a few seconds in silence. Her heart was very full just then. It was not easy for her to maintain her composure.

"May we walk on, please," she said in low voice.

Then, as they moved forward, she spoke again.

"You asked me last night if you had done anything to make this time pass pleasantly, and I did not answer you. I could not do so. But now that I am going away it would be ungrateful not to tell you what a difference you have made in my thoughts about many things—how much I shall always owe you for your kindness."

Hammond turned to her quickly. The balance no longer hung quite even, the situation was developing. He would have to go forward. He hesitated, a moment, and then began to speak. But Miss Casteen did not notice it. She walked along the pale road, staring—though in truth she saw them but indistinctly—at the hundred glancing streams that lace the lower slopes of the Breithorn, gathering themselves at last into the one mighty cascade of the Schmadribach above the purple pine woods at the head of the valley.

"It has all widened out so since I have been here," she went on. "Doors seemed to have opened on all sides of me—you have found the key and unlocked some of them—and I have looked through them, and seen, sometimes clearly, sometimes as in a beautiful haze, what I had only dreamed of before; and my dreams fell very short of the reality.—Now the doors are shutting. And that is why I do not care to go home. For it is rather sad to see them shutting. I feel pretty sure they will never open again.

Miss Casteen's voice broke in a quick sighing sob as she uttered the last few words. But her weakness was brief. She threw back her head with a movement of defiant courage.

"It is selfish to grumble," she said. "In any case I go back much richer than I came."

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How far Hammond really wished to proceed in the direction of courting Miss Casteen, he would, I suppose, even now, have found it impossible to say. He must speak. But all speech seemed to him dangerous; for he knew he should thereby run a risk of blocking his way of escape. Yet Miss Casteen's sorrow, her resignation, the dash of heroism which he recognized in her words and attitude, affected his imagination strongly. For a moment they came very near crushing his self-love,—his very nice calculation of that which might tend to his private advantage.

"Don't go back," he said, with unusual seriousness. "Pray don't. You may fancy yourself richer, but I very much fear you are only so in your increased capacity of suffering. Forgive my saying it, but it strikes me you have only gained the power of truly estimating your own deprivations. Before, as you have just told me, your life was meagre. You were clever enough to know that. But you only knew it by force of imagination, not by comparison and personal experience. Now you will realize the meagreness in quite a new way. It will be wretchedly painful to you. I know it will. Stay away a little longer. You make a perfect fetich of duty. Don't do that."

The sound of his own words excited Hammond. And excitement drove him forward and made him say more than he really wished to say. His condition of mind was curious. His conception of Miss Casteen's discomforts, both present and future, was very vivid and complete; his sympathy with the position in which she was placed was acute. Yet it was all superficial, a matter of artistic sensibility merely; for even as he spoke, he was most disagreeably aware that the way of escape was being blocked behind him, and that every word must render retreat more difficult and ungraceful.

"Stay a little longer," he repeated. "Give yourself—give us both more time, Miss Casteen."

"Oh, I can't. I must not. Don't tempt me," Lydia cried.

She stopped abruptly, startled at the shrillness of her own voice, at the fervency of her own emotion. Then the hot colour leapt up into her face again; and Hammond, standing close to her, read once more in her eyes the avowal which he had read in them the night before, during the performance at the Casino. Read it clearly and unequivocally. For in that brief interval Lydia's love awoke fully,—awoke and knew the strength of its

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own nature; passed, in a flash of intense and penetrating perception, from the unconscious to the conscious stage.

Poor Miss Casteen was, as we know, preposterously inexperienced in affairs of the heart. The moral shock of this discovery was a severe one; and, since the spiritual and material parts of us are given to a pretty lively interchange of amenities—or otherwise—the physical shock was severe also. Lydia felt herself grow very weak. It was not precisely romantic, perhaps, but she was sensible that she could not walk any further. She sat down on the low blue-grey wall by the roadside, pulled off her hat and gloves, and pressed her hands down on the cold stones on either side of her. The very foundations of her being were shaken. Everything around her and within had grown fantastic, unreal, improbable. She had a necessity upon her to restore her own sense of reality by getting hold of something solid, utterly irresponsive and insusceptible. Stones that have borne, through long ages, the grind of the glacier, and subsequently have been treated to the rather brutal horse-play of a mountain torrent, are admirably adapted for such a purpose. The chill of their hard surface struck into her tender yielding flesh like the touch of a dead hand. And with that chill, by a dismally appropriate association of ideas, came the thought of her father.

Yes, the moral choice was here. It had presented itself with a swiftness, and in a form, that she had not anticipated. And Lydia faced it, braced herself to it bravely. But it was not easy to do so.

As she looked up at Hammond there were strangely conflicting elements in her expression—a certain reserve and quiet dignity, yet a desperation of appeal.

"Ah! do not say anything more about my staying," she said. "Don't make it all more difficult for me—don't make it harder, Mr. Hammond, please."

It was Antony Hammond's turn to receive a shock this time. Case-hardened in the ways of the ordinary, somewhat crooked-minded, men and women of society as he was, it was not always easy for him to believe in the entire guilelessness of Miss Casteen's utterances. In the case of a lady—like his old flame, Madame Cyfveer, for instance—he knew that an appeal such as this would be no more than a well-arranged bit of coquetry, ringing up the curtain upon a very pretty comedy of insistence on the one part, and coy, but sure, yielding on the

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other. In Miss Casteen's case it was different. And he exclaimed, with a singular movement of irritation :—

"And you mean it. That's the intolerable part of it all. I believe you invariably tell the truth. You always mean what you say."

Lydia smiled rather proudly, and bowed her head in acquiescence. Those scarred and ice-ground boulders imparted a curious strength of resistance to her; though her attitude was still cramped and strained, as of one who clings to the nearest support in actual fear of falling.

"Do not think me ungracious," she said, gently, at last; "but would you mind leaving me here for a little while? I am foolishly tired. The scenery has been so beautiful that I suppose I hardly knew how far we had walked. I want a few minutes' rest. I should be glad to be silent and alone."

Unquestionably now there could be no doubt as to her honesty. And then, with a movement of relief, none the less genuine because he was well aware that it was contemptibly selfish, Hammond perceived that the way of escape was not blocked after all. Miss Casteen had swept away the obstruction. He was still free to retire. He knew perfectly that the better part—that which any man would choose whose sympathy and admiration had a true ring in them, would be to stay, to offer himself to this woman, of whose affection he felt pretty certain, in plain terms ;—to wrest her away, to save her against her will, if needs be, from the dreary future to which she was sacrificing herself.

But—and this, too, had its side of convenience—just then he suffered one of those moments of lucidity, before mentioned, in which he admitted that neither his sympathy nor admiration did ring very true. They were base coin gilded over. He had only been amusing himself, only playing a very interesting game. And, by a specious bit of sophistry, he speedily convinced himself that it would be a very unhandsome action to pass this false coin of love—to offer this counterfeit guinea against Miss Casteen's pure gold one. It would be more honourable to bring the game to a close—tiresome as it was to do so, for it had been really delightful in the playing,—to take her words literally, to obey her.

So, after but brief hesitation, he lifted his hat, turned away, and walked on up the quiet road.

Left to herself, Lydia changed her position slightly. She drew a long breath, put up her hands and smoothed her

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pretty hair that the fresh mountain breeze had ruffled. Then slowly, almost unwillingly, she raised her head and gazed after Hammond's receding figure. The said figure was neither stately nor dramatic. It showed one shade darker of drab against the long, drab-coloured road. And it was, I regret to say, distinctly round-about. For Hammond had arrayed himself, with a view to a walk of some length, in a very short coat, knickerbockers, stockings, and brown holland half-gaiters—concealing the upper leathers of his tan shooting-boots. This costume was peculiarly calculated to show off his inclination to *embonpoint.* Miss Casteen, however, was unaware of, or indifferent to, these details of his personal appearance.

There are emotions so delicate that it is almost impossible to put them on paper without doing them injustice, without coarsening them. And Lydia Casteen's love was an emotion of this rare and charming quality. For she was a born idealist. She was, when her more intimate feelings were concerned, poetical rather than practical. She was, therefore, in regard to this matter, incapable of being clear-headed and positive. It never occurred to her to judge Hammond; to suspect him of having flirted with her; or to suppose that he had given her pledges which he was bound, if not actually in honour, still in courtesy, to redeem. She only knew that his presence produced in her an indefinable sense of gladness; that she had grown to listen for his every word; that she thrilled into intenser consciousness whenever her eyes met his. She knew that it would be bitter, to the point of absolute anguish, to bid him farewell—as she must bid him farewell to-morrow—with no hope of seeing him again. She knew that something had passed into her very being, had become an indissoluble part of her, which she could neither place nor name; but which had imparted a sweetness, a colour, a kind of glory to her inward atmosphere, that—so she believed now at least—time and change would alike be powerless to destroy. She loved simply, deeply, purely; with no thought of reciprocal obligation, no demand, no expectation that the coming days would produce any alteration in her relation to Antony Hammond. She would start on her solitary journey back to England to-morrow; she would take up her old, quiet, studious life again. Lydia's will never swerved from the straight line of that plain duty, even in passing fancy.

But love of this order, silently giving much and looking to receive little or nothing in return, must needs be sad. And as

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Miss Casteen rested there, watching Hammond's receding figure, she was unquestionably very sad. Yet she felt neither injured nor angry. She just took her sadness for granted, as an integral part of the new phase of emotion and experience upon which she had entered. She had a strange half-faint sensation, as of the languor that accompanies bodily hunger. It was distressing, but still she took a pensive pleasure in it;—as some religious devotee might take pleasure in smart of the lash, reddening his flesh, or the ache of the rough cord about his loins. She did not wish to feel differently.

The sun had just disappeared over the crest of the enormous range of rock walls, on the green slopes lying back from which stand the villages of Gimmelwald and Mürren. From among the straggling pines that fringe the edge of these precipices, the sun threw downward-slanting shafts of misty brightness that cut the shadow, hanging over the southern side of the valley, as with golden stairways. Through these, the forest showed, soft as velvet, sleeping in deep blue haze, below bare steeps of rock threaded with silver waterfalls. While far above pastureland, and forest, and precipice, and cascade,—still bathed in the full splendour of the sunlight,—the glittering procession of the great snow mountains rose into the cloudless serenity of the afternoon sky.

Lydia Casteen had lost sight of Hammond. She seemed to herself to sit there on the blue-grey boulders, with the rich flat green meadows stretched around her, alone in that magical valley, shut in by the cold barriers of the eternal snows, for a long, long while. The air was full of the voices of falling water. Once the tremendous crunch and long-drawn rattle of an avalanche broke, in ominous thunder, across the continuous hoarse murmur of the streams. At first there had seemed a great repose to Lydia in this lonely converse with nature. But by degrees the silence—silence as far as all living creatures went—became oppressive. The solitude came to be terrific. All this cold bright magnificence, these vast untrodden regions, uplifted in mid-air, appeared to her ghastly in their smiling calm. Her worship changed to fear.

The emotions of the day had been many and very various. Lydia was excited, and overwrought. An unreasoning horror of the mountains took possession of her. She rose, picked up her hat hastily, and stepped out into the middle of the pale roadway.

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It seemed to her as though Antony Hammond would never come back. She had learnt from him the bitter-sweet secret of love, and now he was gone, leaving her alone for ever and ever, spellbound amid this hateful, heartless, mocking beauty.

She looked all round—called him aloud, once, twice. And then turned and walked as rapidly as she could back in the direction of Lauterbrunnen.

CHAPTER IX.

"On se persuade mieux, pour l'ordinaire, par les raisons qu'on a trouvées soi-même, que pas celles qui sont venus dans l'esprit des autres."

Mrs. Denison, meanwhile, had not been spending an entirely happy day. Her appreciation of the beauties of nature was limited. So, also, as Hammond had pointed out to Miss Casteen, was her appreciation of Mr. Denison's society. She had married that worthy member of the Radical party chiefly, it must be allowed, because he happened to prefer his suit at a period when matrimonial hopes were growing somewhat slender. His relations were unexceptionable, his income considerable, and his moral character unimpeachable. Mrs. Denison proceeded to play the part of blushing bride and devoted wife in a somewhat exaggerated and ostentatious manner, as women will, who espouse the "honourable estate," rather than the individual man. She was dumbly suspicious of having missed the heart of the matter. And this, while it made her very anxious to throw dust both in the eyes of her neighbours and in her own, made her extremely susceptible in the matter of her husband's superficial peculiarities. She was always trying to persuade herself that she was not just a little bit ashamed of Albert Denison. The finer aspects of his character she had the sufficient wit to use, though she lacked sufficient wit to rate them at their true value.

It followed that Mrs. Denison had no unquenchable thirst for a prolonged conjugal *tête-à-tête*. And, when—after the little party had done their duty by the Staubbach—upon her declaration that it was impossible for her to "go one step further," Antony Hammond had carried off Miss Casteen leaving her alone with her husband, Mrs. Denison began to feel that an expedition to the famous Lauterbrunnen Valley, even when a friend does pay the piper, may prove only one more among life's long list of deceptions.

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"My good Sultan, do go too," she had said, with an extended hand and much emphasis.

But Mr. Denison, who, as we know, had an inordinate sense of obligation, insisted on acting Ruth to her Naomi, and stoutly refused to leave her. This admirable, if dull, man cherished the fond delusion that of course he and his wife were the happiest of married pairs; and that their happiness never proclaimed itself in so conspicuous and unmistakable colours as when they were alone together. Fired by this amiable, if ill-supported, conviction, he proceeded to talk a great deal to her, chiefly upon the subject of sixpenny telegrams,—an invention just then under the consideration of the powers that happened to be,—weighing carefully all the advantages and disadvantages of the proposed telegraphic innovation, and its probable effect on the revenue of the Post Office.

Now the subject of sixpenny telegrams, though no doubt vastly interesting to some minds, did not happen to be in the very least so to Mrs. Denison's. And she yawned several times as she sat on a bench at the base of the green cone, up which the ardent sight-seer struggles to obtain a near view of the Staubbach. She continued to yawn at short intervals, as she loitered down past the booths, containing *pierres des Alpes* and wood-carvings, that line the road for some fifty yards out of the melancholy little village.

She nodded, and smiled, and exclaimed, and addressed her companion by many endearing titles—for Mrs. Denison had the good taste to treat her husband to all her small airs and graces in solitude as well as in society—and tried hard to think of something else. Feared the long-frocked sad-faced children would certainly give her fleas; and ended by wishing sixpenny telegrams, shilling telegrams, telegrams all and sundry and the senders of them, at the bottom of the Dead Sea.

"Of course the gain will be chiefly to the working classes. All cheapening of the means of communication is to be desired on their account."

But there, to his hearer's great thankfulness, Mr. Denison broke off, leaving the postal revenue to take care of itself for a few minutes, while he applied his mind to questions more immediately connected with the surrounding scene.

"You know in my opinion, Emily, you really ought to buy some of that stuff," he said, pointing to some hanks of lace depending from the counter of a little booth. "It's a duty to

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support local industries. I'm afraid people don't realize their responsibilities enough in that way. Here we English, for instance, overrun this country every summer,—make a sort of Rosherville Gardens of it,—demoralize a section of the *bourgeois* class by allowing them to bleed us to a really shameful extent, while we fail to benefit the peasant in any direct manner. Probably, indeed, we conduce to the degradation of the peasant. Look at those children selling flowers, for example. If there was time, I really would speak to the syndic about it. It is mere black-mailing — barefaced, shameless black-mailing. It ought to be put a stop to by the authorities. But the lace is different Couldn't you find a use for it, Emily? Could you tell Runciman to—er—well—to sew it on—well, on your underclothing?"

"My dear Sultan," cried the lady, "what on earth do you know about underclothing? It's so horribly coarse."

Mr. Denison cut at some weeds with his stick and wriggled in profound embarrassment.

"My dear," he said, in his most apologetically remonstrant tone, "I'm sure I really meant no harm. I beg your pardon. Of course it is not a matter for general conversation. But I cannot help knowing that every one does wear under-garments of different forms. And I had an impression—a strong impression—that it was customary for ladies to ornament them with what you, I believe, call—er—edgings."

Mrs. Denison's eyelids fluttered. She fancied herself tired. She knew she was bored. At such times her marriage too often assumed the aspect of a very questionable blessing. She, however, explained her remark.

"Oh!—er—yes. I see. You referred to the lace—exactly. I beg your pardon," Mr. Denison answered slowly.—"Yes, exactly. —As I was saying, the loss to the revenue, by the reduction in the cost of each telegram, will, in my opinion, be compensated for by the large increase in the number sent, especially by the working classes. In the long run that gain will more than counterbalance the immediate loss."

"Oh! no doubt it will," Mrs. Denison observed, with a despairing sigh. "The dear good Sultan really becomes a wee bit intolerable," she thought. She determined to change the current of the conversation. Her patience was growing as thin as a thread-paper. She took her husband's arm.

"Albert," she said, in her most coyly confidential manner, "I want you to tell me,—of course, you men always understand

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each other more or less, don't you know.—Do you believe that Mr. Hammond has any serious intentions?—It is a dreadfully vulgar word, but one doesn't quite know how else to put it."

"Intentions about what?" Mr. Denison enquired, swinging his walking-stick with dangerous disregard of the heads and eyes of possible passers-by. "I like Hammond—always have liked him. But there is a lamentable want of solidity about him. I've always said the same thing, and I know even some of his oldest friends feel with me there. He fritters away his talents. He has no real sense of responsibility, you know. It is a great pity. I often feel some one ought to put it before him. He has so little staying power—power of sticking soberly to one thing."

For some reason these strictures did not, apparently, displease the lady. She had quite ceased to yawn.

"Ah! I see. You think just as I do. He is merely amusing himself."

"He never does anything but merely amuse himself, I am afraid. That silly mania for amusement has been his bane. Hammond might have done well, very well, if it hadn't been for that."

As he spoke, Mr. Denison jerked up his arm involuntarily, but violently.

"The Grand Lama is very, very restless," murmured Mrs. Denison, addressing an unseen audience.

She tipped her hat a little more forward, and arranged her brown gauze veil.

"Well, on the whole, I am not altogether sorry," she said reflectively. "Considering her antecedents and her bringing-up, you know, and all that, though she is one of the sweetest creatures in the world, I did feel that for him it would be rather a pity—just a little throwing himself away."

"Whose antecedents and bringing up? Throwing himself away?—I don't quite grasp your meaning, Emily."

"Why you know how much I value dearest Lydia. Of course she's quite delightful. I always tell everybody she is quite delightful. But well-connected as Mr. Hammond is—I was talking to Lady Louisa about it, and she agreed at once that Lydia was wonderfully lady-like, considering everything. But, of course, she wouldn't be quite, quite up to his level, don't you know. In point of fact, Albert, I really am rather relieved at your saying that he is only amusing himself. She wants to go away to-morrow. Poor dear! perhaps it really is just as well

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she should go at once. And then I dare say all this affair will blow over and be forgotten. Of course I shall say nothing more about her staying. I see, now, how wise you were in stopping me when I spoke of it this morning. It really all turns out much best as it is."

Mr. Denison listened to these observations in growing bodily agitation. He twisted and hitched himself about in the most surprising fashion.

"You don't mean to imply, Emily, I hope, that Hammond has been amusing himself at—really it is most offensive to me to discuss such a subject—at Miss Casteen's expense, that he has been playing fast and loose with her, in fact? It is incredible, absolutely preposterous that he can have been doing so. If he has, as your words seem to imply, all I can say is that he deserves to be cut by every decent acquaintance he has."

"My dear Albert," interposed his wife, vividly conscious of the singular spectacle presented by her better half to the eyes of the enquiring tourist—"pray, pray don't get into such a fuss."

"Well-connected! Best as it is!" he repeated, regardless of her remonstrance. "Why in my opinion Hammond is not fit to black Miss Casteen's boots."

"Really"—began Mrs. Denison.

But the good man had wriggled himself quite free of her by this time. He stood opposite to her in the middle of the road, his long loosely-made figure in marked contrast to her plump well-favoured person, sawing the air with one arm,—a gesture to which he was largely addicted when denouncing abuses in the House of Commons—while he went on protesting.

"I can't credit it," he said. "I really cannot bring myself to believe that Hammond has had the audacity to flirt with Miss Casteen—to attempt to make a toy, a pastime of that clever, cultivated, charming woman. He cannot be such an ass, such a coxcomb, such an infernal puppy."

"Oh! oh!" cried Mrs. Denison.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Emily," he rejoined humbly. "But it is the sort of thing one really cannot endure in silence, you know. Upon my word, if you have any reason to think her—her affections—it is not nice to say it, but that is the plain English of it—have been in the least degree engaged, I'll have it out with him. It will be extremely disagreeable, but I cannot consider that. It will be my duty to speak to him first"—Mr. Denison fixed his mild eyes on the sun-stained radiance of

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the Jungfrau—"and I won't say that it may not be my duty to horsewhip him afterwards."

His wife gave a little cry, and regarded him fixedly for a moment, a very queer expression coming into her bright untrustworthy face.

"The Grand Lama certainly is the most dear, delightful, extraordinary, ridiculous person I ever met," she said, half aloud.

She smiled and nodded; but her tone had an edge to it. For, it must be conceded that it struck the good lady the praises of Lydia Casteen were being chanted with a rather uncalled-for volume of sound.—"Albert is the best creature in the world, you know," she had said more than once to intimate friends. "He is incapable of playing about. You might pack him off to spend a day with Venus herself, don't you know, without feeling the least bit nervous as to consequences. He really is so quaint. He would only talk to her about political economy probably, or finance." And this she knew would have proved literally true, had Olympus been sufficiently handy to permit of practical experiment. Still she was aware of the sudden kindling of a rather hot flame of annoyance towards Lydia. She registered a change of feeling towards that wholly innocent lady. It frequently occurs that a woman is jealous, in proportion as she is not very deeply in love with her husband. And Mr. Denison's next remark by no means tended to smother that flame.

"But, of course, Miss Casteen would never contemplate accepting such a mere loafer and dilettante as Hammond—there is that comfort—even if he has made the advances you seem to suppose," he said.

Mrs. Denison's laugh was slightly forced.

"Ah! my dear, don't attempt to prophesy under that head," she exclaimed. "You never can tell what strangely improbable being a woman may not accept, you know, particularly when she has reached dearest Lydia's age—forty—she must be just upon forty. We are all incredibly, amazingly good-natured at times, don't you know."

Mr. Denison turned away.

"It is a most objectionable subject of conversation," he said mournfully. "I feel that I have been guilty of a downright impertinence towards Miss Casteen in discussing her affairs in this way, behind her back. Of course I am glad to know; and I shall be on the watch, because I may find it incumbent upon me to speak to Hammond. But it places me in an intensely

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awkward position with Miss Casteen. I feel I owe her a profound apology,"

"Pray continue to owe it," his wife returned.

Her eyelids fluttered very perceptibly. This question was rapidly becoming as annoying as that of the effect of reduced telegraphic rates upon the postal revenue. But this present annoyance, though equal in degree, was different in kind to the former. It did not, in the least, incline Mrs. Denison to yawn, for instance.

"Continue to owe your apology, my dear Albert," she repeated. "To make it would involve an explanation which even you, marvellously good and courageous as you are, might find embarrassing. After all, Lydia goes to-morrow, you know. Ah! there she is!—My dearest Lydia, how funny, we were just talking about you, hoping you were having a nice walk, don't you know, and enjoying the mountains! Not tired? I'm so glad! But my sweetest Lydia, you know you do look a little wee bit tired."

And Mrs. Denison's eyes fixed themselves in very acute scrutiny upon Miss Casteen's face. She felt insecure as to the line her husband might see fit to adopt at this crisis. To avoid a possible demonstration on his part, she did more than talk, she actually jabbered.

"Certainly, certainly you do look a little fagged, dear. I'm so sorry. We must give you some tea. Do go on down to the inn, Albert, and order some tea, And where is the *cavaliere servente?* Coming? Ah! yes. Albert, do you hear, Miss Casteen is tired; go at once and order tea.—Just let me take your arm down the hill, dearest. For the last time, don't you know. That wretched parting to-morrow! The Sultan gave me his arm just now, but then the Sultan never quite knows where he is going. We tumble about quite too dreadfully. One must own the dear thing is the most uncomfortable person in the world to attempt to walk arm in arm with."

The good lady watched the increasing distance between herself and Miss Casteen and that most uncomfortable person with a corresponding increase of relief and satisfaction. She began to dawdle, still holding her companion's arm.

"And, my dearest Lydia, you have enjoyed this little expedition?" she enquired presently.

Miss Casteen's face was rather wan. She did unquestionably look tired. Yet she answered with her pretty air of gentle playfulness.

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"Oh! yes. But I think I have been a little humiliated, too. The mountains are so great. They make one so very well aware of one's own insignificance. It is so difficult to believe, in face of their immensity, that one matters at all—that there can be any guiding, sustaining love and care over such a poor little atom as oneself. Not a sparrow falls to the ground, I know; but, at moments, this afternoon, I have felt it would be flattery to value myself at the worth even of a sparrow."

She paused, hesitated, and then added:—

"I am thankful the scenery at home is conspicuously devoid of all this sublimity. I could not live among mountains. I am afraid they would infect me with a kind of despairing nihilism."

Mrs. Denison leaned rather heavily upon the younger woman.

"Dearest Lydia!" she exclaimed, with a great show of affection, "you see you really are so superior and unimaginative, and so on. Now I never feel that sort of thing; it never seems to occur to me. Isn't it odd?"

She gave her hat another tip forward.

"I was telling Lady Louisa about all the clever deep subjects, heresies and so on, you go in for with dear Dr. Casteen, you know, only yesterday, and she was so surprised. She said you kept it all so beautifully to yourself that one would really never suspect it. And I told her what a charming peaceful life you have always led, don't you know, like something in a delightful old book—so elevated in tone, and unlike other people. It is such a pity you must go, dearest—but I quite understand, of course you must—because Lady Louisa would so like to have seen something more of you. And, then, it really is dreadful to me to lose you, too. I did want to remonstrate, you know; but the Grand Lama became so very authoritative. I know people always fancy I have my own way; but I don't. The Grand Lama is tremendously decided."

The flow of Mrs. Denison's eloquence temporarily ceased, and her comely face took on a very ambiguous expression.

"I can't help wondering, you know, sometimes how we strike people, Albert and I," she said; "only it's so impossible to get at the truth of that sort of thing. Now what would you say, you dear sweet Lydia? Would you say we were a very devoted couple?"

"Oh, of course—I hope so," Miss Casteen answered, shrinking

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somewhat before this demand for excessive frankness. "One takes for granted, don't you think, that people care for each other very much if they marry? That is just why they do marry, isn't it?"

"That would be just why you would marry, if you did marry," the elder woman rejoined quickly. "I wonder if you ever will marry, Lydia? You would make the sweetest wife. But it would be a pity to break up that lovely home-life, you know. It is so perfect, so unlike anything else; you feel it would be rather—rather a pity to break it up now, don't you?"

Miss Casteen wished that her friend had lighted on some less intimate subject of conversation; but she was unsuspicious. It did not occur to her that the lady was subjecting her to the process vulgarly known as *pumping*. And then it was a comfort to her to remark Mrs. Denison's tone in alluding to her home. It gave her a good hope that Dr. Casteen's obnoxious letter had escaped general discussion. Miss Casteen was one of those persons who have a strong desire, as the saying goes, to wash their dirty linen in private. She answered quickly and gravely:—

"I have never thought about marrying. There is no fear of my breaking up our home-life. I could not leave my father."

"Ah! it is so easy to say that beforehand, dearest Lydia," Mrs. Denison cried, with much meaning. "Beforehand, don't you know. But some one might make you, even you, faithful as you are, see all that in quite a different light."

Just then a long string of carriages, the fine solidly-built horses straining against their collars, came slowly up the hill from the inn. The two ladies stood back to let it pass; Mrs. Denison bridling, with a slightly self-conscious air, as she encountered the stares of the occupants of these vehicles.

We English are accused of staring. But the British stare, at worst, is dull and ox-like, the natural offspring of underlying shyness. Commend me to the impudently critical French stare; the purposelessly-giggling German stare; the aggressively self-assertive American stare, for supreme provokingness. Stares in all four styles, and plenty of them, were levelled at Miss Casteen and Mrs. Denison as they stood amid the dusty trampled grass and flowers by the roadside. But the former was altogether too deeply engaged in schooling herself to bear a certain gnawing pain that seemed to be eating into the very substance of her heart, to be greatly concerned regarding the

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effect she might produce upon the casual observer. The pain made her weary; yet she would not have had it cease entirely, for it was the seal of the actuality of an experience, and that experience was precious to her. She no more wanted to rid herself of the smart of it, than the tired mother wants to rid herself of the sick child lying in her arms, because the weight of that dear burden has made them ache. Poor Mrs. Denison's pains, however, were those of emptiness rather than of fulness. Her arms had never carried anything more substantial than a bundle of small foolish worldly vanities, flimsy kindnesses undertaken and then half-repented of, wrapped round with a network of silly vacant uncertain desires. Consequently, perhaps, she was very much occupied with all the staring. She became extra-animated, over-indifferent, amazingly absorbed—to all appearance—in her companion.

"Some one, you know, my sweetest Lydia," she repeated under cover of the grinding noise of carriage-wheels and tramp of horse-hoofs—"some one might, as I say, make you change your mind, you know, and see all that in a very different light."

Miss Casteen was the taller of the two. There was a measure of pride in the pose of her straight slim figure, and in her calm face, as she looked down at her friend and answered her, which did not escape the respectful notice of more than one of the crowd passing by.

"I trust no one would ever make me see plain right and wrong in a new light. That would be doing me an ill service indeed."

Lydia's lips parted in a sad, but very charming smile.

"At bottom," she said, "I am afraid I am very obstinate. I am afraid I take people in. I seem to yield. I even try to persuade myself that I yield. Underneath, I know, that I never yield a single inch."

Mrs. Denison laughed and nodded, and pressed her arm.

"Ah!" she cried, "you give yourself a terrible character. I believe just as much of all that as I like, you know. But one thing I do see, my sweetest Lydia, and I am so, so glad to see it! You are perfectly heart-whole. People only talk in that way when they are quite heart-whole. And, as I say, I am so glad! I don't pretend to be clever, but I have my small reasons all the same, don't you know, sometimes. And now that you are going to leave us in this tiresome abrupt way, I do like to feel comfortable about you, you dear thing!"

Mrs. Denison's eyelids fluttered.

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"I am so glad," she repeated; "so very glad!"

Miss Casteen's smooth forehead contracted in sudden anger and her colour rose. She did not choose to attach any very definite meaning to the other woman's words, yet they seemed to her to smack of officiousness, even of indelicacy. They infected the purity of her mental atmosphere with a breath of commonness, pre-eminently distasteful to her.

She moved away, turning her back upon the road and its rumbling procession of carriages. The red of the setting sun was beginning to stain the far-off snow. Lydia gave a little cry. It was as though these stupendous heights blushed with her, all aglow with a heat of responsive anger and regret at the pettiness and vulgarity of the imaginations of the hearts of most mortals. And then it came to her, that she had done the mountains an injustice—this, at least, was her fanciful, unpractical way of putting the matter to herself. Their smiling serenity did not really take its rise in hard indifference or contemptuous cruelty; but only in that apartness, that necessary solitude, which is the inevitable accompaniment, whether in outward form or inward aspiration, of all that touches on perfection. The highest, the noblest, the purest will always be alone; but very fair, very peaceful in their loneliness.

As Lydia Casteen stood gazing at those rosy spaces, she seemed to drink in the wine of a strong consolation.

The last of the carriages had rolled by. She turned round expecting to find Mrs. Denison still waiting near her; but that lady had gone on down the hill. She had intercepted her husband on his way back from ordering tea at the inn; and, from the expression of her square but well-bred back, and from the restless movements of her excellent spouse,—who gesticulated a good deal, standing now on one foot now on the other—Lydia judged that she was communicating something of interest to him. Lydia was repentant of her moment of anger. Indeed, as she contemplated this not very well-matched pair, she was filled with a genuine pity for them—for their perfectly respectable marriage unhallowed by any romance; their many worthy qualities, yet the flavour of non-success that attended them; the wife's half-gallant, half-contemptible, attempt to hide her sense of inward disappointment under a rather too transparent show of little antics; the husband's dull undiscerning loyalty to the wife whose heart he had failed ever really to win.

"Miss Casteen, you have given me an abominably bad quarter

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of an hour. I have been picturing all manner of horrors, possible and impossible, concerning you."

Hammond removed his hat and mopped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief. He was very warm. He had come to another mind about the worth of that same coin. He was not sure that it was exclusively composed of base metal. Hammond's vacillations were many. Dramatic sympathy with Miss Casteen's situation began to bear down his love of personal freedom again. She really had supplied him with some delightful sensations in the last fortnight. The little game was so pleasant to play. And then, too, she was going away to-morrow. Really Hammond felt he must—might he not, indeed, with safety—indulge himself by playing it till she went?

So he had turned back full of the desire of saying a number of interesting things to Lydia Casteen; turned back to find her gone. Then he had grown unaccountably alarmed about her, and had walked to Lanterbrunnen at a very lively rate. Had made *détours* even; had looked behind the collections of great blue-grey rocks that encumber the tiny pastures, in which grow so many more flowers than grasses. Had poked his way into stuffy chalets. Had demanded information regarding a tall lady in a black gown of the few hopeless-looking peasant women whom he chanced to meet, with such volubility and in such faultless German that they entirely failed to comprehend his questions. Had even cast uncomfortable glances at the icy waters of the rushing Lütschine. Finally, had called Miss Casteen more than once; and that, in the agitation of the moment, by her Christian name.—Hammond, in short, had never in his life come nearer proposing in good set terms to any woman, than he had, during the last three-quarters of an hour, to the woman who, as luck would have it, he could nowhere find.

The consequence of all this was, that he was very hot and rather cross.

"Why on earth, may I ask, did you vanish in that incomprehensible manner?" he said. "I took for granted you would wait for me. It was in the bond, Miss Casteen, as I understood it, that we took the walk together. You have meanly defrauded me of a pleasure I counted on. Really it appears to me remarkably unfriendly."

Hammond's crossness was never very long-lived. Already he was smiling at her, and speaking in his old half-bantering, good-tempered way.

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For her part, fortified by her colloquy with the mountains, Miss Casteen was calm enough. The first sound of his voice, it is true, sent a queer little shock through her and affected her with a momentary dizziness. But it was only momentary. Hammond's pleasant easy manner made embarrassment impossible. And then, too, the fact that she cherished no ulterior hopes, that she cheated the sadness of the present with no rose-tinted dreams of a possible future, tended to keep her quiet and passive. In patience Miss Casteen purposed possessing her soul. And that patient possession of the soul usually produces the very finest form of what is called self-possession.

"I took fright at the size of everything, except myself, up there," she said: "and so I ignominiously faced about and fled down here again, to restore my self-confidence by the spectacle of a large number of my fellow-creatures quite innocent of any sense of disproportion between their material bulk and that of the Jungfrau."

Here Mrs. Denison, from below, signalled pertinaciously with her parasol, pointed to the balcony running along the first floor of the inn, forming with her lips at the same time the word *tea*, spelled all in capital letters.

"All right. We're coming directly," Hammond shouted back, rather unceremoniously. "Look here, Miss Casteen, stop one minute, please. It may be my last chance of speaking to you. You remember what you said up there—you asked me not to make your going away harder. I may be perpetrating an idiotic impertinence, in which case pray send me about my business without the smallest mercy;—but that seemed very like an admission that I could make it harder if I tried. Miss Casteen, I tell you frankly I should like to make it so hard that I should make it impossible."

Lydia looked at him steadily. The blood left her lips, leaving her face ashy pale; but otherwise she showed no signs of agitation.

"You are very kind, I know, in intention," she said, sweetly and gently. "But I don't think even you could do that. Nothing is so hard as to be impossible if one makes up one's mind to it."

"Exactly," he answered, gaily. "And therefore, hard as it may seem, it is not impossible that I might bring you round to my point of view. That I might prove to you your right to keep the door open, to enjoy your fair share of personal liberty,

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to—— Oh! hang it all, here is Denison. My dear fellow, tea? We know it, we know it. Mrs. Denison's pantomime was more than suggestive—it was eloquent. And I shall be thankful for some tea, for Miss Casteen gave me a terrible scare just now by deserting me. I have made myself, as you see, infernally hot, racing down here again with the wind in my back."

Mr. Denison's mild visage, however, wore its gloomiest air of suspicion. His wife had given him her last version of the situation, and it was, undoubtedly, encouraging as far as Miss Casteen was concerned. Still he was anything but satisfied with Antony Hammond. He thought this talk was all bluster, pumped up for the occasion to drown the remonstrant kickings of an uneasy conscience.

"Miss Casteen," he said solemnly, "my wife tells me that you are tired. I must beg you to come in at once. There is a journey before you to-morrow, and so you must not over-fatigue yourself. Will you—er—let me take this opportunity of expressing my very deep regret that you cannot see your way to remaining longer with us? It has been a great privilege I consider——"

Mr. Denison here jerked his head forward by a spasmodic movement, and darted—if anything connected with that gentleman's action can be fitly described by so light and lively a term—a very ferocious glance at Hammond, who was walking on the other side of the lady.

"I consider it a great privilege to have had you with us, even for this short time. A privilege, Miss Casteen, and I may add a very real honour and great pleasure as well."

Lydia only said a plain "thank you;" but she said it in a way that left no doubt as to the genuine quality of her gratitude. —Yes, she was charming, Hammond thought. And he experienced an increasing distaste to the notion of losing her altogether. She formed a delightful element; she had made a distinct contribution to his knowledge of the feminine nature, in its higher forms. There was Madame Cyfveer, certainly, in the background. But just now Hammond cared singularly little about renewing his acquaintance with that highly-civilized lady. Miss Casteen became attractive in proportion as she became inaccessible. Hammond rapidly reviewed the position. He felt it was rash, for he might come to regret it; but he really could not allow her to slip away altogether.

The doorway and passage of the inn were blocked by a

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rather vociferous and remarkably smart party of tourists, just preparing, with much style, and talk, and what is commonly known as *side*, to bestow themselves in a couple of showy carriages belonging to one of the big hotels at Interlaken. Miss Casteen and the gentlemen stood aside for a few minutes to avoid the crush and clamour. Hammond made use of the occasion.

"You have not sent me about my business, Miss Casteen," he said in a low voice. "Therefore I am free to try. You really go to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes," Lydia answered, smiling rather wearily.

"And Denison takes you as far as Berne—he told me he meant to do so after luncheon. I shall have no chance of holding forth before you go. But I shall probably be moving homeward myself before long."

—Madame Cyfveer? Mentally Hammond snapped his fingers at Madame Cyfveer.—

"My sister's Assistant School Inspector's painfully athletic holiday is just over. I heard so from her to-day. And the poor demented child, of course, wants to follow his large footsteps back to England as soon as possible. She comes down to Interlaken the day after to-morrow. It is a fearful nuisance that you and she will just miss each other, Miss Casteen. I wanted you to meet. She is a dear little girl, though not a wholly wise one, *vide* her worship of the false god. But the point of the matter is this. When I do go back, may I come and see you? Come to Bishop's Marston and pay my respects to you there, Miss Casteen?"

Hammond looked down at the ground for a moment. He was not at all certain that he was not committing an egregious folly. And that very doubt imparted—so queerly are cause and effect related at times—that very doubt imparted a most telling earnestness to his manner, as he said:—

"Don't refuse to receive me. It would be little short of barbarous to refuse to receive me. Indeed it would."

Poor Lydia! how was she to apprehend or follow the twistings and doublings of this man's singularly light and unstable mind? There are more agreeable things, unquestionably, than patient endurance. And to her, just then, it was as though a space of heaven's clearest blue had revealed itself in the midst of a dim, sullen, rain-packed sky.

Her eyes gave involuntary answer.

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"Ah! I may come," he cried. "That is most kind—that is delightfully good of you!"

"Now, Miss Casteen, at last they are gone. I never saw such a bear-garden as this place. No system or management anywhere. Of course there ought to be two doors, and an organized arrangement for the arrival and departure of all the traffic. As it stands, it is a perfect scandal. If it wasn't so late I should certainly speak to the innkeeper about it."

This from Mr. Denison, as he jostled his uneven way along the stone passage, upstairs and out on to the balcony.

"The dear good Sultan is not, not very expeditious," commented his wife, in a tone of slight asperity. "The tea has grown more than cold. Here, Mr. Hammond, come and sit down by me and tell me something amusing."

Mrs. Denison yawned.

"Yes, your expedition has been matchless," she said. "Really, quite matchless, don't you know.—Albert, do pray go at once and order the carriage.—Yes, as I was saying, dearest Lydia and I are so grateful to you. I'm sure I shall never, never, as long as I live, forget my day at lovely Lauterbrunnen."

(*To be continued.*)

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Our Library List.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST. By E. GERARD. (2 vols. 25*s.* *Blackwood.*) It is always pleasant to have an unknown country and people brought vividly to one's fireside, and Mrs. Gerard, after two years' residence in Transylvania, where her husband was in command of a Cavalry Brigade, is able to give not only an excellent description of life in all its aspects, both in the towns and the mountains there, but also a most interesting account of the customs, character and legends of the various races who inhabit the province. After reading her lively pages one feels as if one had lived amongst the industrious, thriving Saxons, who are so unloveable in their grasping egotism; the Roumanians, deficient in moral qualities, but warm-hearted, generous, and developing rapidly in their desire for national independence; the Szekels, Armenians, and, above all, that gipsy race which is most attractive to the imagination, the Tziganes, who find expression for their inspired natures in their glorious music. Numerous illustrations and photographs complete the interesting impression given by Mrs. Gerard's lively and graphic writing.

EMIN PASHA IN CENTRAL AFRICA (1 vol. 16*s.* *George Philip & Son*) is a collection of the journals and letters to personal friends written by the intrepid German explorer between the years 1877 and 1883. It furnishes a perfect treasury of information regarding the peoples, fauna, and flora of the Equatorial Province. Incidental testimony is borne to the marvellous administrative powers of General Gordon, and an account is given of the rise of the Mahdi's rebellion. The letters are printed as received, with the omission only of personal details. Some repetition is thus unavoidable, but the gain in vividness and freshness makes ample compensation. Emin Pasha writes in a simple, business-like style, which bears strongly the impress of truth, and will be most welcome to readers really interested in the subject. Mrs. Felkin has done the work of translation remarkably well, and the publishers have supplied a map and an excellent index. All concerned in the production of the book may be highly complimented.

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THE HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL, by E. RENAN (1 vol. 14*s*. *Chapman & Hall*), is the first volume of the prelude to the famous *Origines du Christianisme*, and treats of the Hebrew nation from its early beginnings on the plains of Canaan to the establishment of the monarchy by David. Some previous familiarity with the subject on the part of the reader is naturally taken for granted. The volume is rather a series of essays than a connected history, for which indeed, in the author's opinion, materials do not exist. He maintains that the influence of Egypt on Jewish religion and ritual is generally over-estimated. M. Renan's mental attitude is a curious combination of sentimentality and absolute cynicism. He writes of the passionate yearnings of the human heart in tones of gentle amusement. The piquant contrast between manner and matter necessarily evaporates to a great extent in translation, for M. Renan's style is a thing of infinite subtlety. The present version appears to be meritoriously executed.

NAPOLEON AND HIS DETRACTORS, by PRINCE NAPOLEON (1 vol. 16*s*. *W. H. Allen*), reminds one of those epitaphs in which the merits of the defunct are subordinated to a relation of the virtues of the survivor. More than a quarter of the volume is occupied with a panegyrical biography of him whom the irreverent style *Plon-Plon*, and his photographed portrait appears on the frontispiece. The main body of the work is a counterblast to the scathing attack on the mighty Emperor recently published by M. Taine, and an arraignment of his witnesses, Metternich, Bourrienne, Mme. de Rémusat, and others. Statements and accusations are taken in detail; sometimes a fair case for the defence is made out, but more often abuse has to do the work of argument. The Prince's epigrams and satiric strokes suffer terribly from translation into M. Ledos de Beaufort's English, of which the following is a specimen: "It really sickens me merely to transcribe these turpitudes."

ONLY THE GOVERNESS. By ROSA N. CAREY. (3 vols. *Bentley*.) The hero of this book is called Launcelot, and he comes up to the requirements of his name. With a face, if not handsome, "full of repressed enthusiasm," he is wealthy, artistic, and spends his leisure moments in painting beautiful pictures in his immense studio. When he is not steering his sisters through their love affairs, he is rescuing starving families in the streets. He restores to her husband a young lady with whom he is deeply in love himself, and, what is more difficult, reconciles her to her sister-in law. In short, he is one of those delightful knight-errants we are so rarely indulged with now-a-days. His universal benevolence is rewarded when a neglected child whom he takes under his wing, after despatching her unsuccessful father to Australia, develops

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into a charming young lady able "to add up admirers by the score." The numerous families are described with pleasant brightness; all the characters, after being tried on the furnace of some slight contrariety, duly end in perfect happiness, and an atmosphere of wholesome prosperity pervades the book.

ROBERT ELSMERE. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. (3 vols. *Smith & Elder.*) The function of the novel as an exponent of "the moral meaning of life," and the conflicts of earnest souls, is put to its most serious use in these thoughtful pages. Though there is a bright thread of colour and worldly incident woven round the restless, brilliant figure of Rose and her admirers, the interest is centred in the husband and wife, who are made to sound almost every note in the gamut of feeling on the subject of religion. The book opens with a charming description of life in Westmoreland, and the surrender of the heroine, a beautiful saint for whom religion and duty are the only realities, to Robert Elsmere, a young clergyman of rare promise. Their devotion to their work in his Surrey living, and their happiness in each other, form a beautiful picture, till Robert, under the influence of his Squire, a famous scholar, and of the books he lends him, is assailed by doubts. He leaves the Church and settles in London, making it the object of his life to spread amongst working men the religious feeling which he feels more imbued with than ever. The study of his mind, and of his devoted wife's inability to sympathise with his religious views, is full of insight. The book is not an ordinary one, and is evidently the result of much thought and feeling.

THE NEW JUDGMENT OF PARIS. By PHILIP LAFARGUE. (2 vols. *Macmillan.*) There is this slight justification for the title, that whereas in the old Greek fable Paris had to award the prize of beauty to one of three goddesses, in Mr. Lafargue's novel Ida Bannatyne has to choose between three aspirants to her hand. John Sumner is a rich man of the world, with Radical principles, and a cynical but kindly nature. Ambrose Trevor is an æsthetic painter of the first water, also well-to-do, but dependent for his income upon the good-will of an aunt. Captain Armstrong begins as a reckless gambler and spendthrift, but blossoms into Sir Eric Armstrong, a highly-respectable Tory M.P. It would hardly be fair to anticipate Ida's choice, which forms the main point of interest in a vague and shadowy plot. But the author's reflections and opinions are smart and fashionable enough to clothe the disjointed framework of his story with a certain amount of attractiveness.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1888.

Needle-Work.

THE subject of Needlework is one full of interest and importance, for not only does the story of the needle lead us through most varied and different times, but in following the history of work we follow also that of women and their condition from the beginning, and trace in a curious and unexpected manner the development of each period. All are familiar with the tale of Penelope, but some perhaps do not remember that in order to show the importance attached to work, Homer gives her no less a teacher in embroidery than Minerva herself. Then, on the other hand, as an example of the subjection of women at that time, there is a curious little episode in the "Odyssey," which perchance may not have been noticed. While the suitors are feasting below, and Penelope working with her maidens in an upper room of the Palace, the poet Phœmius sings the events of the Trojan War, and the sufferings of the Greeks, especially of Ulysses. Overcome with grief, Penelope descends to them, and begs him to cease a song which wrings her heart. Upon this, Telemachus, a boy of fifteen, rebukes his mother, tells her she must accustom herself to hear of the misfortunes of the Greeks which were caused by the gods, and then orders her to return to her apartment, to her work, and to her women, and to leave all speech to men and to himself, who alone can command in the family in his father's absence.

In as much as we look to poetry as one of the best records of education, we will give a short sketch from one of the most charming of the ancient Roman poets, Ovid, who in his

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"Metamorphoses" gives us another instance of the respect in which needlework was held in those early times, by making the great goddess Minerva the heroine of it.

There was a young Lydian girl, daughter of a weaver, who was so skilled in the use of the shuttle and the needle that people came from afar to watch her at her work. She was known as Minerva's favourite pupil; yet instead of this pleasing her, she considered it an offence, and would not be indebted to any one for her talent. "I defy Minerva!" she said, "and will only bow to her when I find her superior to myself." One day whilst Arachne was sitting at her work, an old woman came up to her and chid her for her pride, advising her to implore the pardon of the goddess. This only increased Arachne's anger, and she challenged Minerva to a trial of skill. All at once the goddess stood before her, and the girl, still undaunted, bade her prove her superiority. The two rivals now set to work, each vieing with each other in vividly representing on their looms stories taken from the history of the gods. Arachne was acknowledged victorious by the bystanders, to the fury of Minerva, who vented her spite on her by destroying her work, and turning her into a spider.

This may seem but a trivial little tale, yet it serves to show that to excel in needlework in those days was not considered beneath the dignity of a goddess. How important is not every witness to the record of the feeling of past ages! Now embroidery can boast that it can show landmarks from the earliest times, for even when Moses and Homer wrote and sang, needlework was no new art. "The gods themselves were honoured by its service, and it preceded written history in recording heroic deeds and national triumphs." "The stuffs and fabrics of various materials of the Egyptians, Chinese, Syrians, and Chaldeans are named in the earliest records of the human race. How much these decorations depended on weaving, and how much on embroidery with the needle, is uncertain. The products of the Babylonian looms are alluded to in the book of Joshua. Their beauty tempted Achan to rescue them when Jericho fell, and Ezekiel speaks of the embroideries of Canneh, Haran and Eden, as well as of their cloths of purple and blue, and their chests of garments of divers colours." There is no national Jewish Art, it is only necessary to show their lack of original decorative knowledge to read the description of the Temple. The embroideries which have been mentioned by

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different biblical writers appear to have been inspired by Persian influence. Yet notwithstanding the fact that the Jews possessed no particular Art of their own, Solomon extols amongst the highest qualities that he attributed to the "virtuous woman whose price is far above rubies," that "she worketh willingly with her hands, she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple."

It would seem that the needle is the symbol of the definition of the woman of antiquity: "she sits at home and spinneth wool."

To turn now to the Middle Ages; many proofs are given us of the important part which needlework played there. In the age of Chivalry, women began to occupy a higher position than they had hitherto done, in part brought about by Christianity, and in part by Germanic morals and customs. The emblems and scarfs worn by Knights going to the Crusades, or taking part in tournaments, were always embroidered by the hand of some fair lady to whom, in the language of the time, they had vowed allegiance. These tokens, which they called the "colours of their lady," were an incentive to deeds of prowess and valour, and were often the only favour accorded to the knight; but this gift was sufficient to call forth his devotions; he would live and die for it.

In those days needlework was the chief occupations of the women, who were left at home in the castles, while the men were away fighting in the Crusades for their king, or for private quarrels. Besides working tokens for their knights, they also embroidered hangings for their halls and reception-rooms, priests' vestments and altar-cloths. Very little of these remain to us, but, both in prose and verse, we read descriptions of beautiful work, either woven or embroidered, and the few specimens that remain point to England's not having been behindhand in an Art so much cultivated in other countries, more especially in Italy. We are told that "Innocent III. (1246), seeing certain copes and infulæ with desirable ophreys, was informed they were English work; he exclaimed, 'Surely England is a garden of delight', in sooth this is a well inexhaustible, and where there is so much abundance from thence much may be extracted.'"*

An everlasting legacy of needlework of the Middle Ages is left

* Lady Marian Alford, 'Needlework as Art.'

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to us in the Bayeux Tapestry, formerly in the Cathedral of that town. Though some people nowadays consider that this work was done by the Empress Mathilda, and not by Mathilda wife of William the Conqueror, I do not think the evidence is sufficient to make it necessary for us to abandon the older and more popular belief. It is said that Mathilda, then Duchess of Normandy, had brought over pieces of linen cloth from Flanders, on which she depicted with her needle the exploits of Prince Harold, who was afterwards conquered and slain by her husband; at the time she began her work Harold was bethrothed to one of her daughters. She further embroidered all the events which led to the invasion and conquest of England. These scenes are so faithfully represented, as regards the costumes, customs and ways of the period, that although the drawing is faulty, almost grotesque, and the colours nearly obliterated, historians find in it a supplement to national history. "We claim it as English, both on account of the reputed worker and the history it commemorates, though the childish style of which it is a type is inferior in every way to the beautiful specimens which have been rescued from tombs in Durham, Worcester, and elsewhere. They seem hardly to belong to the same period, so weak are the designs and composition of the groups." William of Poitou, Chaplain to William the Conqueror, relates that the "Normans were as much struck on the Conqueror's return to Normandy, with the splendid embroidered garments of the Saxon nobles as with the beauty of the Saxon youth." *

Otho, Bishop of Bayeux, brother to William the Conqueror, had the tapestries placed in the Cathedral for decoration, where they hung for centuries, the object of veneration and interest. For a short time Napoleon I. transported them to Paris at the time he projected the invasion of England, as if he sought a precedent to justify his own ambition in the success of the Norman conqueror. They are now preserved in the Library at Bayeux.

These tapestries are 20 inches wide and 227 feet long; they are worked in worsted on linen, the outlines are drawn with cords, and the surface is laid in in flat stitch. The faces, flesh, and naked limbs are only drawn in outline.

By the latter half of the seventeenth century life and habits had entirely changed; the great feudal Barons were things of the past, the châtelaines had became Court ladies. This change

* Lady Marian Alford, 'Needlework as Art.'

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was especially marked in France under the influence of "le grand Roi," whose policy it was to attract the nobility to his Court and make Versailles the centre of learning, civilization, and fashion. The influence of Versailles spread far and wide. England was on the whole less infected by the spirit of imitation than other countries, and remained behind France at this time in refinement of manner, classical learning, and the outward varnish of civilization; whilst in Germany the Court of Versailles was abjectedly copied, even at the risk of losing their own nationality. A French writer gives us a charming example of how it was at his period in France, that a new phase of feminine development was begun, or, as he puts it, "ils ont réconcilié l'aiguille et les livres;" in a word, it is the beginning of the type of modern woman.

Madame de Maintenon, who founded the Institution of Saint Cyr, and who had so great an influence on the education of women of that day, is well known for the prominent place she gave to all intellectual culture, so much so, that it was at her request that Racine composed for the "Demoiselles de St. Cyr," "Esther" and "Athalie." Yet in a letter she personally addressed to a directress of this institution the following striking remarks are made: "Je suis ravie de ce que vous me mandez sur les travaux manuels des demoiselles. Ayez soin de les diversifier, afin qu'elles se lassent moins. Il faut passer du neuf au vieux, du beau au grossier, des habits au linge, aux bonnets, aux coiffes, afin qu'elles sachent un peu de tout. Vous qui êtes des mères prenez en les sentiments et apprenez leur un peu de chaque chose dans leur intérêt à elles, pour qu'elles se plaisent au travail. Comptez que c'est procurer un trésor à nos filles, que leur procurer ce goût, rien n'est plus nécessaire aux personnes de notre sexe que d'aimer le travail des mains." With all her love of art Madame de Maintenon wished to exclude art-work from her institutions, whilst Archbishop Fénelon, on the other hand, who was equally interested in the education of young girls, advised it strongly. "Je souhaite," he says, "pour les jeunes filles, des ouvrages où l'art assaisonne le travail de quelque plaisir. Ce sont pour elles comme des leçons de peinture et de dessin. En mêlant ces deux arts à leurs tapisseries, elles pourront faire des ouvrages d'une noble variété et d'une beauté qui serait au-dessus des caprices irréguliers de la mode."

It is strange the little influence that the Continental Art

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exercised over English work of this period. In Italy it was the moment of the finest secular embroideries, also in Spain and Portugal, where the most splendid hangings, carpets, &c., adorned the palaces. "The fact is, that owing to our art-killing Protectionist laws, embroidery had the misfortune to be treated at that time as textile manufacture and not as Art at all." *

In the reign of William and Mary there was naturally a great leaning towards Dutch taste, and a Germanized "Louis Quatorze" style was imported into England by the Georges. It was rich and heavy, and not always appropriate to the use to which it was put. Through George III.'s reign, furniture was covered with embroideries done in different cushion stitches; "the designs were more or less wanting in grace, and their German feeling shows them to be the precursors of the Berlin-wool patterns."

When crewel-work ceased to be in vogue, needlework took another direction, and ladies imitated Indian patterns on muslin. In 1707 "the 'Broiderers' Company,' we presume, found that the Indian manufactures were engrossing the market, and a fresh statute was obtained forbidding the importation from India of any wrought material. This cruel prohibition carried its own punishment. The Indian trade was ours, and we might have adapted and assimilated the Indian taste for design. We might have brought over men and women great in their most ancient craft, and so produced the most splendid Indo-English school. The Portuguese at least sent out their own silks and satins to be worked at Goa; we threw away our chance, and signed the death-warrant of our Art." †

The last attempt at excellence in English embroidery was due to a Mrs. Pawsey, who founded a school of needlework at Aylesbury, and was patronized by Queen Charlotte. She worked the beautiful hangings for a bed at Hampton Court. The execution is fine, and resembles some of the best French work of the same time. Mrs. Pawsey gave lessons to ladies in embroidery. After her came the total collapse of the art of decorative needlework, and the advent of the Berlin-wool work.

For many years this fashion prevailed, and seemed to satisfy the public taste. By degrees the wish for something better arose, and as a consequence of this desire for improvement in the taste of the day, the Royal School of Art-Needlework took

* Lady Marian Alford, 'Needlework as Art.'
† Ibid.

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its rise, and tried to respond to that call by encouraging original ideas and designs, and imitating old ones in conformity with modern requirements.

I have taken the very greatest interest in this movement from the beginning, and will give a slight account of its working. I cannot do better than begin by quoting from Lady Marian Alford, whose assistance for many years was invaluable, and by whose death art in every branch has suffered so cruel a loss. "The difficulties to be overcome were at first very great. The old stitches had all to be learned and then to be taught, and the best method selected; the proper materials had to be studied and obtained, and sometimes they had to be manufactured. Lastly, beautiful tints had to be dyed, avoiding as much as possible the gaudy and evanescent. The project of such a school was first conceived in the autumn of 1872 by the Hon. Lady Welby."

She, herself an accomplished embroideress, courageously faced the difficulties of the undertaking. A small room was hired in Sloane Street, and Mrs. Dolby, who was a well-known authority on ecclesiastical needlework, gave her valuable assistance. About twenty ladies were chosen, and several friends joined to help in the movement.

The School grew fast, and the number of workers increased so much, that a bigger house was taken, and in 1875 it removed to its present quarters in Exhibition Road, South Kensington. The Queen became its Patron, and it had the title "Royal" affixed to it. In 1878 the Association was incorporated under the Board of Trade, with a Managing and Finance Committee and a salarized manager.

I must here say a word as to the lady who for years has held this post, and to whose untiring zeal, devotion, and ability the present success of the School is mainly due. In spite of immense difficulties and increasing anxiety, she has steered it safely through. Although we are dependent on the assistance of the public for the popularity of the School, we can claim for it the merit of having entirely reformed the taste in Art-needlework of this generation.

"The education of the School has been much assisted by the easy access to the fine collections of ancient embroideries in the Kensington Museum, and by the Loan Exhibition of Old Artistic Work, which was there organized in 1875 at the suggestion of H.R.H. Princess Christian, the President; and

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since then there have been three very interesting Loan Exhibitions in the rooms of the Royal School. It was indeed necessary that acting members should avail themselves of every means of instruction in order to fit themselves for the task they had undertaken. They were expected at once to be competent to judge of all old work, to name its style and date, and even sometimes its market value. They were to be able to repair and add to all old work; to know and teach every stitch, ancient and modern, and produce designs for any period, Gothic, Renaissance, Elizabethan, James I. or Queen Anne, besides contemporary European work; all different, and each requiring separate study. . . .

"The earnest attempt to produce an artistic school of embroidery met with recognition and help from the highest authorities; Sir Fred. Leighton gave permission for appeals to his judgment, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Morris, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Wade, &c., gave original designs." *

From 100 to 150 ladies have worked in the School at one time; their claims were good birth, straitened means, and sufficient talent to enable them to learn themselves, and teach others. The numbers vary according to the orders received and the work required. I take this opportunity of reminding the public that their support is needed for the final practical success of the intention for which the School was started.

I feel as an English woman that this sketch of artistic needlework, slight as it is, would not be complete without some allusion to other work done at the present time by the women of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I will therefore try to trace the origin, and show how it is now naturalized amongst us. To begin with Irish lace, which is so well known and so popular nowadays. Before the eighteenth century, when it was encouraged from patriotism, it had been scarcely known. Dean Swift is said to have been one of the first to support the movement set on foot to bring it into notice, and he wrote a play which was acted for the benefit of the Irish lace-makers. This Irish work is, however, not strictly speaking lace, it is really more like embroidery on net, and worked in a frame. Some beautiful specimens imitated in Ireland from old Spanish, Italian, and Venetian point, are preserved in the South Kensington Museum. It is generally to French teaching that we must trace the most prominent and beautiful of the laces. The famous

* Lady Marian Alford, 'Needlework as Art.'

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Youghal point shows this French origin by its marvellous resemblance to the point lace of Metz, which was the work and artistic creation of nuns of the fourteenth century.

The history of the first introduction of lace-making into the counties of Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Northamptonshire is uncertain. In the seventeenth century it was already flourishing. In France, Mary of Medicis is said to have been the first who introduced the art of working lace; but in England, as early as 1483, it was included in a list of articles prohibited from importation. Hence it had been made in this country before this date, for this prohibition was for the protection and encouragement of home manufactures. But as pins, which are indispensable in the process of lace-making, were unknown at that time, it is likely that the lace was coarse and inferior. The lace workers of Bedfordshire claim Queen Catherine of Arragon as the founder of their industry; she is supposed, while she lived at Ampthill Park, to have spent her time in weaving bobbin-lace for the decoration of altars and trimming of priests' vestments, and with the help of her devout "waiting ladies' taught the art of pillow-lace to the neighbouring villagers. However this may be, we can certainly trace this art to French and Flemish immigrants, who took refuge in England from persecutions abroad. The distinguishing characteristic of Buckinghamshire lace is, that both foundation and pattern are woven simultaneously, the ground-work having the appearance of the finest net; it is called bobbin-lace, from the bobbins which are used for its manufacture; sometimes, in the wider lace, as many as 500 are in use. The pattern is pricked out on a parchment, and this is fastened on to a pillow, and the lace woven on it by means of pins round which the thread is twisted from the bobbins. Both parchments and bobbins frequently descend as heirlooms from mother to daughter in the lace-making families. The bobbins are very often both curious and quaint with texts, legends, and mottoes engraved on them. They are sometimes weighted with an antique coin or ornament. Fifty years ago lace-weaving was so flourishing an industry in these counties, that it was not unusual for a clever worker to earn £2 a week, and in consequence of the low farm wages it was found worth while for men to learn and take their turn at the work. From change of fashion, or some such cause, the making of real Buckinghamshire point almost became extinct, and was replaced by bad, cheap, and inferior Maltese and Yak.

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Quite lately, however, within the last eight or ten years, the good old patterns have been recovered in some of these districts by a lady interested in this art and in its improvement, and many of the finest old designs have been reintroduced with great success, notwithstanding the great competition of the manufacture of cheap imitations.

Of the work which has been nationalized in Scotland, the most characteristic and interesting is that of the Shetland Isles. Lying far to the north of the most northern point of the British mainland, surrounded by some of the fiercest tide waves in the world, these islands were until this century comparatively unknown. Here the sheep, like everything else, show their Scandinavian descent. The fleece is a mixture of hair and wool; almost all shades of brown and grey are to be found, the most valued being a yellow brown, known as "Mourat." The wool is plucked off the sheep; if they were sheared, it would become gradually coarser, and lose greatly the velvety softness and gloss peculiar to Shetland wool. There is nothing cruel in this process, for it is done in June, when the sheep are changing their coats; it is carefully pulled off lock by lock. It was probably the fineness of the wool which gave a very early impulse to this industry. It is not known exactly at what date it began, but in the seventeenth century there was a great fair for the sale of knitted goods, on the yearly visit of the Dutch fishing fleet to Bressay Sound. Each district has its own speciality. In the Fair Isle, lying between Orkney and Shetland, articles of varied colours are made. One of the ships of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on this island, and it is believed that the Spaniards taught their hosts the patterns which are still in use, as many are of Moorish origin and identical with what are worn in the South of Spain. The dyes are all made from herbs and lichens, by the people themselves. The warm shawls and under-clothing, so invaluable on account of their extreme lightness and warmth, are made chiefly on the "mainland," as the largest island is called. The further North one goes, the finer the work becomes; it is in Uust, the most northern isle, that the most delicate shawls are made. These fairy webs are like the most delicate lace-work; it seems as if the nearer we approach the icy kingdoms of the North, the nearer the maidens resemble in their work that of the daughters of the Elf King, who, Hans Andersen tells us, wore shawls woven of "mist and moonshine."

The Shetland work is poorly paid; until the last few months

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the payments have been on the truck system, which means payment "in kind;" but this is now illegal, and the traders cannot afford to give a price in money, "moderate as it is," equal to the value of meal and other articles, formerly given in exchange. All efforts to bring the workers into more direct communication with the buyers are useful, and to be encouraged, as by this means they will receive better pay, and the standard of work and wool is less likely to be lowered.

In this short sketch I have not touched on the subject of plain needlework, which has made such wonderful strides within the last few years, since its great importance has been realized. Till lately, England was far behind France and Germany in all its branches. In these countries it was always the custom to teach it scientifically in the schools, particularly in France, where the work taught in the convents is scarcely to be surpassed, and seems almost as a tradition handed down from ancient times. I am confident that England will in the end do even more than hold her own, seeing what enormous progress has been made since the conviction has made itself felt, that it was of national importance that plain work should be taught scientifically in the schools throughout the Kingdom.

I cannot do better than close these remarks with this passage from a French writer:—

"Cette petite tige d'acier, si mince, si fragile, de si peu de prix, a traversé des siècles dans la main des femmes, comme leur compagne fidèle; se proportionnant à tous les âges, s'accommodant à toutes les conditions, représentant enfin ce qu'il y a de plus sacré et de meilleur dans le monde avec l'affection: le travail!"

HELENA.

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London Beautiful.

"AND Beauty's best in unregarded things," sings Mr. J. R. Lowell, in his new volume of 'Poems.' If this be true, the architectural and picturesque beauty of London must be "best" indeed. There is no more striking instance of the tendency of English people to depreciate their contemporary performances, than is afforded by their estimate of the architectural merits of modern London. Most Englishmen probably never give a thought to the subject; and, of those who pretend to some interest in such matters, the majority would unhesitatingly declare that London is a capital of singular meanness. But in his 'Walks in London,' Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare has admirably described its innumerable features of antiquarian and historical interest, and in his Preface, he, certainly no insular Britisher, boldly affirms, "in fact, if the capitals of Europe are considered, London is one of the most *picturesque*—far more so than Paris or Vienna; incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels or Madrid." I go further, and say that, notwithstanding the indifference of Government Departments, despite the errors of municipal and local authorities, and the blindness of the ordinary inhabitant, London for the last thirty years has in some fortuitous way been blundering into a new beauty and magnificence.

It is, in fact, architecturally, the most tantalising of towns. In no other great city can be found such close and glaring contrasts of splendour and squalor, of fine streets broken by some mean buildings, and of really beautiful prospects marred by some monstrous railway station or bridge. Its very vastness, too, does much to produce the general belief that it is an ugly town. Its greatest detractor would admit that there are in it many fine buildings, many fine groups of buildings, and even some handsome quarters; but he would say that they are separated from one another by masses of mean buildings, and by miles of

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uninteresting thoroughfares, and that the effect of what is distinguished is lost in the more general and pervading mediocrity. No one could altogether deny that there is too much ground for such assertions. The British Museum and University College are fine buildings, but they can not redeem the ugliness of Bloomsbury, or expel Gower Street from memory. Introduce a stranger to London from the West—probably the best approach to it. With some complacency you will conduct him through Kensington, and even South Kensington; but you will hurry him apace through Knightsbridge or Brompton Road. He will see much that is charming in Chelsea, the Hospital, with all its gardens, the old Church, Cheyne Walk, the new Embankment; but I am afraid that even I cannot claim for its principal thoroughfare—the King's Road—distinction or picturesqueness. Or, take the most striking instance of all of what I mean—of the medley of the ugly and the beautiful in almost every London view. Show your stranger London from one of the Thames Bridges. There is much that is admirable, much that is most interesting and inspiring, but there are blots of incredible hideousness.

I cannot, therefore, in the least claim for London an ideal or even satisfactory measure of beauty. On the contrary, while I would contend that London is much more beautiful than most Englishmen think, while I would assert that London has become much more beautiful during the last thirty years, and is still growing in beauty, I wish in this article more particularly to insist that it ought to be made, and can be made, an infinitely more beautiful city. With this object, I will venture to submit some very commonplace and prosaic considerations and suggestions. I have no special architectural knowledge, and certainly not an artistic taste superior to that of my neighbours. But I think that this is not an inopportune time for any one, in however imperfect a manner, to try to excite amongst Londoners a warmer civic pride, and a new local patriotism.

First among the factors that might contribute to the beauty of a capital must be placed the Government of the country. But, in our land, and with our habits, the Executive Government can do but comparatively little to adorn London. The Board of Works is the handmaid of the Treasury. The Treasury is by the very reason of its existence bound to be parsimonious. The House of Commons alone can loosen its purse-strings, and at this moment prominent politicians on both sides of the House are competing in a wild race to a visionary economical goal. It

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is vain to hope that larger sums will be voted for public works: but it would be well that a rational public opinion should declare itself against a reckless cutting down of the present average expenditure on necessary new national buildings. The Government, then, has the care of the Royal Parks, and is responsible for the erection of public buildings. Every one, I think, will agree that the London Parks are worthy of this capital, and that there has been a steadily increasing taste and skill devoted to their management. Each Park has its particular charms. Every one is familiar with the rhododendron display of May and June in the lawns on each side of Rotten Row, and with the perfect bedding-out by the walks that run parallel to Park Lane. But the quite recent developments of gardening in St. James's Park, though no less admirable, are much less observed. The ribbon borders of the shrubberies on the north side of the lake, and the mixed, wild borders to those on its south side are excellently managed; and it is pleasant to see that they are at their best, and that equal labour is bestowed upon them in the late summer months, when all the world is supposed to be out of town. There is one small, it may seem even a trivial, criticism on the laying out of the Parks, which has often occurred to me. Has there not been a curious fondness for putting up iron railings, unnecessarily massive in character, and of putting them where no necessity demands them? Let any one compare the appearance of the drive and footpaths, which run immediately to the south of the Albert Memorial, with the appearance of the continuation of this drive to the eastwards, after it has entered into Hyde Park. In the first portion, there is no delimitation by rails between the roadway and the footways, and, in consequence, there is an agreeable appearance of spaciousness. In the second portion the road is lined by heavy posts, and in effect it looks cramped and confined. It would certainly seem that no railings should be placed except where they were absolutely required, and that in those cases they should be as low and as light as possible.

It is, of course, mainly in the central, in the Governmental quarter of the town, that the State can, by the erection of fine Public Offices, do service to architecture. It so happens that in London in this quarter all the existing local conditions lend themselves to a really beautiful potential result. If Trafalgar Square has any pretensions to being "the finest site in Europe," there can be no doubt that the route from it to the Abbey and Palace

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of Westminster might with ease be made the finest thoroughfare in Europe. The greater part of this roadway is at present of a dignified width, but there are narrow necks to it at each end. Conceive the whole length to possess the width which it now has at Whitehall. What could be finer than the prospect from Trafalgar Square? The land slopes just sufficiently. The towers of Westminster break and bound the view. On the right would be a succession of stately Public Offices. On the left, a greater variety of buildings would impart that irregularity which is so necessary to the picturesqueness of town views. Why should not the reverse prospect be equally fine? A transformed National Gallery is all that is needed. But is there any probability of anything like this dream being ever realized? It is difficult to answer the question with any certainty. The mind of Parliament changes from year to year. Years ago it was decided to rebuild the National Gallery. A competition was held; prizes awarded; national money spent to secure a worthy design, and then the project was abandoned apparently for ever. Much the same thing happens at the Westminster end of Whitehall. It is intended to build Public Offices between the Home Office and Westminster, and to widen Parliament Street. A site is purchased for this object, houses are demolished, the site lies idle and empty for years, and now apparently it is settled that public offices shall not there be built, but that the ground shall be used by a Public Company. However, it is satisfactory to know that one of the terms imposed upon its user is the widening of Parliament Street. There has been a still more recent instance of Parliamentary infirmity of purpose towards this part of London. By Mr. Gladstone's last Administration it was decided to build new War and Admiralty Offices, partly on the site of the present Admiralty, which was to be pulled down, and partly on the lands to the north and west of it. Again a competition is held, a design is selected, prizes are awarded, sites are taken possession of, houses are demolished. And, again, there comes into office a new Administration. Lord Randolph Churchill develops his passion for economy. Fresh Parliamentary Committees sit, the whole design is abandoned, and an entirely different one is recommended for adoption. It would seem that there is now no intention of building a new War Office; and the former scheme has shrunk into a modest design for extending the present Admiralty on the site of its gardens and of the

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old Whitehall Gardens. The architectural plans for these buildings are now on view in the tea-room of the House of Commons. The architects' object is plainly to perpetuate the general character and main features of the Admiralty, and so far as may without presumption hazard an opinion upon the design, I should say that they will produce buildings, sensible in arrangement, simple and solid in effect, which are congruous with the adjoining buildings, and not overpowering to the Horse Guards. There is, amongst the plans, a drawing of the whole line of Public Offices as seen from St. James's Park. The proposed designs will undoubtedly add much to the general effectiveness of this view. But, on the other hand, it cannot be said that they will give to London a new building truly magnificent or beautiful, and on such a site one may sigh for even one tower to correspond with the not very imposing tower of the Foreign Office. There are two incidental advantages, however, in the abandonment of the former project of building the War Office as well as the Admiralty on this site. It will now be possible, as I presume, at some future time to widen the descent from Trafalgar Square. And it would seem to be a part of the present plan that the long-thought-of extension of the Mall into Charing Cross shall be carried out.

It would be unjust, (as I have already suggested), to blame the Office of Works or successive First Commissioners for all these absurd tergiversations. The fault is entirely with the House of Commons, and with the apathy of the public. But there are some much smaller matters, for which I think that office may fairly be called to account. He is a bold man who would ever propose the erection of a new statue in London. But such proposals are periodically made, and carried into effect. It does, therefore, seem strange that for years there should have stood in Trafalgar Square pedestals unoccupied and useless. The Whitehall façade of the Home Office presents a curious example of incompleteness. Its centre is crowned with statuary; but the two ends, which were obviously left waiting for their corresponding decoration, still remain unfinished. Who could have been responsible for the hideous shed by the side of the entrance to Westminster Hall, which leans against the additions to the Hall, and which would disgrace a country station on a branch line? Notwithstanding the censures of Mr. Cremer and Sir George Campbell, Mr. Pearson's restoration of the Western front of the Hall promises to be worthy of his high reputation, and to be

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likely to add to the dignity of the most interesting group of buildings in London. Is it visionary to dream that at some future day the houses to the south-east of the Abbey may be swept away, and that the scheme of a cloistered resting-place for the monuments of great men, which I believe was actually projected when it was rendered abortive by the Crimean War, shall be in fact carried out?

I have said that it is in the central quarter of the town that Government Buildings must necessarily be mainly found. But there are two other very dissimilar quarters, which have been appropriated to groups of public or quasi-public buildings. At South Kensington, the Museum, and the conveniently adjoining estate of the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, are gradually attracting to that quarter Institution after Institution. It is premature to say what will be the final architectural effect. But, even now, this district has an architectural character of its own, and has introduced into London the employment on a large scale of terra-cotta, which in itself is a noteworthy innovation. The second non-political quarter is that of the Royal Courts of Justice. Wherever a great and imposing building is planted, it not only is in itself an oasis in the wilderness of brick and mortar, but it has the happy quality of gradually carrying some sort of beauty or decency into adjoining sites. It is unnecessary to debate the much-vexed question of the architectural merits of the new Law Courts. Probably most people will admit that there is a sombre dignity and impressiveness in their Strand front. At least they have swept away a mass of mean dwellings, and now, with Lincoln's Inn to the north, and the Temple to the south, there is interjected into this portion of London a whole district of notable interest. The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn in their rebuilding seem to be proceeding on a definite plan, and in an appropriate style. It is impossible to say this of the Benchers of the two Temples. Each one of their new buildings is utterly unlike any preceding one, and there is but scant attempt made to preserve the character of the old buildings. But even these modern builders cannot destroy the charm of the Temple, to which the Embankment has certainly given new delights. Every one knows how wisely and kindly the Benchers throw open their gardens on summer evenings to hundreds of poor children. The wondering enjoyment of the grass by these little ones proves how much public gardens in the middle of London are needed and would

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be appreciated. To the west of the new Law Courts lies a good space of vacant land. I believe it is intended to build upon it some new Courts; but in the meanwhile, and for years past, a trifling expenditure of money would have converted it from an eyesore into a convenient resting-place. Before passing from the subject of Government Buildings, it is right to express the hope that a fitting home may soon be found for the National Portraits Collection. It is shameful that it should be banished to Bethnal Green for an indefinite term. It would be surely not difficult to find a suitable site close to the National Gallery.

And now to proceed to what has been, and what might be, done for the adornment of London by the local governing bodies. The Metropolitan Board of Works has, at the moment, few friends. "It will cease to exist," said Mr. Ritchie with cruel succinctness, in his speech in introducing the Local Government Bill, and no murmurs of discontent greeted its death sentence. I for my part am as glad as any one can be that a directly elected body will take its place. But it would be monstrous ingratitude to forget the amount of good work which the Board has done. Compare the London of to-day with the London of 1860, and some large portion of the improvements effected in that period is directly due to the action of the Metropolitan Board. The Victoria Embankment alone has made a revolution in the appearance of London. On the whole, that great work was conceived and executed in a worthy fashion. But, even in it, there are some blemishes. How infinitely finer would have been the effect of its Westminister end, if St. Stephen's Club had been set back so as to allow the whole height of the Clock Tower to be seen from Charing-cross! It is stupid that at the end of Norfolk Street, the broadest street that issues from the Strand southwards, the view of the river should have been obstructed by the Temple Station of the District Railway. It may also legitimately be complained that the course of Northumberland Avenue was not planned to run from the centre of the Nelson Column to the open river, and that buildings should have been erected on both its sides so disproportionately high for its breadth. Financial considerations have, no doubt, been accountable for these artistic mistakes. But, in the general laying out of the new streets, which the Board has made, I think there has been an inexcusable indifference to the presence of awkward and unsightly angles and curves, and no sufficient attempt made to create symmetrical places, or graceful effects.

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Take two glaring examples of this. What can be more formless than the open space into which Piccadilly Circus has found itself casually enlarged? Drive down the new street on the north of the National Gallery. There were—nay, there still are—great possibilities of a very striking town view. But, at present, there stands in an island all alone a hideous little public-house, which, while it stands, must prevent any really handsome treatment of the streets that there converge. Then the gaunt back of the National Gallery is revealed in all its ugliness; and, opposite to St. Martin's Church, its bare walls are again seen, with a space left between them and the roadway, which ought either to be thrown open and planted, or, if possible, with the space to the north of the Gallery, to be used for new Galleries, having handsome elevations.

The Corporation of the City of London has taken its due share in that almost universal reconstruction and adornment of the City which has been in progress during the last thirty years. Even a monomaniacal enemy of the Corporation, such as Mr. Firth, must admit that in their street improvements and in their new markets, in their additions to the Guildhall, and in their acquisition of open-spaces for the public, they have shown a proper municipal sense of responsibility, and discharged with some taste and skill their public duties.

The Vestries and Local Boards have not the power to do much to beautify or disfigure their several districts. But, as a further illustration of the general growth of taste, the last built Vestry and Town Halls, such as those of Westminster, Kensington, and Chelsea, may usefully be compared with other buildings of the same class. And, more particularly am I bound to point to the Chelsea Town Hall as an admirable example of modern architecture. The architect has succeeded in producing a building which retains some local character, and which at the same time is handsome and convenient. It is earnestly to be hoped that the new district Councils, which will in the future supplement the County Council of London, may be made as much as possible conterminous with natural areas, in which there is already existing some coherent local life and spirit. Amongst the causes which have contributed to the local lethargy of Londoners, I count the artificiality and size of the old political divisions, which did not, moreover, correspond with the local-government areas, but largely exceeded them in size. The last Redistribution Bill, by, as a general rule, making the

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Parliamentary Division coincide with the Vestry area, has enormously stimulated local political life in London. I am convinced that to make the new local Bodies efficient, they must rule over small areas, which, so far as may be practicable, should coincide with political areas.

If a foreign student of English habits were asked what amongst private factors had contributed most to the adornment of London, he might on *à priori* grounds be well justified in answering—"the gentry by their private houses." He would know how this class has covered England with delightful homes, how they have surrounded their country houses with woods and gardens the most charming in the world. In building the smallest cottage on his estate, the country gentleman will give some thought to its external appearance, and in the making of any new road, or the planting of any young hedge, he will be careful of the amenities. But the foreigner would be wrong. The English gentleman in London is careless of all these things. Considering the wealth that has been accumulated by individuals during this reign, it is surprising that so few new private houses of a distinct form, and standing by themselves, have risen in London. In the vast majority of cases the intending occupant of a London house is content to surrender himself to the architectural mercies of the builder; and the builder, until recently, has apparently thought that if he covered the fronts of his houses with stucco, and affixed to them a portico and a balcony, he had fulfilled his whole duty to the Graces. I suppose that it is partly because English gentlemen have had such pleasant houses in the country, and because they have looked upon them as their homes, that they have been indifferent to the houses of the despised London, in which they have merely sojourned for a time. But, for the large class of professional and business men, who cannot pretend to be country gentlemen, it is really curious that long ago it was not worth the while of a clever builder to supply houses of greater architectural merit. It may be that the leasehold system has had something to do with the general absence of pride in the particular house occupied. But if the leasehold system has had this one bad architectural effect, it must be remembered that on the other hand it enables a public-spirited landowner to execute large and well-considered improvements on his estate, such as those which have been made on the Grosvenor and Cadogan estates, and which would never have been practicable under a general system of freeholds.

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However, though, as I have said, the hypothetical foreigner would have been wrong in his surmise, there has been a gradual increase in the amenity of the residential quarters of London. Tyburnia is less depressing than Bloomsbury. Mayfair and Belgravia are more cheerful than Tennyson's "long unlovely street." South Kensington is again more attractive structurally. And, without doubt, the red-brick houses characteristic of the Cadogan Square district, and which are sporadically rising in other parts of the town, are the best examples we have of private-house architecture. They are good in colour, in material, and generally in outline; but are not their architects sometimes tempted to seek after the quaint or unusual too much, and to reproduce features of a previous style, which are not in themselves worth reproduction? The Square gardens have done much to redeem from gloom and ugliness the residential districts. And in the arrangement of such gardens there has been an improvement in the plan, which is common between Gloucester Road and Earl's Court Road, where, very generally, the houses open directly upon the garden at their backs, and where the occupants of the back rooms are not obliged to look only upon the old-fashioned lines of leads, and then of stables, and then of leads again.

But the prime movement in the modern adornment of London has not come from the private householder. It is in street architecture that such gigantic steps in advance have been taken of late years. First the Clubs, then Banks and Insurance Offices, erected for themselves handsome premises; hotels, great shops, the offices of Limited Companies followed the example, and now there is not a street in the City which is not almost entirely composed of modern buildings, massive and ornate. All the most important streets in London are being similarly reconstructed. Of course, some of this new building is of spurious art, and of questionable taste. But in it all there is a striving after effect. The effect may be bad; but surely it is better that the unsuccessful attempt should be made, than that owner, builder, and architect should think that no attempt at all was necessary. If ignorance could give excuse to presumption, I should like to indicate these general maxims for street architecture in this smoky atmosphere. Small or elaborate ornamentation is wasted; bold roof lines and broken façades, which will give light and shade, are desirable. Recesses, projections, balconies, aid the perspective effect, which in a street view is at least as important as the effect from the

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front. Too frequently one sees an ambitious façade of a lofty building, whose sides in blank brick are allowed to overtop adjoining houses, and to be seen standing out uglily through a length of street. Absolute uniformity of style is certainly not requisite ; but there should be some regard for congruity. There are in many of the City streets the most clashing juxtapositions of the most dissimilar styles. However admirable may be the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue, it is singularly inappositely placed amidst its stone-built neighbours. However, to repeat, the most unobservant of men cannot pass through any important street of Central and Western London without being struck by the quantity of new buildings, and, on the whole, with their great architectural superiority to the buildings on whose sites they stand.

But London is not composed of the Central or Western districts alone, and an infinitely larger population dwells in bye-streets than in the main thoroughfares. Is any new beauty relieving the squalid monotony of the vast poorer districts in the East and the South? In all attempts to mitigate the meanness of these quarters, philanthropy comes to the aid of any merely æsthetic feelings, and serious statesmen should co-operate with artistic sentimentalists. Something has been effected. Under the provisions of Torrens' Act, some of the most disgraceful tenements have been improved. Under the several Artizans' and Labourers' Acts whole "rookeries" in certain districts have been swept away. In their place, and, in other sites, great blocks of Industrial Dwellings have been erected by the Peabody Trustees, by Sir Sydney Waterlow's, and other similar Companies. They are substantial and healthy ; they are, I believe, eagerly sought for by tenants of a class of larger means than that for which they were intended. But they are, as a rule, barrack-like erections. Height, I suppose, is inevitable, and every inch of space must be made available. But might not grass sometimes take the place of asphalt in the court-yards that are between the blocks, and might not trees always be planted in them? The Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes recommended the removal of the prisons, occupying sites in the most populous districts, to suburban, and less-crowded positions, and that the disused sites should be "used for workmen's dwellings and for open spaces connected therewith." It was in the mind of Lord Salisbury at all events that the Government should not avail itself of the increment which had

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occurred in the value of these sites since their original acquisition, and that they should be disposed of for this philanthropic purpose at less than their present market-value. But Parliament would not sanction such an economical heresy, and in the Act which was passed in pursuance of the Report of this Commission, it was provided that these sites should be offered to the Metropolitan Board of Works to be purchased by them at a fair market value, and then, presumably, to be devoted by the Board to the erection of workmen's dwellings. The consequence of this provision has been that as yet the intentions of the Commissioners have been defeated. Coldbath Fields Prison was offered to the Metropolitan Board, who found it impossible to give what was considered to be a fair price, and that site is now to be used for Post Office buildings. Millbank Penitentiary will be removed in the course of this year. The moribund Board will certainly not be willing to purchase the site. It is, unfortunately, of considerable value. But, it is possible that a combination of wealthy philanthropists might acquire at least some portion of it, and in the words of the Report use it for "workmen's dwellings and open spaces connected therewith." It would be, indeed, of excellent example if a workmen's estate could be laid out with something approaching to that allowance of garden ground, which is common in the West-end. It is obvious, that it is not from the houses themselves of the poorer districts that any beauty can be obtained. It is also obvious, that, as a rule, no private gardens can be attached to them. These facts make the efforts of such Societies as the Kyrle and the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association to multiply public gardens and playgrounds all the more practically valuable. It is well to remember that while in the Western district there is one acre of open space for every 684 persons; in the East there is but one acre for every 7000 persons; and in the S.E. district within the four-mile circle there are only 100 acres of open ground. Any acre added to this meagre space is of great value. During its existence the Metropolitan Gardens Association has thrown open thirty-six gardens and ten playgrounds, containing an aggregate area of fifty-four acres. The Kyrle Society (amongst its other good works) has been engaged also in this task of increasing the number of public open spaces, and will shortly open as a garden for the people a piece of land in a crowded district in Southwark, which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have leased to trustees nominated by the Society.

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The work done here seems to me so good an example of the methods of this Society that it may be permissible to quote the description of it given in their annual Report for 1887. "The garden is in Red Cross Street, and faces nine blocks of new dwellings inhabited by working people.. . . There was originally no ground attached to these blocks, but now the children will have only to cross the road to find a playground, where they can play almost under their mothers' eyes. The men can turn out on summer evenings and smoke their pipes under the trees opposite their houses, and women can sit out there at work. . . . The space is small, and is divided into a small playground for young children, and a garden, which although not big enough for exercise for men, forms a splendid outdoor sitting-room. A covered space, with a drinking fountain at one end, has been arranged and paved with brick, so that children will be able to play in wet weather. The roof to this playground is reached by a broad flight of low steps, and forms a raised terrace overlooking the garden, where seats will be placed, and refreshments will be sold, and it is hoped that summer evening concerts for the enjoyment of the persons living in the narrow courts around may often be provided." But there is plenty of work for both these Societies still to do. There are even now one hundred and ninety-seven disused burial-grounds closed to the public, which might all be converted into gardens for the people.

Whether the new Local Government for London will produce, in practice, all these good results which some enthusiasts expect, is debateable. But it is a truism to say that the keener the local patriotism of Londoners, the better will be the class of men, who will give up time to the local administration of its affairs. I think that London is even now worthy of our pride. I think it ought to be made much more worthy, and that every Londoner should not only be careful of the architectural magnificence of its central parts, but also zealous to impart a new comeliness and comfort to its poorer districts. Every year a larger number of our Colonists, and of our American kinsfolk, flock to this—their Mother City. Let them take away an impression not only of its gloomy vastness—not only of its growing beauty and charm, but also the conviction that in this unparalleled aggregation of masses of the very poor, and of the very rich, the latter are sensible of their duties to the former, and are in fact performing them.

C. A. WHITMORE.

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The Great Western Railway.

IT would be more than a mere fanciful conceit, if we were to compare the great "battle of the gauges," which raged with such fury more than forty years ago, to the yet more ancient strife between the Britons and the English. Like the Britons, the champions of the broad-gauge under the leadership of their King Arthur, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, performed prodigies of skill and valour; like them, they have been worsted in the struggle; like them, they have retired, defeated but not disgraced, to Cornwall, where they have hitherto been left in almost undisputed possession. But though now-a-days the fact may be well-nigh forgotten, at one time the victory was trembling in the balance. Not only to Exeter and Plymouth, but to Hereford and Wolverhampton, to Milford and to Weymouth, the broad-gauge metals ran; even in the Metropolis itself Moorgate Street and Victoria were broad-gauge outposts. We might indeed carry our simile further, and draw a comparison between the infusion of British blood, deepening as we pass westward through Somerset into Devon, and on through Devon to Cornwall, and the proportion which the broad-gauge traffic bears to the narrow at the present day over the different sections of the Great Western as we journey further and further west from London. Or again, we might point out that, just as the invading English were wont to seize and fortify positions on the coast of their enemy's country, so the narrow-gauge Bodmin and Wadebridge, that for over half a century has remained contentedly isolated from all its neighbours, was one of the very earliest railways in England; and that even the West Cornwall, originally narrow-gauge, and the solitary example of a line once narrow which has since been adapted to broad-gauge, ran from sea to sea, from Hayle on the north coast, through Camborne and Redruth, to Newham on the Fal River below Truro, years before ever

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Brunel had spanned the Tamar with the wondrous arches of Saltash Bridge.

But whatever the broad-gauge may have in common with the Britons of old, it at least does not share the alleged distinction of their modern representatives, who know not when they are beaten. For now well-nigh a quarter of a century the Great Western authorities have realized that further strife is hopeless, that the broad-gauge has been defeated not so much by its own inherent inferiority as by the overwhelming numbers of its opponents. To drop metaphor altogether and come to the plainest of plain prose, in the fierce conflict for competitive traffic—and there is but little traffic in England that is not competitive either with sea carriage or another railway route—a line that was handicapped by a different, though it might be a better, gauge could never hold its own. Accordingly, bit by bit, first in the Midlands and to the North, next in the West and in Wales, then in Dorset, and Wilts and Somerset, the broad-gauge has been abandoned. To-day out of nearly 2500 miles of line only 426 is broad-gauge at all, and of this all but 163 is available for narrow-gauge traffic as well. Out of over a hundred trains that leave Paddington or its adjacent goods yards every day, only ten—seven passenger and three goods—run on the broad-gauge metals.

Still as long as the line between Exeter and Truro is broad-gauge only, the through traffic for the West must be conveyed in broad-gauge vehicles. When the final change comes, and the lines in Cornwall and South Devon become narrow-gauge like the rest, there must of course be a very considerable sacrifice of broad-gauge stock. But at least every effort has been made that the sacrifice shall be as small as possible. For years no new broad-gauge carriage or broad-gauge engine has been built. The new carriages that are required from time to time, are now all constructed with bodies of the ordinary width, so that at any time they can be lifted off their present broad-gauge under-frames and put upon narrow-gauge ones. Yet more ingenious—the new engines are convertible. At present they are what is known as "inside framed;" in other words, the axle-boxes are between the wheels. If, some fine morning the *fiat* goes forth from Paddington that the broad-gauge is to follow the atmospheric principle into the limbo, to which are consigned inventions that, though a scientific success, are yet a commercial failure—and if the present depression of trade really

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does pass away, the *fiat* may come sooner than it is looked for—these engines need only retire for a day or two to the Swindon shops. The outside coverings of the wheels will disappear, the wheels will be knocked off the axles, the axles themselves cut short, and then, with the wheels refixed inside instead of outside the bearings on which they are supported, they will issue forth again as full-blown narrow-gauge engines. Another instance, in which the coming event is already casting a distinct shadow before, is to be found in Cornwall, where, out of the forty-one viaducts in the 80 miles between Penzance and Plymouth, no less than eighteen have been reconstructed in the last few years. The old ones had room only for a single broad-gauge line, the new ones are built of the standard width for two lines of the narrow-gauge. The new branches too are narrow-gauge only, even when they branch off from a purely broad-gauge line.

Twenty years back the Great Western and its allies had upwards of 700 broad-gauge engines running. To-day, though the mileage has doubled in the interval, the number has shrunk to 200. But no traveller on the line, unless perhaps he should happen to be also a shareholder, will see without a pang the stately "Iron Duke," the wandering "Tartar," or the swift-flying "Swallow," disappear from the road that has known them for forty years. No engines in the world have so long and as famous a history as these old engines of Sir Daniel Gooch. Save that they have lost the sentry box at the back of the tender, from which the guard used to keep watch to see that his train was duly following, they look to-day, with their great 8-feet driving-wheel, and their old-world brass dome and brass wheel-covers, just as they must have looked forty years ago, when our fathers gaped open-mouthed at the tale of their achievements. And indeed their achievements were, in sober earnest, remarkable enough. The Great Western had from the beginning prided itself upon its passenger service. In the words of a historian of the line who wrote in 1845, it was remarkable "for the great proportion of first-class intermediate traffic, and of persons travelling upon the line with their private carriages;" at Slough, in particular, "the greater part of the traffic was of a very high description." An accompanying plate accordingly gives us a picture of a train, at the tail of which is attached a hooded phaeton mounted upon a carriage truck. The back of the phaeton is turned towards the engine, so that we are per-

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mitted to see the faces of a lady and gentleman "of the first quality" who are seated in it.

Naturally, however, travellers of this "very high description" needed corresponding accommodation. "To suit this traffic," not only were "the dimensions of the stations"—Slough for instance, which was pulled down five years since as utterly mean and inadequate—"spacious and the interior fittings handsome, with a magnificent hotel," but the carriages were more roomy and more solidly built. Larger and heavier carriages meant larger and more powerful engines; and so, while the London and Birmingham was contented with four-wheeled engines, none of the Great Western engines ever had less than six. The "North Star," which, when placed upon the road, then only open as far as Maidenhead, in 1839, "attained a velocity of 37 miles an hour," and thereby earned for itself a place in Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates,' where its name remains unto this day, may still be seen in the shops at Swindon. Its most remarkable external feature is the huge brass dome, which, in shape like a garden hand-light, is wide enough to cover the whole breadth of the boiler.

But the "North Star" soon "'gan to pale its ineffectual fires." Eight years later the battle of the gauges was raging, and Sir Daniel Gooch's great 8-foot engines were placed upon the road to show what the broad-gauge could do. "The express"—we quote from Mr. Foxwell, whose accuracy is beyond question—"was timed to *leave* Didcot (it stopped there) 57 minutes after departing from Paddington; and the distance, 53 miles, was repeatedly run in from 47½ to 50 minutes." But this was not enough; and the tradition still lingers at Paddington, where we heard it from the lips of the general manager, that a driver solemnly submitted to the directors a proposal that, if they would look after his wife and family, he would take his engine to Bristol (118½ miles) *within the hour*. But the directors, alas! felt it their duty to decline the proposition, and now that railway management has grown old and staid, and that loco-Superintendents shake their heads at a mere 70 or 75 miles an hour as "too fast," we shall never know what a broad-gauge engine could do. Still the "Lord of the Isles," which was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and now, after running 700,000 miles, rests from its labours in the shops at Swindon (where the present writer saw it a few weeks back rising majestically from a heap of old lanterns that "deformed its nether parts"),

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on one occasion brought a train over the 77¼ miles from Swindon to London in 72 minutes. We tell the tale on the authority of an inspector, who was himself in charge of the train as guard. It was therefore his duty to record the time accurately, and once having recorded the performance, he might be trusted, one would think, not to forget it subsequently.

The question, "How fast can a locomotive run?" has been recently discussed in the engineering papers. The conclusion appears to be that there is no authentic record of any speed above 80 miles an hour. That speed was obtained many years ago, by a Bristol and Exeter tank-engine with 9-feet driving-wheels—a long extinct species—down a steep bank. But it has never been beaten. In the course of the discussion, however, it was stated that the Great Western expresses, which are allowed 87 minutes for the 77¼ miles between Paddington and Swindon, had a difficulty in keeping time on the down journey; while coming up, as a rule, they had a good deal in hand. Knowing that between Paddington and Didcot the rise is only 1 in 1320, or, in other words, 4 feet in a mile, and that even from Didcot to Swindon it is only 1 in 660; knowing, too, that the trains are timed in the working books at the same speed throughout, both up and down, we had a difficulty in believing this statement. So we applied to the authorities, and obtained leave to go down to Swindon and back on the engine of the "Dutchman," and see for ourselves. Incidentally this enabled us to accomplish the fastest piece of advertised travelling in the world. We were timed to leave Paddington at 11.45 and to be back at 2.45. In fact we left at 11.46 and got back at 2.43, having travelled 154½ miles—to say nothing of a five minutes' interval for refreshments—in the 177 minutes.

Our first question to the driver was, whether it was true that the down journey was harder than the up? "Certainly," he replied, "there was a great difference." So we explained that on this particular occasion, if he did not keep time, we should miss the up train at Swindon, and thus have our run for nothing. There was no fear of that, he thought, and off we set. But, as already said, we were a minute late of starting; the broad-gauge carriages are heavy—20 tons apiece or thereabouts—and we had one more than usual on; then the old broad-gauge engines have not, like a modern Midland or Great Northern engine, much spare power to come and go upon, and

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take a long time to get up speed ; and besides, there was a fresh breeze blowing from the south-west across our track ; so in the result we reached Slough at 12.11, three minutes late. Half of our six minutes' "law" was gone, and we had not covered a quarter of the distance. Anxiously, we looked at our watch ; the driver caught the gesture, and asked the time. A colloquy with the fireman was the result, the shovel was plied somewhat brisker than before, and the miles that hitherto had taken 65 and 66 seconds apiece, were reeled off in 60 and 61. As we ran through the deep Sonning cutting, the speed rose at once, only to fall again as we came out to meet the full force of the gale on the embankment before Reading. "Hold tight through the yard," cries the fireman, and with a jerk here and a bump there, we are over the maze of points and crossings, and in a minute more we bend round to the right, and are off to the north before the wind. We reach Didcot at 12.45, sharp to time, having regained our three minutes, and done the 34½ miles in 34 minutes.

The fireman now thought he could afford time for a drink of cold tea, and even the driver seemed satisfied. But though we had 3 minutes in hand, 27 minutes for 24 miles, the gradient was somewhat steeper, and the country more exposed, so it was not yet time to give the shovel a rest. We sped on in silence to within a mile or two of Swindon, when the driver said: "If you hadn't been here, I should have been five minutes late into Swindon this morning, and have saved five or six hundredweight of coal. We might have picked up two minutes the other side down the bank to Bath, and another two minutes between Bath and Bristol ; and no one would have said anything if we were a minute late at Bristol." With deep regret we heard that we had spoiled his average ; we could only suggest that it was the extra coach rather than the extra passenger that was really to blame.

It should be explained that all the drivers doing the same class of work, working, for instance, the broad-gauge expresses between London and Swindon, are formed into one corps technically known as a "link." Every pound of coal and every pint of oil that goes on to each man's engine is debited to him, and at the end of the week the total is made up and divided by the number of miles his engine has run. The men are then arranged in order of merit, that is, of economy of fuel and oil consumption, on a sheet hung up on the notice-board of the

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running shed. Of course for a single week, extra load or stress of wind, greasy rails or what not, may affect a man's position, but in the long run (assuming every man's engine to be in equally good condition) the man, who comes out top is the best driver, in other words, is the man who can do his work to time —for punctuality of course comes before coal saving—with the most scientific economy of force. In fact, a driver feels the loss of a good position on the coal-sheet, much as a boy feels being sent to the bottom of his form at school.

We must not stay to describe our return journey. We soon felt, however, the difference between up hill and down hill, which was almost as marked as the difference between rowing up stream and down stream. Now the engine seemed to run almost of itself. Calmly conscious of the strength of his position, the driver remarked, as we ran through Didcot a minute late, that he never needed to trouble to be in time at Didcot. From start to finish the door of the fire-box was wide open, and after we passed Reading it hardly received a hundredweight of coal. By the journey's end, when the engine had finished its day's work, the fire was burnt right down to the bare bars, and yet the gauge showed no diminution of steam pressure,—the perfection of good stoking. But even without coal, nothing except the brakes could keep us from running over 60 miles an hour; 57 sec., 56½, 57, 58, was the record of the chronograph for mile after mile. At Slough we were three minutes too soon, and the signalman was not ready for us, and it was a sight to see how in an instant the nonchalance of driver and fireman changed to disciplined activity as they caught the first glimpse of the distant signal at "danger." However, before the speed of the train had been more than slightly checked, the signal dropped, and through we swept, and even a second check at Langley did not prevent us from reaching Paddington two minutes too soon. We flattered ourselves as we alighted that there were not many other people who had ever got back to London from Wiltshire in less than three hours; but it was nearer three days than three hours before our face resumed its pristine cleanliness.

But at Swindon we have only stepped on to the threshold of the Great Western system, and our time is short; let us push boldly forward not only to Bristol, but on over the second hundred miles of level line that leads us from the muddy banks of the Avon, across Axe and Exe and Parret, round or through the warm red cliffs of the Dawlish coast, an English Riviera on

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a small scale, alongside of the yet more muddy waters of the Teign, till we finally pause at Newton Abbot, at the foot of the southern slopes of Dartmoor. Here the character of the railway changes with an abruptness that is nothing short of startling. Hitherto the "ruling gradient," as the engineers call it, has been 1 in many hundreds, and for mile after mile the line has run as straight as an arrow. The next stage is an incline of 1 in 40, and henceforward along the whole hundred and odd miles westward to the Land's End there is nothing but climbing hills, only to hurry down again on the further side, swinging round sharp curves now to right and now to left, rattling through tunnels and ringing over viaducts; till at length in its last moments old and long-forgotten habits reassert their sway, and falling abruptly from the high ground at St. Erth, the line runs meekly over some four miles of level marshes into Penzance Station. But as yet we have got no further west than Newton.

As a sign of what is coming, the engine that has brought us from Bristol here leaves us. It is very doubtful if "she" could take her own weight any further, let alone attempting to draw a train. In her stead an ugly unromantic creature, whose scientific name is a "saddle tank," hooks on. Ugly as it is, however, every ounce of its weight rests upon its six driving wheels, and in nine minutes it succeeds in dragging us over the four miles to the top of Dainton incline; having mounted 280 feet, or as much as the whole rise in the first 60 miles out of London, within a space of two miles and a half. Down again with equal abruptness to Totnes; and then a stretch of 19 miles of as stiff climbing as any to be found in England carries us along the flanks of the hills at a height of 480 feet above sea-level, and so across the watershed that separates the valley of the Dart from the valley of the Plym. It is the same story of ups and downs all the way to Penzance, so let us vary the monotony by a glance at the famous Cornish viaducts. As already mentioned, there are more than forty of them, with a total length of over 5 miles. In the 8 miles between Devonport and St. German's alone, there are nine viaducts averaging about a sixth of a mile apiece. The biggest of course is the great Albert Suspension Bridge at Saltash, Brunel's last work; but there are two of the timber trestle-bridges, each over a thousand feet in length. Close by Truro there are two together, from which one looks down on to the lofty roof of the new cathedral, with a united length only a few

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yards short of half a mile. But picturesque as they are, these skeleton structures are not only unfit for rapid running, but are ruinously costly to keep in repair, and timber is fast being replaced with solid granite from the Company's own quarries. From the largest and finest of the new erections, the viaduct at Moorswater below Liskeard, one can gaze down 150 feet at the miniature Looe and Moorswater Railway passing underneath, whose passengers are required in all cases to take a ticket from the guard immediately upon entering the carriage.

Over such a course as this, in spite of the additional difficulty caused by the fact that the line is single almost all the way, the up express covers the 112 miles from Penzance to Newton Abbot in four hours, or at the rate of 28 miles an hour. From Newton to Paddington the rate is 43, but the second half of the performance is certainly not more creditable to the Company than the first. For it must always be remembered, in reckoning the speed that may fairly be expected, that the political as well as the physical geography of the district needs to be taken into consideration. It is one thing to run past towns such as Derby, or Wigan, when you have got Manchester and Liverpool, or Glasgow and Edinburgh beyond. But it is quite another to ignore little towns like Liskeard, Bodmin and St. Austell, Redruth, Camborne and Hayle, in order that the handful of passengers to or from Penzance may be brought a few minutes nearer the Metropolis. Still there are not a few people who complain that the English train service is not what it should be, and stands in need of radical reform. Some even go so far as to say, that matters will never be placed on a satisfactory footing, till the Government, with its vivifying touch and with that organizing genius which is so conspicuous in the management of the War Office and the Admiralty, looses the red-tape bonds in which the commercial enterprise of the Railway Companies has hitherto been swaddled.

Perhaps therefore it is worth while to see how an English company really does compare with its State-owned, or at least State-aided and State-controlled foreign rivals. And the Great Western, which not only is the longest line, but also has an unusually large proportion of non-competitive traffic, may well be taken as a sample of the whole. In the table given below it can certainly not be said that the points selected for comparison are unduly favourable to the English Company. On the contrary, Penzance is only a quarter as populous as Kiel, the

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smallest of the towns given. The garrison alone of Brest is more numerous than all the inhabitants of the Cornish town. Again, the petty cross-channel traffic of Milford is a bagatelle compared to the commerce of Trieste or Marseilles, which latter town is also the first link in the long chain of rich and populous pleasure cities which encircle the Mediterranean from Hyères to San Remo. Kiel is only a few miles off the high road to Denmark and Sweden, while Dantzig is only just aside from the main thoroughfare between Russia and Western Europe.

Route.	Distance in miles.	Time of fastest train.	Speed in miles per hour.	Fares.			Fares per mile in Pence.		
				1st.	2nd.	3rd.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
		hrs. min.							
London and Milford	285¼	8 0	35·65	47/9	35/6	22/8½	2·	1·5	·95
London and Penzance . . .	326½	8 55	36·61	63/6	44/6	[25/11]	2·3	1·6	[·95]
Paris and Brest . .	381¼	13 31	28·20	60/	45/	33/	1·8	1·4	1
Paris and Marseilles	540	14 38	36·84	85/	[63/9]	[46/9]	1·8	[1·4]	[1]
Do. (*train de luxe*)	,,	14 29	37·28	133/	,,	,,	2·95	,,	,,
Berlin and Kiel (*viâ* Hamburg)	249½	7 12	34·65	37/	28/	[19/10]	1·78	1·35	[·95]
Berlin and Dantzic	286	8 40	33	41/	30/6	21/5	1·72	1·28	·9
Vienna and Trieste	372½	13 56	26·71	78/	58/	38/	2·51	1·87	1·22

Notes.—The fastest train is in all cases taken, whether up or down.
Fares enclosed in brackets are not available by the best train.

Certainly English railways have no need to be ashamed of a comparison which shows that a train stopping a dozen times in the first eighty miles, is only fractionally slower than the Marseilles *rapide—l'Eclair*, the French journals prefer to call it —which is limited to first-class through passengers, and only makes eight halts between Marseilles and Paris. The fastest train for second-class passengers takes over 18 hours (=less than 30 miles an hour) while third-class through passengers are admitted *par exception* to a train which performs the journey at the magnificent speed of 25 miles an hour. To Penzance the speed of the best third-class train is a fraction over 31. As for fares, the English first and second class, though markedly less than the Austrian, certainly look higher than those prevailing in France or Germany. It should be remembered,

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however, that they include a much more liberal allowance of free baggage. After all, the first-class fares, in which the difference is most marked, only affect three passengers out of every hundred. As nine Englishmen out of ten go third, the really important question is, what is the third-class accommodation? And to this question there can be but one possible answer; that for the same fares as prevail on the Continent the carriages and the speed are incomparably superior. The fact that third-class passengers, in a rich and by no means parsimonious country like England, bear a far larger proportion to the total number of persons who travel, than they do in poor countries like Germany or Italy, is the best testimony to the superior advantages of the English third class.

Cornwall is famous as a field for the geologist, and its railway traffic might also be not unaptly described as partaking of the characteristics of a geological formation. As we proceed further and further west, we seem to pass every few miles into a new *stratum* of traffic. At Plymouth the talk is of great steamships, whether it be the amorphous conglomerate of chimney stacks and conning towers that passes nowadays under the name of a man-of-war, or the last new addition to the P. & O. or the Royal Mail fleet. At Liskeard granite reigns supreme. A few miles further, Bodmin and Lostwithiel are absorbed in the fattening of beasts for the London market. Par, St. Austell, and Fowey are concerned only to know what percentage of china-clay the heathen Chinee may be induced to pay for in the shape of "grey shirtings." Camborne and Redruth, and the little town of Hayle, which imports their coal and make their pumps, are in the height of prosperity or the depths of adversity, according as the tin from their Wheals and Carns and Pols rises or falls in price in the London market. Finally, with the broccoli and early potatoes, which Penzance produces, the mackerel which it catches, and the narcissus which it imports, we pass back again from the mineral to the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Partly in consequence, no doubt, of the removal of the headquarters of the Peninsular and Oriental from Southampton to the Thames, partly owing to the growth of newer lines such as the Orient, the importance of Plymouth as a port of call has greatly increased of recent years. Seldom a day passes that some great steamer does not either embark or disembark its passengers in the Sound. And the arrangements for so doing are certainly of the most complete and convenient description.

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We were down there one day last autumn, and the *Ballaarat* from Bombay, and the *Orinoco* from the West Indies, were telegraphed about midnight as off the Lizard. The P. & O. vessels, as a rule, run to their time table with the accuracy of an express train, but the *Ballaarat* is one of the newest and fastest boats, and arrived three days in front of her contract time. In the early dawn the signalman at Penlee Point flashed the news of the almost simultaneous arrival of the two ships—each line has its own code, whether of flags or rockets—to the look-out man on the Hoe. At once the tenders prepared to start from the Milbay Docks, fine roomy boats with saloon decks—the *Raleigh*, the *Drake*, and the *Smeaton* are their appropriate names—and by the time the vessels had come to anchor under the lee of the breakwater, a tender was alongside each. With the minimum of delay the passengers, their pale faces a startling contrast to the highly coloured complexion of the Devonshire folk, were passed with their belongings, not forgetting Her Majesty's mails, down from the towering decks of the great ships to the pigmies alongside. Before ever we had cast off our fastenings, the *Orinoco* and the *Ballaarat* had weighed their anchors, and steaming ahead full speed in the ample sea-room of the spacious harbour, they were outside the breakwater by the time we had got inside the shelter of Drake's Island. Arrived in the docks, with in very truth what the shipowners would term a "miscellaneous cargo" of orchids and bananas, guava jelly and cigars, deck chairs and silver claret-jugs, the passengers had only to step on shore and obtain their tickets in the adjoining waiting-room, and then, as soon as the Customs inspection was completed, take their seats in the railway carriages standing ready on the quay. A fee of 2*s.* 6*d.* per head, in addition to the railway fare, covered all the vexatious dock-dues and landing charges, porterage and boat hire, to which in many places travellers are still exposed. By three o'clock that afternoon Londoners would be at home in their own houses.

The Cornwall Minerals Line, which runs from the north coast at Newquay, to the south coast at Fowey, was projected and constructed for the conveyance of ironstone. But the iron mines have not proved a success, and its main business is nowadays the transport of china-clay. Fowey, whence a hundred thousand tons are shipped every year, must surely be one of the most lovely harbours in the world. The sea runs up the narrow channel, deep enough to float big ships moored along the shore, leaving

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between the water and the hills only just room for the narrowest of lanes, and the thinnest line of houses along it. Each inhabitant can choose whether he will step out of his front door into his cart, or out of his back door into his boat. Higher up the harbour than the town are the jetties where the clay is shipped. The largest proportion goes to Runcorn, loose in the hold of the vessel, into which it is shot from hydraulic tips with no more ceremony than so much coal; and from Runcorn it is conveyed either by railway or canal to the Lancashire cotton-mills and the Staffordshire potteries. For export to foreign countries (and the Cornwall china-clay is sent all over the world) it is packed in barrels.

But though, *faute de mieux*, a railway may be ready enough to deal in china-clay, there is not much profit to be made out of hauling a 10-ton truck a dozen or twenty miles for a few pence per ton. The traffic of Penzance is of a very different kind. In volume it is no doubt small, though Penzance has been known before now to send off 68 truck-loads of broccoli, or 12 tons weight of narcissus, in a single day; and over 800 tons of mackerel in a single week. But its value is very different, and the railway company carries it for hundreds of miles. No doubt perishable traffic of this kind is expensive to work. It comes in fits and starts; the rolling stock must be ready on the spot to take it the instant it arrives; and if it fails to arrive at all, must stand idle, earning nothing. Then, at best, the trucks are loaded on the return journey with empty packages only. Further, perishable goods must be conveyed at express speed, and it may often happen that an engine has to be despatched specially with only half or quarter of a load. Still, on the whole, there is no reason to doubt that the business yields the Company a satisfactory profit. Lately, however, we have been assured, on no less authority than that of the fishmongers and fish-salesmen themselves, that the railways are the only people who make any profit whatever out of the trade in fish. Let us endeavour to bring this assertion to the test of facts.

A Cornish mackerel weighs, say, on the average 1 lb., and costs the retail London purchaser, at an ordinary fishmonger's shop, 6*d.* The larger fish are mostly Irish, sent to London *viâ* Milford. 6*d.* per lb. equals 56*s.* per. cwt., or £56 per ton. The railway rate is 70*s.* per ton, plus an extra 5*s.* per ton for cartage in London, if performed by the Company. But as in every 10 lbs. for which the Company charges, 3 lbs. weight of boxes is included, it would

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perhaps be fairer to say that the railway rate for the fish is about £5 10*s.* per ton. As the boxes or "pads" are returned from London carriage-free, there does not seem to be any other opening for charge on the part of the Company. There remains therefore over £50 per ton to be divided between the fisherman and smack-owner on the one hand; the fish-buyer, the fish-salesman, the bummeree (if he condescends to touch so plebeian fish at all) and all the other host of forestallers and regraters in the middle; and the retail fishmonger on the other. In what exact proportion the sum is shared, it is not easy for the outside public to learn. The prevailing impression that the fisherman does not receive too large a share, is no doubt correct. If it be true, as the fish-traders say, that the cost of carriage often amounts to more than the total sum that is paid to him, we are then confronted with the fact that the middleman and the retailer receive between them about £44 per ton, or over 700 per cent. on the original cost of the article. The subject is eminently one on which more light is required. At present the railway charges, which are fixed and published, are the only element of certainty in the whole calculation. Perhaps it would be as well, if the fish trade also would lay their books open to public inspection.

Meanwhile there is one point that is quite clear. Supposing the railways to carry the fish gratis, and the fishermen to succeed in obtaining the whole of the present cost of carriage, they would receive 1*d.* instead of ½*d.* per lb. as at present. Putting it the other way round, assuming the fisherman to be left as at present, and the distributors to remain content with their share of £44 per ton, the thrifty housewife might look forward to the gratifying prospect of being able in future to purchase a sixpenny mackerel for five-pence halfpenny.

For broccoli and new potatoes the rate is 35*s.* per ton; if, to allow for the weight of the crates and hampers and for the charge for returned empties, we call it 40*s.*, it will be practically correct. Roughly speaking, this is ⅓*d.* per lb. It is impossible to put the retail cost of new potatoes at less than 2*d.*, or of broccoli at less than 3*d.* (for some months past it has been more like 5*d.*) per lb. So that again it does not appear that the railway absorbs a very large proportion of the retail price. Nor does it seem as if the Penzance market-gardener, who, it is estimated, receives about £72 per acre as the gross return of his land, after deducting cost of carriage and salesman's commission, has any very great reason to be discontented. The Penzance

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potatoes, however, do not as a rule come to London at all. The London market is mainly supplied by the Channel Islands. Penzance finds its markets in the great towns of the Midlands and the North. To Newcastle the through rate is 46*s.* 8*d.*, to Edinburgh it is 65*s.*—say ½*d.* per lb. Efforts have been made of late years to carry this traffic by steamer; but not apparently with over-much success. A cargo of broccoli delayed for a week by fog, and delivered half rotten, or a load of potatoes carried in the hold of a collier and landed with the thin new skins torn and bruised, can hardly compete on equal terms with the superior condition of railway-borne produce.

The Scilly narcissus-trade deserves a word of notice. A year or two back it was non-existent. Last year the total consignments, up to the middle of April, were about 60 tons, or 30 tons weight of actual flowers. The profits of the islanders, which were very large, were invested not in the savings-bank but in the purchase of new bulbs. This year, up to the middle of April, nearly 120 tons had already passed through Penzance; just double the amount for the same period in 1887. The flowers are gathered and packed in time to be despatched by the steamers every Monday and Thursday morning. Leaving Penzance at 5 P.M. the same afternoon by the mail train, they are in London at 4 next morning, and at Covent Garden an hour later. One day last March the mail took 12 tons in four huge broad-gauge parcel-vans piled right up to the roof with neat little boxes. The carriage of this one consignment from Scilly to Covent Garden amounted to upwards of £100, of which the steamer took £30, the cost of transfer at Penzance was £9, and the Great Western got the balance. A satisfactory profit, doubtless; but if we reckon that the contents of each box fetched from £1 to £3 in the flower-shops, and that 250 boxes go to the ton, we shall see that there was a fair margin left for the subsistence both of the flower farmer and the London florist.

But we have lingered too long in the far West, and must hasten back to Swindon, though the place look as uninviting as it did one day we saw it last February, with the snow piled in great heaps against the walls and plastered tight under the roof of the platform; while the drifts formed so fast, that it was more than the platelayers could do to keep the point-rods and signal-wires free and the points in working order, and more than the engine could do to get away from the platform without assistance. Swindon is only another Crewe, or another Derby, or

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another Doncaster, but it needs no skill to find new features of interest to study at each of these huge establishments. A corner of one would furnish out matter to fill a volume of description. In one place we came upon a whole gang of harness-makers, diligently stitching. They are only making head-stalls for use in the Company's stock of horse-boxes. In another place we find that even in the matter of economy the broad-gauge is not wholly without advantage. A lattice-work girder, 124 feet long and 12 feet 6 inches high, is being riveted together, and is going to be sent down to Bristol in one piece, to form part of a new widening of the line that the Severn Tunnel has rendered imperatively necessary. Portable riveters, in shape and size like a horse-collar, opening and closing at the pointed end, hang suspended from above, and are fed with water through flexible coils of copper-tubing. Each machine performs the work of a dozen lusty boiler-makers and strikers.

When we cross the rails into the carriage shops, we begin to wonder whether the skilled mechanic will not ere long be an extinct species. Here we come across a boy of fourteen, making curtain rings out of flat discs of wood, by a process somewhat similar, and implying about as much mental or bodily exertion as is required to squeeze oil-paint out of a collapsible tube. Close by, a second boy looks on while a copying lathe reproduces, with a scrupulous accuracy that the most skilled hand-turning could never hope to rival, the thickenings and taperings of the oval-shaped handle of a platelayer's pick. A little further on a file, alone and unattended, has taken a band-saw in charge, and is sharpening its teeth, while two studs, nudging alternately from opposite sides, give them the requisite "set." We turned to the foreman and enquired how long it would be before the saw would be taught to get up off the table after the operation and go back to its work. His reply was, "Well, Sir, they do say that a man only wants a hammer and a glue-pot to build a railway carriage nowadays." But if the glue-pot has so far remained outside the range of influence of steam power, its brother, the paint-pot has already succumbed. For one shop we found in sole possession of a small engine, that was assiduously grinding and mixing paint. It is true there was a man looking on, or, as he would doubtless have arrogantly described himself, "in charge"; but the engine went on with its task with a quiet self-confidence that brooked no interference.

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An hour's run from Swindon brings us to Gloucester, no longer on the main high road to South Wales, as the new route by Bristol and the Severn Tunnel cuts off fifteen miles. As we spin down the Stroud bank we are constrained to wonder what proportion of the passengers in the train, even of those who remember the geography that they learnt at school, realize that we have been traversing the defiles of the great chain of the Cotswolds, and have passed from the Thames to the Severn basin. Another hour brings us to the much more remarkable geography of Monmouthshire and South Wales. If any one looks at the railway map in "Bradshaw," he will find that a square block of country, whose four corners are represented by Newport, Cardiff, Merthyr and Abergavenny, is black with lines running almost due north and south. If then he will turn to an ordinary atlas, he will find that the railways are replaced by rivers, of which the Usk, the Ebbw, the Sirhowy, the Rhymney, and the Taff are the most important. But the flow of the rivers is not more constant, nor their volume greater than that of the marvellous and never-ending streams of coal that find their outlets at Cardiff and at Newport. Cardiff, including Penarth, ships ten million tons of coal *per annum*, not far short of double Newcastle, Sunderland and West Hartlepool all put together; the shipments of Newport for 1886 were nearly four million tons, and are increasing rapidly. The whole neighbourhood has grown more like some mushroom American city than like staid English towns that had a place in history when Robert of Normandy came back from the Crusades. At the beginning of the century, the census gave Cardiff a population of 1018; in 1841 it was only 10,000; in 1881 the houses numbered more than the individual inhabitants of forty years earlier. To-day the population is estimated to be over 120,000. In the same eighty years, Newport has risen from a mere village to a town of 45,000 people. As for the trade of the district, it is on record that at the beginning of the century, "coals were brought chiefly from the Caerphilly Mountains, in bags weighing from 100 to 130 lbs., on horses, mules and asses, with a woman or a lad driving two or three of them. This was principally done in fine weather, for it was customary to avoid the incidental delay of frost, snow, or bad weather, by bringing in the winter stock at a particular time." Since then the arrangements for moving coal have been considerably modernized. A few months back a vessel went alongside the quay at 8 P.M. on Saturday night.

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At 12.20 A.M. on Sunday morning she sheered off with a cargo of 1300 tons on board.

Needless to say, both Cardiff and Newport are supplied with all the most recent and most powerful appliances for dealing rapidly with large cargoes. In the common form of coal tip, the truck runs up to the edge of the quay; there it is received on a hydraulic lift, which raises it some eight or ten feet, and then, tipping it up behind, discharges its contents down a shoot into the hold of the vessel. The empty truck then goes back the way it came. To this system there is this obvious objection, that till the empty truck has been got out of the way, another full one cannot be brought up. At Newport an improvement has therefore been made, by which a second high-level line is provided to take the empty trucks straight away back from the top of the shoot, so that the lift goes down empty and is ready to receive a fresh load forthwith. In this way it is possible to get rid of a truck-load of coal every two minutes, or 300 tons within the hour. But the ship can seldom receive its cargo at this rate. The coal falls in a huge heap at the bottom of the shoot, and then there has to be a pause, till it can be trimmed. So at the Roath Basin, the latest addition to the Bute Docks, a new plan is being tried. The coal truck is emptied bodily into a huge coal-hod, and the coal-hod is swung by a crane on board the vessel, and guided to the exact place where the coal is to lie. A handle is then pulled, and the bottom of the coal-hod, which is like the roof of a house sloping outwards on all sides from the centre, falls off and causes the coal to run out sideways instead of straight downwards. The size of the colliers themselves is on the same scale of magnitude as the Cardiff Docks. Vessels of two or three thousand tons are only in the second class. It is no uncommon thing for a ship to sail with 4000 or even 5000 tons of coal on board. A notice, which is affixed prominently about through the docks, gives an apt idea of the dimensions which the traffic has attained: "Keep off the edge of the quays, as the coal-dust, especially in calm weather, makes the water look like land."

But Cardiff and, in a less degree, Newport will shortly be exposed to a very formidable rivalry. Of the 10,000,000 tons of coal passing through Cardiff in the year, four-fifths are brought by the Taff Vale Company. The Taff line not only works in close alliance with the Bute Docks, but it is, practically speaking, the owner of the docks on the other side of the river at Penarth.

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That it has done its work well, few people will probably be found to deny. But it has paid dividends of 17 and 18 per cent., and in these days coal-owners and shippers may be forgiven for looking on such returns with jealous eyes. Rumour has it that a deputation of coal masters demanded certain concessions some time back. "If you want that," was the reply, "you will have to build your docks for yourself." The coal masters took the hint, and to day the Barry Docks and the Barry Railway are almost on the eve of completion. The very apple of the Taff Company's eye is the Rhondda Valley, which runs out of the vale of the Taff above Pontypridd. Not only is its steam-coal the best in the world, hitting exactly the happy mean between the bituminous coal of Monmouthshire and the dusty and brittle anthracite of the fields further west, but its quantity is inexhaustible. The Rhondda Fach and the Rhondda Fawr (Big and Little Rhondda) turn out between them over 6,000,000 tons per annum. Into this happy valley the Barry Company are now going boldly to intrude, and, tapping the traffic of the Taff almost at its fount, are going to conduct it by a subterranean channel through the hills that have hitherto confined it, down to a new outlet into the sea at Barry. Here nature has gone more than halfway towards constructing a spacious dock, by fixing an island half a mile off the coast, with a low marshy neck of land between. It needed only to carry a causeway from either end of the islet to the mainland, to pump out or dig out the marsh between, and the dock was made. It is now approaching completion, and considering that the shareholders in the dock are not only the owners of the railway that leads to it, but also of the collieries that must feed the railway, it can hardly fail to have a prosperous future before it. Fortunately for the Taff shareholders, they have an ample fund of profit upon which to draw, but it is likely to be long before they see a dividend of 18 per cent. again.

It is impossible to conclude these notes on the Great Western Railway, imperfect and fragmentary though they may be (and no one can be as conscious as the writer that the half of what is best worth describing has not been described), without saying one word of the Severn Tunnel. The tale of its construction has been told often enough; the dogged determination of the Company and its chairman that the tunnel should be made, the heroic pluck of the divers and navvies who boldly faced the fierce rush of subterranean rivers, form a chapter in engineering history of which Englishmen have a right to be proud. To

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show the magnitude of the task, it may be mentioned that Sir Francis Head, himself an engineer by profession, writing less than forty years ago, deemed it necessary to accentuate with italics and notes of exclamation the marvellous fact that, during the construction of the Kilsby Tunnel, "by the main strength of 1250 men, 200 horses, and 13 steam-engines, . . . the astonishing and almost incredible quantity of 1800 gallons of water per minute was raised from the quicksand and conducted away." At the Severn Tunnel, now that the springs have been finally beaten and pumping has been reduced to its normal amount, about 10,000 gallons per minute are being raised from a considerably greater depth. One single pump with buckets over two feet in diameter lifts every 8 seconds, and will lift every 5½ seconds if run to the full power of the engine, 490 gallons of water from a depth of 250 feet. Not long since, a workman was sitting on the side of the open culvert into which this pump discharges. Just as the huge beam, with its 40 tons of gearing attached, reached the top of its stroke, he slipped over the edge; the water surged up, and in an instant he was carried riding on the crest of the wave right out into the river. On the whole, the 16 pumps are lifting over 500 million gallons per month, or enough to supply a town the size of Liverpool, and burning 1000 tons of coal in doing so. It is at present in contemplation to use the power of this water as it runs down to the river to drive electric machinery to light the tunnel.

Another point in which we have improved upon our fathers may be noted. A Kilsby navvy, being asked if he ever went to church, replied, drawing his metaphor from his daily avocations, "Soonday hasn't cropped out here yet." At Sudbrook, above the great spring, there was a wooden chapel for the use of the workmen. This building took fire and was burnt to the ground. Within three weeks, the bricklayers working night and day, and fires being kept constantly alight to dry the walls, a solid brick edifice with seats for 600 people had taken its place. The pumps are not the only machinery constantly at work. There is a huge fan that exhausts 220,000 cubic feet of air every minute, and keeps the tunnel so clear of smoke and steam, that the platelayers say that at midday, from the bottom of the incline in the centre of the tunnel, they can see the sun shining on the metals at the mouth two miles and a half away.

The working of the tunnel traffic, which is advancing by leaps and bounds, has already given occasion for more than one

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ingenious development of electric science. Among them may be mentioned a wire carried through the tunnel, which, if cut by the guard's knife in case of break-down, sets bells ringing in the signal cabins at either end, and gives warning that the lines are blocked. Another thing is a bell at the bottom of the incline to give timely notice to drivers and guards to release their brakes, lest the sudden jerk should snap the couplings. The bell is set ringing from the signal box as the train enters, and is silenced by the train pressing down a treadle as it passes it. By a further refinement, a portion of the current is diverted through a small indicator bell in the signal cabin, that the signalman may be sure that all is working correctly. But it is expected that before long the growth of the traffic will compel the division of the tunnel into two sections, and the erection of a signal cabin in the middle. In that case we fear the men will find that the punkah constantly at work over their heads renders the climate anything but tropical.

What the consequences of the opening of this great highway may be, it is as yet too soon to speak. Southampton and Portsmouth are already drawing their steam-coal by land instead of by water. That ships trading to Bristol will load in Bristol docks with a return cargo of South Wales coal, is among the possibilities of the immediate future. Even now it is said the travellers of Bristol houses are taking orders from the mining centres of Monmouthshire and Glamorgan that formerly went to the Cardiff shopkeepers. A new cross-country service of expresses from Bristol and Cardiff, through Hereford and Shrewsbury to Lancashire, is spoken of as probable. To the Great Western the value of the connection in knitting together its disjointed parts can hardly be over-estimated. Twenty years since, Great Western stock might have been bought for 38. As we write, it is quoted at 144. But no one who knows the line and its capacities for development can think that the rise has yet reached its limit.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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A Lady's Winter Holiday in Ireland.

PART II.

ON arriving at Waterford Station, on Christmas Eve, my host's butler who met me told me the "'Buses," &c., were "took off for the holidays," an amusing contrariety. Consequently I arrived at the Bishop's Palace in the Parcel Post van, a red box on two wheels, with such a backward tilt that when it backed up to the Palace door, and was opened, I was shot out much in the fashion of a sack of coal. In this beautifully situated historic town, of ancient smells and dirty streets, and unbroken records for 1000 years, the things which chiefly interested me were the streets of thatched, two-roomed, one-storied workmen's houses, with gardens, and the great number and imposing appearance of the Roman Catholic institutions, new as well as old, 95 per cent. of the population of the town and county of Waterford being Catholics. Odours of pigs predominate, and the pig, cattle, and poultry trade with England is enormous. Waterford is full of endowed charities, some of them, as the General, still called the Leper Hospital, dating from the twelfth century. Among these "Bishop Foye's School," which until lately afforded an admirable commercial training and education to forty Protestant boys, has been severely crippled by occurrences arising out of "the state of things," the "Plan of Campaign" having won a victory for an abatement of rent, which has been the chief cause of a reduction in the number of boys from 40 to 12.

The women of Waterford are comely, and it is only among the girls that costume is giving place to the tawdry hats and bonnets, badly-fitting tight jackets, unsightly humps, and high-heeled boots which vulgarize and deform our own lower-class young women. The out-of-doors costume of the older women

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consists of a long, black-cloth cloak of extravagant fulness, the copiousness of which is set in close pleats into a round yoke. A wide, long, deep hood, also of ample proportions, attached to the cloak, is worn over the head and folded back. Such a cloak, which costs from two to five guineas, lasts a lifetime.

At Waterford I saw only Protestant Episcopalians and Loyalists, who bore themselves quietly, and expressed themselves on the burning questions with extreme moderation, desiring only to be let alone. I heard nothing new or especially enlightening, except regarding the improved position, growth, and prosperity of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The general opinion (in brief) was that many of the tenants could pay their rents if they would, that many more could not pay, that present rents are generally too high, that much of the discontent is the work of agitators, that the great *desideratum* is quiet, that the priests, as a whole, are rather following than leading the people, and that much loyal feeling exists in the South of Ireland, the expression of which is suppressed for prudential reasons.

On a frosty and sunny morning the country between Waterford and Fermoy looked very attractive, sprinkled as it is somewhat thickly with well-thatched, lime-washed homesteads and outbuildings, larger farms, and gentlemen's houses with wooded demesnes. Live-stock abounded, and in spite of the enormous Christmas exportation, every homestead was surrounded by fowls and turkeys. From Cappoquin to Fermoy, the country along the Blackwater is remarkably pretty, the tillage careful and modern, and the walls, gates, and fences in good order. Of course the distress arising from the low price of farm produce is felt there as everywhere else; but a gentleman who acts for eight landlords in the district told me that the landlords, who are mostly resident, had "met the times" by abatements of from twenty to twenty-five per cent., and he had encouraged the tenants to get their rents fixed by law. He denied the existence of any serious agrarian troubles in that neighbourhood. The tenants had nearly all joined the League, many (he said) giving him to understand that they did so in order to escape the consequences of running counter to the popular feeling.

Fermoy is beautifully situated on the Blackwater, which cuts it in two, the halves being connected by a fine bridge of thirteen arches. The crest of the hill on one side is occupied by barracks for 3000 men, and the steep ridge which rises on the other above the main street is rendered imposing by a long

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line of modern, handsome, Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical and educational buildings. The long main street is chiefly occupied with shops, amongst which those for the sale of drink hugely preponderate. Mr. O'Brien, M.P., had recently obtained the now notorious "new clothes," and several shops displayed Blarney Tweeds with conspicuous placards attached to them, "W. O'Brien. His new suit. Tullamore." In one window there was a long row of "scent sachets," each one with a silk front, bearing alternately portraits of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell.

It was the great winter pig fair, and the feature of Fermoy was pigs. The long street, the side streets, the river and the fair grounds were packed close with small pig-carts, most of them drawn by asses, which were frequently getting up free fights on their own accounts, adding their harsh discordant notes to the pandemonium of squealing. I counted 327 carts in a few minutes. Each was usually accompanied by a man in a long coat much out of repair, a woman with a long black cloak drawn over her head, a girl with a shawl over her head, and a boy or two. As it is the custom to lift the swine by their ears and tails, and as all who bargained shouted at the tops of their voices, the noise was appalling, but mirth and fun were lacking. One monstrous pig, so fat that he sank exhausted after labouring along for a few feet, was an object of great interest. Two gentlemen asked his weight. "Six hundredweight, yer honour." "He wouldn't turn the scale at five," they rather scornfully replied. "Lay yer money on it," shouted the crowd. "Weigh! Weigh!" Bets were freely offered and taken, the excitement intensified, and after much difficulty, and much impeded by the crowd, the pitiable brute squealing and gasping, dragged from before, and pushed from behind, sank on the public weighing-machine. "Lay yer money! lay half a sovereign on him! lay the money on his back!" shouted the crowd to the gentlemen who had presumed to think that the monster would not turn the scale at five hundredweight. This was done, and the pig turned the scale at six hundredweight twenty-five pounds, a result received with yells of delight by both men and women. This incident was all that relieved the monotony of the best-behaved fair I ever saw.

In the evening I went to Mitchelstown on the mail car, a drive of ten miles, with three men who passed the time in telling stories of clever escapes from the police. On a winter evening, this road, which crosses the Kilworth Hills at an elevation of 750

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feet, is dreary enough, and the land looks bare, cold and sour; but as it dips down into the wide, rolling valley in which Mitchelstown stands, the view is singularly fine. The mercury was below freezing point, the wind was strong and pitiless, and on the other side of Mitchelstown, the Galtee Mountains, white with new-fallen snow, rose abrupt and ghastly in the twilight into heavy snow-clouds. The large village of between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants is an unprosperous-looking place. On entering it, the first object to attract notice is a jail, the next a police barrack, then a good house with the lower part heavily barricaded, and the upper windows filled up with brushwood, and an inscription in long letters, "Plan of Campaign! No Surrender! Evictors come on!" denoting active hostilities. Let into the pavement on the other side are two stone crosses marking the places where two men fell, mortally wounded in the "massacre" or "riot" of 1887. A little further is the large square or place where the fatal meeting was held. A small cross in the gravel marks the spot where Lonergan was shot dead, the first victim of the panic and bungling of that deplorable day. The long village street is full of small, unprosperous-looking shops, decaying with the general decay of the tenantry and the poverty of the proprietrix, Lady Kingstown. Sixty-one liquor shops prey upon the vitals of the town. College Square, with its fine avenue, and its picturesque stone houses, where eighteen ladies and twelve gentlemen live in comfort and refinement on a foundation of a late Lord Kingstown, is a pleasant and agreeable feature of the town.

I spent two days at a very comfortable little house in the Square, visited Constable Leahy, who was injured for life in the lamentable "affair," in company with the Protestant clergyman, and from him, as well as from Father Sexton, heard narratives of the meeting and of that which followed, leaving no doubt on my mind that "somebody blundered," for neither among their accounts, nor among those given me by several persons of lesser note were there any serious discrepancies.

As all are aware, the "Plan of Campaign," on the Kingstown estate, after a protracted struggle, gained a victory in March 1888. All people who endeavoured to enlighten me described the state of the neighbourhood as one of great difficulty and suspense, with extreme poverty and depression. They said that trade was stagnant, that travellers got few orders, that stock had

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all been sent out of the country, that agricultural operations were at an end, that the indebtedness of the neighbourhood, divided among banks, shops, and local money-lenders, could not be less than £90,000, and that no one had anything left on which to obtain credit. Five hundred and forty tenants had applied to have judicial rents fixed, and at a court held just before my visit a number of cases had been settled, the reductions averaging the all-round reductions which had been demanded by the tenants.

Father Sexton, the C.C. of Mitchelstown, called on me, owing to the indisposition of Dean O'Regan, and also Mr. ——, one of the active leaders of the League, who spent five of the best years of his life in penal servitude for complicity with the Fenian movement. Father Sexton one of the most cultured and candid priests I met with, held aloof from the League till after the passing of the Crimes Act. It was he who administered the last sacraments to the men who fell mortally wounded in the village street. He was "not prepared to say that the *first* shot fired by the police was unjustifiable." My conversation with Mr. —— was chiefly on general topics. He put forward a very gloomy view of the situation. He thought that "if better times came, the farmers would have to content themselves with getting nothing more than food and clothing out of the soil." On my asking what he expected would be the benefits of Home Rule, he replied that "a National Government would have it in its power to grant loans at easy rates for the encouragement of home industries and manufactures, and that under a settled *régime* capital would flow into the country instead of out of it. I asked him whether any measure of Home Rule would satisfy the National party which did not yield the control of the customs duties into the hands of an Irish Parliament, and whether the farmers were not regarding the imposition of protective duties as an essential element of Home Rule? He smiled significantly, but made no reply.* Mr. —— said that "strangers from England and Scotland were doing a great deal of harm by leading the people to expect a great alteration for the better in their circumstances as the immediate result of self-government, while in his

* In every case in which I was able to converse freely with the tenant-farmers, and the opportunity occurred many times every day, when I asked them what help in their industrial circumstances they expected as an early result of Home Rule, the reply was given promptly, and without circumlocution, to this effect: "It would enable us to put on protective duties on agricultural produce and woollen and linen goods."

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opinion it would be a slow and up-hill process." He said that his business (an auctioneer and valuer) gave him special opportunities of knowing the condition of the neighbourhood, which he described to be on the whole one of general bankruptcy with no available assets. He said that "when he was connected with the Fenian movement, and for many years afterwards, he had no hope of justice being attained for Ireland through the ordinary channels, but now he had every hope that it would be secured through the Irish Parliamentary Party."

After dark, under his guidance, I crept into the Sullivan's house through a hole in a wall. This has been described as being "the best barricaded house in Ireland." The family has shown great tenacity of purpose in adhering to "the cause," for their business was ruined and for a year gone, and having a large house which they had wrecked by their plan of fortification, they were living in the kitchen, which did not admit any daylight, the doors and lower windows of the house being secured by heavy timbers let into the floors, and the upper windows with brushwood, which, as one present said, would allow of their "throwing down things upon them."

Father Sexton greatly regretted "the distracted state of mind which is inseparable from the conflict." There are in the neighbourhood, he mentioned, 2500 members of the League of the Holy Cross, and formerly, he said, the concerts, lectures, and other entertainments given in the fine Temperance Rooms which were equipped by a former priest, were very largely attended, but that now all interest is centred in "the conflict." Although the local branch of the National League is suppressed, meetings are held after Mass every Sunday. Mr. Mandeville had just received an ovation on returning from his incarceration in Tullamore prison, and every one regretted that I did not see him. Dear indeed to the Irish heart is the man who has been in jail for a political offence! I have not been in a house except those of Protestants, in which a portrait of W. O'Brien has not occupied the place of honour.

Early on a grey, blae morning I walked from the Youghal Station into the town of Youghal, a picturesquely situated, old, decayed, marine town, from which all that gave it any semblance of prosperity has receded. In the garden of the Elizabethan house, north of the Church, Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever planted in Ireland. There are various matters of historical interest, among them Raleigh's house, in which he entertained

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Spenser, the beautiful church of St. Mary, not long since restored, and the town walls, round towers, street gateways, and ruined abbeys, which are curiously jumbled up among the narrow streets. Its late history may be summed up in progressive unprosperousness, the imprisonment of Canon Keller for "contempt of court," *i.e.* declining to give evidence regarding certain circumstances connected with bankruptcy proceedings in the case of a tenant on the Ponsonby estate, which he regarded as having come to his knowledge in his clerical capacity, and a fisher boy named Hanlon being "run through the back" by a policeman's bayonet in a tumult which arose on the occasion. The spot on which this youth was "martyred" was shown to me. Youghal has of late been made the point of departure for the "Ponsonby Estate" by very many English and Scotch M.P.'s and "Liberal deputations" and "delegations," and I do not purpose to repeat the oft-told story of the conflict. It is enough to say that the tenants, who number between 200 and 300, in November 1886 demanded certain reductions on their rent, that the landlord offered abatements which were considerably less, that a gentleman who might have negotiated a compromise was absent, that the landlord is an absentee, that the tenants *en bloc* adopted the Plan of Campaign, that a few were evicted, and their holdings taken over by the Land Corporation, and that evictions on a large scale were regarded as impending at the time of my visit. Two or three of the wealthier tenants whose barricaded houses I visited have been evicted lately, but the war continues and neither side shows symptoms of exhaustion.

Youghal, like many Irish towns, is dominated by a line of handsome R. C. buildings, in one of which I spent an hour with Canon Keller, a priest of imposing appearance and prepossessing manner, a man of mark and culture. Evidently and undoubtedly he loves his flock, and I fully believe that in coming forward as he has lately done in connection with the "Plan" he has been actuated by a sincere desire for their welfare. He introduced me to Mr. ——, who has been one of the leading spirits in carrying out the Plan, and was lame from a fractured leg, got in its service. We spent the next seven hours in driving over the Ponsonby Estate, and visiting many of the tenants. The east wind was strong and keen, sodden snow was lying about, the mercury just hovered above the freezing point, and hours of holding on to a most uncomfortable car benumbed both body and spirit. The chill sunless day enhanced the general dismalness,

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but even in sunshine anything more profoundly melancholy than this large estate, which has been "shorn and swept till it is almost as smooth as a billiard table," could hardly be seen except in the hopeless slums of a large city.

Much of the higher land is very poor, and obviously much impoverished, hedges were ragged, walls dilapidated, gates dropping to pieces; there were few if any preparations for crops, no manure on the pastures, roofs were tumbling in, miles of grazing land were to be seen without cattle, farmyards without even a solitary hen, houses without furniture, some of the larger farmhouses with doors and windows taken out and heavily barricaded, everything saleable got rid of, so that the landlord might find nothing on which to distrain for rent. In a few cases the tenants had planted a few potatoes, in others they had retained a pig or a donkey in the hope of a settlement, but on the whole the state of matters was as I have described it, one of silence and desolation, much as if an invading army had passed that way. On two farms cattle were being grazed by emergency men under police protection,* but on the whole industry was absolutely suspended. The demeanour of the people corresponded with their surroundings. In going from house to house there was not a smile, nor a kindly, cheery word, only a sullen stagnation, a nearly hopeless clinging to the hope of better things. Bitter complaints, fierce denunciations, and the piteous wail of poverty met us everywhere.

I saw some of the people alone, the better to get at their real views. All spoke bitterly of "grievances," rack-rent, "falling prices," no allowances of materials for repairs, no consideration on the part of the Ponsonby agent, while Mr. Young and Mr. Gubbins, neighbouring proprietors, had "met the times," and live in perfect peace with their tenants. They told me that in the best of recent years they had only been able to pay their rents by remittances from America, or from daughters in service; that they had only "praties" in winter, and stirabout of Indian meal without milk in summer; that they could hardly get clothes

* Emergency men were always described to me by Nationalists as "cut-throats, jail-birds, scum of the Irish jails, ruffians," &c. On the other hand, Mr. Beattie, of the Cork Defence Union, who is officially perhaps the largest employer of emergency labour in Ireland, assured me in the strongest language possible, that no emergency man employed by him had ever been in jail for any criminal act, though possibly some might have been locked up for drunkenness; that a most searching investigation into character is always made, and that many of the men are highly recommended by the clergy.—I. L. B.

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to cover them, and had for years past been drifting deeper and deeper into debt with the Youghal tradesmen in the endeavour to pay their rents and keep their holdings. The people of this region, the District Inspector of police deposed on oath, had been "an abnormally quiet people;" and quiet and free from crime they remain, though their sullen despairing air and their intense hatred of the system by which they believe their ruin has been wrought, impressed me most painfully.

I did not see one man there (or anywhere) who did not fully admit the right of the landlord to what he regarded as a "fair rent," which in every case in which I put the question was placed at something more than half the present rent. They all said they were willing to buy the land at from 12 to 16 years' purchase, calculated on judicial rents. Many of the farmers were living in a state of rags and squalor perfectly appalling, every element of wretchedness being present, except disease and impure air. Still, on being asked by my *cicerone* if I had ever seen anything to equal the misery of the dwellings, truth compelled me to say that I had seen it surpassed in a multitude of cases in the West Highlands and Islands of Scotland, but among *cottars*, not farmers. I will not "pile up the agony" by descriptions of miserable hovels with old people and young children lying on mud floors among the potatoes, for it is impossible to know what misfortunes and circumstances besides "rack-rents" have contributed to such a deplorable wretchedness. It must, however, be borne in mind that, barring the sums which may have been paid into the "Campaign Chest," the poverty has not been aggravated by the payment of rent for a year and a half at least.

I met there with a form of reply to which I afterwards became quite accustomed, and which contains one great grievance. On asking the tenant of Knockmonalea how long he had been on his farm, he replied, "Over two hundred years!"

After a day of painful experiences, aggravated by cold, hunger, and merciless jolting over stony roads, just as the grey day was passing into twilight, we went by a carriage-drive and shrubbery to what might be called "a gentleman farmer's" house, which had once been very pretty, but as doors and windows were gone, and their places filled by heavy timbers, it looked more like a fortified ruin. We got in at the back, and a handsome, dignified woman received us without a smile, and took us into a large kitchen furnished with two wooden stools. Living with nothing

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to do, month after month, in denuded, darkened rooms, was enough to account for this lady's melancholy, and she recalled with bitterness the days when it was a cheerful comfortable home. Everything movable, even the grates, had been sent away. Only a very pretty paper on the walls of a large drawing-room, the windows of which were filled with brushwood, remained to tell of better days. There was no servant, no labourer, the byres and stables were empty, there was no living creature in the fine paved farmyard, only a lone woman and her girl in a dark, damp, denuded house, waiting for better days, but dreading worse, and gradually losing hope, it seemed. She paid £212 a year in rent and taxes; she had, and possibly still has, capital, but she entered the combination along with the poorest tenant on the estate. "How do you like the 'plan'?" I asked, after some conversation on that inexhaustible topic "the state of things." "Like it," she replied with much bitterness of tone, "I'm sick of it—I wish I'd been in eternity before I went into it; but I'm a lone woman, with no one to guard me, and if I were to pay my rent I should be shot."

Our last visit to Mr. Maurice Doyle of Inchiquin was a very cheery one in some aspects of the case. This is a fine farm with a rental of £370, iron gates admitting to a long carriage-drive, a good house, and very extensive farm-buildings in good repair. But the house itself was uninhabited, and had been ruthlessly pulled about for purposes of fortification. The doors and windows were heavily barricaded, and even the great flagstone at the front door had been taken up. On the front was painted in large letters, "Exterminators, come on!"*

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle, the latter a very pretty, graceful-looking young wife, were living with their five lovely children in a large dark outhouse with an earthen floor. In this the youngest child was born. Mr. Doyle, a handsome, spirited-looking young fellow, is no doubt a man of capital, and spoke in the cheery tone which capital gives. After declaring that they would fight it out now to the end, he said that when the tenants decided to adopt the "plan," he at once held an auction of his stock and sold them off at the best price of the day, while many who sent their beasts to friends, not expecting the struggle to last so long, had had to sell them later for what they would then fetch, and had lost seriously. He said that he could not have gone on

* The "Exterminators" have just accepted the challenge, and "come on," taking the defenders by surprise, and the tenant has been evicted.

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paying his rent, and added, "I'm as well as I am in the meantime," *i.e.* if nothing was coming in, nothing was being paid out.

A long, bleak, bitter drive in the darkness ended at the Imperial Hotel in Youghal with a good fire, an excellent dinner, and a long conversation with Mr. O'Nill, the secretary of the local branch of the National League. The intention of the managers of the Plan of Campaign undoubtedly is to replace the tenants in the position in which they were before the struggle began, but one may be allowed to doubt whether this will be *morally*, even if it is financially possible.

I reached Cork late the same night, and "alighted" at the Victoria Hotel, which I soon found was the Nationalist head quarters, and much excited about the arrest that morning of the foreman printer of the *Cork Examiner*, one of the most pronounced of the Nationalist papers, the office of which is opposite. Guests, waiters, chambermaids, all, and at all times, talked Nationalism. Dr. Tanner flitted as a familiar spirit through the corridors, liberated political prisoners were regaled at the bar; English Home Rule lecturers, and English and Scotch delegations addressed crowds from the balcony, political telegrams were received and discussed all day long, nothing was to be heard of but Ireland, and Irish grievances and aspirations.

Being anxious to see as many sides as possible of "the state of things," I took a day's drive of about thirty miles in the County Cork in order to visit some of the families who have been and are "strictly boycotted." It was a matter of some difficulty to get a car for such an expedition, but through friendly intervention, a car-owner, a Cork man, but a Protestant and an Orangeman, undertook to take me. There are said to be 22,000 Protestants in Cork, who count for little or nothing, as for prudential reasons they do not make their voices heard, except in the very feeble squeak of the *Cork Constitution*. My driver had, however, "the courage of his opinions," and even ventured to commit the heinous crime of "driving the police."

I left Cork early on a brilliant frosty morning, returning late at night under a cloudless sky, and it was a truly delightful drive, whether through the smiling woodlands, and trim demesnes which skirt the bright waters of the Lee, or upwards over the purple moorlands, on which boldly outlined mountains rest, then white with new-fallen snow. The small bay horse trotted merrily without a stimulus, and the driver being a prospering

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man was quietly and intelligently cheerful. We went quite up to the skirts of the high hills into pleasant pastoral country, dotted with limewashed homesteads, before we came to the families of which I was in search, calling on the way at a farm which, in spite of police protection day and night, had had the steading burned down three weeks before. The way to the farm of Barraharing lay down a steep narrow lane with high banks, involving getting off the car and walking, while the hinged footboards were turned up and back over the seats, which narrowed the car for the narrow road. On the way down we passed two or three farms, close to one of which the McCarthy family live in a good farmhouse, with large outbuildings all in good order, and pleasant grazing land around it, 240 acres in all. This man has another farm some miles nearer Cork, and has been very thrifty and industrious. He is boycotted as a "landgrabber," but he desires it to be understood that he did not take "an evicted farm" (in which case apparently he would have recognized the justice of the sentence), but a farm which, after being the subject of litigation for some years, was duly advertised and let to him as the highest bidder. For eighteen months he says he lived in peace, and then the sentence went forth. In September 1885, late one evening, five shots were fired into his house. The holes in the shutters and walls made by them have not been filled up. Since then he and his family have been completely outlawed in their neighbourhood.

It is not likely that any reader of this magazine knows the meaning of being left "severely alone," * as it is understood by the McCarthys of Barraharing. On knocking at the house door, Mrs. McC. opened it a chink. I said I had called at the suggestion of Mr. ——, who I knew had rendered them some services. The door was opened a little wider, so that I had a glimpse of two comely girls at the wash-tub, but it was still held with one hand and knee, and no welcome was offered. Mrs. McC. had one arm in a sling and her face was contorted with pain, and I expressed some sympathy with her, merely saying that I

* Mr. Parnell on boycotting, Ennis, September 19, 1880.—"When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must show him on the roadside when you meet him: you must show him in the streets of the town: you must show him at the shop counter: you must show him in the fair and in the market place, and even in the house of worship, by *leaving him severely alone*, by putting him into a moral Coventry, *by isolating him from the rest of his kind as if he were a leper of old:* you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed."

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was sorry to see her suffering so much, and that as I had been in a London hospital for a time I might be able to suggest something that would relieve the pain. The door at once opened wide, and the girls left the wash-tub. Their mother had a very severe whitlow on one finger, which was enlarged almost to bursting; she was flushed and feverish; she had not had any sleep for three nights, and had been walking up and down the kitchen all the previous night and morning, and there was no help to be had. There were neighbours all round, but not one dared to perform any neighbourly office for this suffering "LEPER." I asked her if she could bear a short sharp pain for the relief of her hand, and she said she would bear anything, she was "so nearly mad." So I opened the finger with a penknife for nearly two inches, and she did not wince, only gave a low short cry. After the contents of the finger had drained into some hot water, and a bread poultice and a supporting sling were put on, she said she was absolutely "free of pain." I never saw such instantaneous relief. It was worth the whole day's expedition to see the change in this poor woman's face. Both mother and daughters made me simply welcome. I was taken into a bright clean room, half parlour, half dairy, with bullet-holes in the shutters and wall; tea, rich cream and scones were provided, and the good woman said she would tell me "the state of things."

Apart from the inscrutable narrative of the taking of the farm (*i.e.*, the Landgrabbing) which was interrupted by the statement, "You see we're not like people who took an evicted farm," the circumstances seem these. After taking the farm they went on as usual for eighteen months, then came the decree in virtue of which they were to be left "*severely alone.*" Their servants and labourers were compelled to leave them under threats of personal violence. Five shots were fired through their windows, since which time, two and a half years ago, two policemen have slept in their house each night. McCarthy and his family could not attend mass; one Christmas Day, all the occupants of the gallery of the chapel rose and left it as soon as they entered, and he had to be escorted home by four policemen to protect him from a mob hooting, groaning and throwing mud. The blacksmith will not shoe their horses, or the shoemaker themselves. The carpenter will not repair their house. No neighbouring shops will deal with them; and in Cork City, to which their necessities drove them, they can only buy the

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necessaries of life by stealth—here a little and there a little, the shops from which they bought meal, &c., having declined to supply them, having been threatened with boycotting by their Cork customers. The butter merchants refuse to buy their butter. Their cattle have been boycotted in Macroom fair, and the only way in which they can dispose of them is by driving them at dead of night to a given place, where they are met by an agent of the Cork Defence Union, and by some mysterious methods of changing hands are eventually shipped to England. They had to withdraw their children from school because the other children refused to attend school along with them. Two "Emergency men," supplied by the Cork Defence Union, live in their house and act as labourers. A travelling forge, equipped and sent round among boycotted people by the same Union, shoes their horses once a month. If a horse casts a shoe in the interval there is no help for it. No one ever crosses the threshold. No one ever speaks to any one of them anywhere. They can never go to weddings, wakes, dances, or fairs. They are literally shunned as *lepers*. A son and two girls have grown up under this sentence, and their *gaucherie* and peculiarity of manner are most singular. "My daughters can never get husbands," the mother exclaimed. I took the eldest on my car to her uncle's farm of Ballyherrick, where her father was, and this little "jaunt" made it a gala day. The uncle, Denis McCarthy, is "completely boycotted" for remaining on friendly terms with his brother. The particulars are the same. He, a very delicate man, and his wife are treated as *lepers*. His wife was stoned and her clothes torn by the people when attending chapel some time ago. Just before my visit some of his outbuildings, his stacks and a cart had been destroyed by incendiaries and the neighbours looked on. These people had no children, and could get no servant; they are both frail, and the woman said she wished daily she had been in her grave before the boycotting began.

In the County Cork, I visited over twenty families of completely boycotted people, who are only enabled to live by being supplied with labour and the necessaries of life through the agency of the Cork Defence Union. Some of these were "landgrabbers," some were people who had been unfortunate enough to be subpœned for the Crown, and others were guilty of friendliness or aid to the boycotted. The system has been most admirably contrived for rendering it all but impossible

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for men to break "the unwritten law" which has become dominant over much of Ireland. A few days later, I was at the house of Mr. ———, M.P., and in the course of conversation on "the state of things," he said, "I don't think there'll be more evicted farms taken." "Why," I asked, "would the tenants be boycotted?" "Worse than that," he answered. "Murdered?" I asked. "Yes. I couldn't recommend boycotting in Kerry. The people are desperate, and it would mean murder. You could not say 'there's a marked man, don't speak to him' but what there'd be a shot fired some dark night."*

ISABELLA L. BIRD.

* Mr. Gladstone on boycotting, May 24, 1882.—Boycotting "is in the first place combined intimidation. In the second it is combined intimidation made use of for the purpose of outraging private liberty of choice by fear of ruin and starvation—we must look to this that the creed of boycotting, like every other creed, requires a sanction, and that the sanction of boycotting—that which stands in the rear of boycotting, and by which alone boycotting in the long run can be made thoroughly effective, is, *the murder which is not to be denounced.*"

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Old Family Plate.

OF all the domestic treasures which have been preserved to our own time, perhaps none would be thought more certain to have carried their history with them than those formed of the precious metals. From their intrinsic value, their freedom from liability to breakage and decay, the ease with which they might receive inscriptions and the permanence with which they would retain them, articles of gold and silver would seem specially likely to combine historical with artistic interest.

It is therefore somewhat surprising how little is known of even the more important of such objects in important collections.

The serious student of an art subject is likely to have from time to time special opportunity of examining the most remarkable specimens in public and private hands of the kind to which he devotes his collection, and of learning what the owners and custodians believe about them. The lover of old plate will soon convince himself that of the little that is supposed to be known of the origin and history of the pieces submitted to him, part is doubtful and the rest impossible.

Whether from the loss of records, or want of care during intervening days, a great deal of ancient plate has, in point of fact, to tell its own history afresh; and truth, as in other cases, proves often stranger than fiction.

And if there is much to be learned from old plate, its fashion and its curious marks, it is not necessary to be a crowned head or the conservator of a state-museum, to have access to much that is of value and interest. Comparatively few people realize what can be made out of their own familiar household surroundings. There is hardly a well-established family, especially if it has enjoyed the blessing of a settled home, which has not more unwritten history in the family-plate chests than it is well aware of.

But before we set about examining old family plate, particularly if it be our next-door neighbour's and not our own, we

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must remind ourselves that even here we may be treading upon dangerous ground. What has already been said of national, is even more true of domestic treasures; and family traditions as seldom bear the test of close examination. Our path will soon be strewed with the fragments of shattered beliefs, and if we persevere long enough with our researches, we shall run no small risk of dying without a friend.

On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the very revelations by which cherished legends are destroyed for ever, prove to be themselves of such a genuine interest as to be the foundation of strengthened friendships. This is the happier side of the candid connoisseur's experiences.

With these cautions, and prepared for the worst, let us take heart of grace, and turning to the humble and genuine treasures of old-fashioned family life, see what they can be made to tell.

Humble and genuine, say we, because the more magnificent sideboard plate our various friends have themselves purchased of recent years, stands upon a different footing and represents a different interest altogether. Much of it has been acquired in the auction-room, and has nothing to tell of the history of its present, however redolent it may be of former, owners.

For who is not aware of the almost exaggerated interest which is aroused by the discovery nowadays in garret or cellar of some ancient family possession? What effort is spared or enquiry stinted which may serve to link its history with that of its owners? And is not the very first care of the founder of a new family to fill his capital mansion with everything that may best supply the want of the envied heirlooms of more ancient houses?

There is no better illustration of the change that has come over society in these respects than the sale-catalogue of the present day.

Time was when the family plate, pictures, or library were parted with only in the hour of direst need, and then almost by stealth. Now, the magnitude of the sale and the historical interest of its items throw a kind of halo of notoriety over the unconcerned vendor, who calmly turns into all the larger sum of ready-money the coveted illustrations of his ancient race, by selling them with a carefully compiled pedigree and every possible authentication.

What a contrast to the anxiety with which his respected father would have stipulated that every trace of his coat-armour, and every other means of identification, should be erased from

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the family salvers before he sorrowfully agreed to part with them for their mere weight in silver coin, thinking himself fortunate to find a purchaser at such a liberal price for his "second-hand" plate!

With this digression, let us turn to a good-natured neighbour, who has neither been tempted to buy, nor driven to sell, and getting his permission to spread out for once on the long dining-room table every single bit of his family plate, antique or not, let us proceed to arrange it chronologically by the help of its hall-marks, which we shall find in most cases readily enable us to do so. It will amply repay both our host and ourselves, for we shall all learn something from the enquiry: he some curious little bits of family history perhaps new to him, or at all events corroborating what he knew before from his family papers, and ourselves benefiting by not a few notes on many subjects that interest us, relating to the old plate, its makers, and the habits and fashions of those who have used it in bygone days.

There will be some surprises, too, in store for us; for at least one valued object supposed to have been inherited from a distant ancestor, and always ascribed to the glorious time of Queen Anne, will prove to date from the Regency, and *vice versâ*. But the first real coincidence that will come to light will probably be the remarkable quantity of plate that seems to have been acquired all in the same year about three or four generations ago, say in the year 1765. How was this? Was it a coming of age; the setting up in life of a new branch of the family; or was it a marriage? Well, this is to be settled by another of the useful little set of marks everything bears. We have already arranged the collection chronologically by means of the date-letters, and now the makers' marks show that almost every piece of this group of acquisitions in 1765 was made by a different silversmith. Wedding presents, of course, we decide at once, for a family outfit would most probably have come *en bloc* from the respectable goldsmith who was honoured by the family custom. And we are quite right, for what is this curious little solitary object, which is all there is to represent the following year 1766? Why, it is the first-born's pap-boat, and no indistinct hint at the same time of our friend's grandfather's arrival into the world. Then comes his christening cup; and it curiously enough confirms the legend that George III. was his godfather, for the maker was the famous Thomas Heming, who was the Court goldsmith at that time. Then there is the great

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punch-bowl of 1787, the present of the tenantry on his coming of age; and last, not least, in the sumptuous set of dinner-plates of twenty years later and adorned with a coronet, we bring ourselves into the present century with a sign of the political energy and ability which had held from 1787 to 1806 one of the county seats in Parliament against all opposition, and then received its appropriate and customary reward. Our good friend, the third baron, little thought that his family history was in his plate-room, almost as distinctly and almost in as much detail as in the veracious pages of Sir Bernard Burke.

And let not the reader suppose that such coincidences as these are mere creations of fancy; with names added and dates altered, they are within the present writer's personal experiences.

Before we leave old plate considered in its family aspects, let us note what at first seems curious, that it has so seldom been the subject of romantic adventures. But little has ever disappeared and come to light again in sensational ways. The most that has happened to it has been, that genuine historical relics have been lost to view, to be replaced by new friends under the old names. Perhaps on second thoughts this is not so strange; for whereas a celebrated diamond is easily concealed and only valuable as it is, articles of silver or gold, in troublous times, had a tendency to disappear, once for all, and that into the melting-pot. We shall therefore find, that after every great war or revolution, a quantity of previously existing treasure has gone for good, to be replaced by vessels of the fashions prevalent in the succeeding epoch of peace. The Koh-i-noor or the Orloff diamond may be lost for centuries, and who shall say where they have lain hid, and who has worn them? But if ever they turn up again, they are unchanged. Unlike jewels, old plate represents the varying tastes and changing fashions of succeeding generations, and there is literally no end to the interest that may be derived from its consideration from these points of view. Where shall we find amid the plate of a modern family, the great salt, that in more ancient days stood at the right hand of the feudal lord, or great ecclesiastic? Of such splendid pieces, still in the hands of the family originally owning them, the present writer has seen but one, and that has since passed into a national museum. Certainly none remain decorated with precious stones of great value, such as those described in Royal Inventories, down

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to the days of King Henry VIII., but there is still an English peer who can boast of his hour-glass salt of that reign, besides one or two colleges and City guilds which have preserved similar relics of Tudor times. Of two standing salts of the reign of good Queen Bess, one now to be seen upon a mantelshelf is called a lamp; and the other finds its place upon a lady's writing-table, under the supposition that it is an inkstand. So little is popularly known to the present generation of the table plate of the sixteenth century, when a short *repoussé* column, standing on small feet, and with a shallow depression at its upper end for the condiment, was the favourite form of standing salt or salt-cellar. It is long before we come to the small and familiar "trencher salt" of more modern days. For passing from the time when the salt was covered with a regular lid, for fear of the introduction of poison into its contents, we have an interval of a century, during which projecting arms for supporting a napkin for the same purpose, or to preserve the cleanliness of the salt, are found, arms which would much puzzle the modern butler, and what half the world would suppose were legs if they had to decide which was the right way up of the vessel, so familiar to their ancestors in Stuart times.

Even the humble spoon has a history of its own, although it is not always perhaps quite safe to be too curious about that history at the modern dinner-table. The inquisitive guest may feel aware that the eye of his hostess is upon him, and that the "Hanoverian" spoon with which he proposed to eat his soup, not without an examination of the marks on its handle, is of what is called "the perfect substitute for silver," instead of the genuine and sterling article.

The word "Hanoverian" reminds us that each succeeding dynasty seems to have brought into fashion its own peculiar spoon. Omitting the rare and artistic Apostle spoon of really ancient days, the first ordinarily found pattern of domestic table-spoon must have come to England with King Charles II., at the time of the Restoration. Some private families still can show a dozen spoons of this period, with the flat handle and cleft end known to the French as the "*pied de biche;*" but it is more often found as a specimen in the cabinet of the collector. Cut off the clefts, and you have the rather more common spoon of Queen Anne; but from Hanover, or at all events with King George I., come the spoons, of which a not inconsiderable number are still in use. These, with their plain elliptical bowl, rat-tail, and sharply

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marked rib up the front of the handle, are amongst the most valuable and prized of those to be found in the old family plate-chest of to-day. And they held their own, till the House of Brunswick introduced the "Old English" spoon, as it is called by the silversmiths, which was bought by our grandfathers when they set up housekeeping at any time from 1769 to the end of the eighteenth century.

Now let us turn our attention to our friend's forks, the history of which is more curious than that of his spoons. Even he, with his supposed good old family plate, cannot show us as many as a dozen of the time of Queen Anne, or earlier. It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table-fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had, it is true, a few dainty forks, perchance with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit at dessert. But long after her time, dinner forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found belong to the same nobleman whose hour-glass salt has been already spoken of, and these are not older than the middle of the reign of Charles II. The few early forks of the reign of George I. are three-pronged, and but few of our neighbours can show us four-pronged forks much before the reign of George III., from which time their fashion has remained unaltered to the present day, except for their handles, which have followed the fashions of spoons, finishing up with the familiar "fiddle pattern" of nineteenth-century use. Before the days of forks, the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared, were much in request after every course; whereas now the basin alone with a little rose-water makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity. Four out of five fine old basins have no doubt been melted up to supply the very forks, whose invention rendered the washing of the fingers superfluous.

What traces can we find next of the means our ancestors used for lighting their tables? Hardly any. It is a very considerable assemblage of family plate that could boast of more than one pair of the plain baluster candlesticks of the time of George I., and these would have no nozzles in them. If our friend's collection of assumed wedding presents of 1765 show us another pair, then just brand-new and ornamented with the oblique gadrooning or fluting of Louis XV. taste, he will be very lucky; but the chances are that his best set of candlesticks are fashioned as Corinthian columns, made at Sheffield, a great place for

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candlesticks and their makers, not much before 1780. The rude cluster-columned candlesticks with square bases, of the reign of Charles II., which are the very earliest silver table-candlesticks known, are so rare, as to be Cabinet pieces.

And now for drinking-vessels. Our ancestors seem to have drank their ale in a perfectly plain straight-sided tankard, with a flat lid and over-massive handle, for two or three generations, replacing it with a quart mug with a swelling bowl, at the beginning of the last century, and dispensing with a cover altogether by about the middle of it.

But they sometimes drank caudle before they went to bed at night, or what would have been the use of the beautiful two-handled vessel of 1670, with tray, bowl and cover all alike, hammered into the boldest of flowers, sheltering the wildest of animals with their foliage? Their lady wives took tea without the help of a silver tea-pot, unless an earlier one, now lost, preceded the single specimen of the early years of Queen Anne that our collection shows. But at all events the little flap which covers the spout of this one to keep in all the steam and aroma of the then costly liquor, gives it a very pleasantly antique appearance. No older coffee-pot, either, appears than one of about the same date as the tea-pot, but tall and tapering, of octagonal plan, and with high-raised lid octagonal to match. The tea-urn is much more modern. Its high handles and oviform shape tell us, without reference to its hall-marks, that it is of the reign of George III.

There is much to remind us at this date of the decoration of the very room in which our present investigation is being carried on. If the plain and undecorated coffee-pot reminds us of the simple fashions which alike prevailed in England and in France at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the fluted candlesticks of its middle period, the egg-shaped tea-urn and other pieces of the same date bring us to the types of ornamentation usually identified with the time of Louis XVI., and owing their origin and inspiration to the classical forms, which took the world by storm on the discovery of Herculaneum. More than one piece, besides the tea-urn, in any good collection, will recall the shapes in which old Josiah Wedgwood and his great designer Flaxman delighted, and will look entirely at home in the parlour, whose ceiling and mantelpiece were the work of the brothers Adam. It is not indeed impossible that if any of our old plate were supplied by Rundell and Bridge, the

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principal goldsmiths of that period, it owes its purity of outline to the master-hand of Flaxman himself.

We have now taken a flying tour round the dinner-table, casting a glance, as we pass, at the spoons and fork which flank our cover, the tankard at its right hand and the salt-cellar in front of it; and if time served us, we might quote from the curious little handbooks on etiquette, which regulated their position, as well as the conduct of the butler and footman in mediæval ways, but such considerations savour rather of archæology than art. So let us plunge into the centre of the table for a minute, and examine the handsome *epergne* which adorns it. The chances are, that it is formed in stages, the uppermost being a basket of considerable size, formed of silver pierced so as to appear almost like net-work. This is of course removable, and then forms an ordinary cake-basket. If its ornament depends upon the piercing only, perhaps with the addition of a line of festooned flowers round the edge, it is of the third quarter of the eighteenth century, a very usual period for such pieces. If, on the other hand, it is less pierced, and adorned more profusely with chasing of insects, sea-shells, or reptiles in high relief, it partakes of the rococo character of the best period of the century, and is possibly by the master-hand of Paul Lamerie, who died in 1751. His best period was the earlier part of the reign of George II., and his work may fairly be compared with that of the famous Thomas Germain, and other French artists in silver of the middle period of Louis XV. Some few such pieces, on the other hand, are later, and then we shall look for the hanging drapery looped up over medallions, the delicate hind's feet and the oval boat-shaped baskets of Louis XVI. feeling.

It will be seen from all this, that there are two lines of interest, either of which is worth a little attention, when looking at our old plate. One relating to the articles themselves and their use, and the other for the light thrown by their decoration upon what we may call the chronology of ornament. We have purposely omitted to speak of such archaic vessels as mazer-bowls, for we shall not find a single specimen of them, or only one now and then in any private collection. But if we were to follow our investigations further than would be possible in an article, we should find ourselves deep in the various choice materials affected by our ancestors for their drinking-cups, for their dessert-plates or their bowls, and would find an interest that

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would be new to many in tracing the descent of the modern soup plate from the ancient mazer-bowl out of which our mediæval forefathers ate their porridge with apostle's spoons, or drank their sack. Following the other line of enquiry, we should find it equally possible and interesting to trace the change from Gothic to Renaissance feeling, and to follow in perhaps closer detail, than would be possible by the aid of any other class of examples, the decay of taste, which was so marked a feature of the Commonwealth period. We should be able to recognize for ourselves, at a glance, the heavy decoration, its prevailing motive being the acanthus leaf, so popular in later Stuart times, and we should not be at a loss to distinguish those varying styles of the eighteenth century to which we have more than once had occasion to refer, and which are perhaps better known by the names of the French kings than the English sovereigns who reigned contemporaneously with them.

Finally, we cannot help hoping that the indications we have given may suggest to our readers a fresh survey in a new light of whatever they have inherited of old family plate. Some of them will certainly find that they have been sitting all their lives opposite objects of much more interest than they have been at all aware of; and in every case the enquiry will prove a source of amusement, if not of information.

WILFRED CRIPPS.

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Jack's Father.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "MAJOR AND MINOR," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I OFTEN think that the world possesses, has possessed, and will possess an appreciable number of mute, inglorious Miltons. The reflection is as trite as you please, but it does not seem to be generally entertained; for when I venture to give utterance to it I seldom or never find anybody to agree with me. It is the very nature of genius, I am told, to overcome obstacles, and a man who allows himself to be discouraged or put to silence by whatever cause, stands convicted *ipso facto* of being no genius at all. Not being myself a genius, I am easily put to silence; but I keep my opinion, all the same.

As I am now past middle age and a successful artist—in so far as any one can be called successful who has made a good deal of money but has failed even to approach the standard of excellence which he once hoped to reach—I have had some opportunities of forming an opinion upon this point. People often consult me; young fellows and the parents of young fellows are eager to hear from one who is considered to have carried off prizes how that desirable result may be arrived at; and although, of course, I cannot give them the information that they ask for, I am very willing to gratify them with the usual commonplace advice and encouragement. In return, some of them provide me with a vicarious interest in life. For every now and then I am brought into contact with a beginner who, I am quite certain, has the spark of true genius in him; and it is because I have so many times seen that spark extinguished that I am unable to admit its immortality. To say this is, no doubt, to beg the question. Those who hold an opposite theory will maintain that the spark was never there;

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so that there is nothing for it but that we should agree to differ, which is always the most comfortable plan.

No theorist will ever persuade me that Jack Morton might not have become the greatest English painter of our day; and indeed I may add that in this instance my conviction is shared by more than one high authority. Why he never did become a great painter I am now about to relate; though I must own that I do so more for the sake of depicting a somewhat unusual character than for the sake of explaining what nobody would care to hear explained. The causes of success, if these could be accurately stated, would interest most people; the causes of failure are hardly worth inquiring into.

I don't remember to have seen anything of Jack during his school and college days; though I suppose I must have met him, for I have known his father all my life. It was one afternoon at the club that that amiable and popular gentleman caught me by the arm saying, "Maule, old man, I know how good-natured you are. I wish you would look in upon that lad of mine and give him a hint or two. He is going to be an artist, and he has been studying hard for some time past, and now I've set him up with a studio and all the necessary paraphernalia. It has been an expensive job," added Colonel Morton rather ruefully; "but perhaps I may see my money back some fine day."

I replied that I hoped he might; and two hours later I was perfectly sure that he would. For, having nothing else to do, I strolled round to the address in Berners Street with which I had been furnished, and my first glance at the canvas upon which I found young Morton at work was enough to convince me that no hints of mine were required in that quarter. What audacity! what precision! what a calm grappling with difficulties which most of us, knowing the length of our tether, find it so simple to avoid! My breath was fairly taken away; and when I got it back again, I made use of it to pronounce the warmest eulogium that any neophyte has ever heard from me.

The young man was not as overwhelmed as perhaps I may have expected him to be. He thanked me and seemed pleased by my approval; but he had the air of having known pretty well beforehand what was the artistic value of his composition, and indeed I soon discovered that he was a beginner only in the sense of having wisely deferred his *début* until he should feel sure of himself.

"When one has decided to be a professional artist," he

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observed, in answer to some further remarks of mine, "the main thing is that one should know how to make one's profession pay."

Now, by my way of thinking, this is so very far from being the main thing that, generally speaking, any young artist who started with such an assumption would at once forfeit my sympathy and assistance, whatever these may be worth; but I did not civilly turn my back upon Jack Morton, because, to begin with, his work was so admirable, and besides, after we had conversed a little longer, I saw reason to modify the unfavourable opinion which his first words had inclined me to form of him. It was creditable to him, and indeed only right, that he should desire above all things to reimburse his father, to whom, as he explained to me with a certain eagerness, he owed everything.

"I have been costing the governor money all my life," said he, "and now, through no fault of his own, he has no money to spare; so that it is high time for me to begin paying off my debts, you see."

In truth it was notorious that Colonel Morton had been the victim of a cruel stroke of ill-fortune, the old uncle to whose property he had expected to succeed, who had always treated him as the heir, and who (I suppose) had made him a corresponding allowance, having recently died, and having, to everybody's astonishment, bequeathed the whole of his estates to a distant kinsman. .It was said that a joking allusion, made by Colonel Morton at the club, to the unconscionable age which his relative had attained, had been reported by some kind friend to the old gentleman; but however that may have been, Colonel Morton was cut off with a few thousands, and it was necessary that Colonel Morton's son should earn his own living. That being so, one could hardly blame Jack for desiring popularity as well as striving after perfection. The two aims are not very easily reconcilable; yet they admit of reconciliation, if a man possess both genius and patience. One of these I knew that Jack had, and the other he claimed for himself.

"I don't expect to be offered a thousand pounds to-morrow," said he; "only I must get upon the right tack, if I can."

"Then you may find it out for yourself," I returned, laughing; "I will have no hand in clipping your wings. You know as well as I do that what you have upon your easel there is not the sort of thing to take the public of this country by storm."

From the very first it was evident enough to me that he knew

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most things as well as I did, and some a great deal better. There was a quiet consciousness of power about him which one does not often meet with in so young a man. His eyes sparkled more than once in the course of the desultory chat about art and artists which ensued; it was easy to see that he did not lack enthusiasm; but he had his emotions well under control—a little too well for my taste, to tell the truth.

For the rest, he was a fine, handsome young fellow, as unlike his father in person as he was in manner. His closely-cropped hair was as black as a raven's wing; but his eyes, which were large and luminous, were brown. His eyebrows were arched and his chin was broad and square. His mouth was the mouth of an artist—full, mobile, and sensitive. Upon the whole, a contradictory sort of a face.

At the conclusion of our interview I was not at all sure that I liked Jack Morton. Afterwards, when I knew him better, I both liked and understood him better; but he was always very reserved. It was a long time before I really knew him and a still longer time before we became friends. Friends we did eventually become, notwithstanding the difference in our ages; and indeed I may say that I was the only intimate friend whom Jack had in the world, though his acquaintances were numerous. At all events, he would submit, with his quiet, rather sad smile, to rebukes from me which I doubt whether he would have tolerated from any one else.

For a time came when I could not but rebuke him, little as I was able to flatter myself that my rebukes were likely to meet with attention. The fact is that he disappointed me terribly. His success was very rapid and very great—far more so than I had anticipated, or should have believed possible. In less than a twelvemonth that young man had risen from absolute obscurity to fame, and to fame of a legitimate kind too. His picture of Hercules slaying the Nemæan lion, the first that he sent in to the Academy, was hung on the line, and its merits met with the recognition which they deserved. He sold the picture well, and one would have thought that, after such a start, he had only to go on as he had begun and prosper. Yet, to my amazement and regret, he did no such thing. Certainly he prospered pecuniarily; but it was by dashing off a vast number of small pictures, not one of which was in any way worthy of him. They were clever, of course—some of them exceedingly so; but he gave neither the time nor the care to them that he ought to

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have given. The critics became more guarded in their praises of him, and those who, like myself, had predicted for him a glorious career, were forced to admit, with sorrow, that they had misjudged their man.

"One must live," he would say, with a shrug of his shoulders, in answer to my upbraidings.

The absurd part of it was that he didn't live: he merely existed. He had not a single extravagant habit that I could discover; he seldom took a holiday; and the annual cost of his keep and residence in those wretched Berners Street rooms of his might, I was pretty sure, have been defrayed by the price of one of his paintings. The natural inference was that he had some secret drain upon his resources; but this was not a theory which met with common acceptance. His brother-artists, who were not particularly fond of him, declared that the fellow was a miser; and indeed it looked very much as though he must be.

"Poor, dear Jack!" said his father, whom I encountered one afternoon, as usual, in the hall of the club. "He has an old head on young shoulders—a deuce of an old head! When I was his age—ah, well! when I was his age I wasn't half such a good fellow as he is; and I'm sure it ill becomes me to criticise him, for no man ever had a better son. Still, I wish he would go about a little more and amuse himself. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' you know. I sometimes think Jack is a very dull boy."

"Couldn't you induce him to enter society rather more, you who are always in society?" I suggested.

"Oh, for the matter of that, he does dine out a good deal," answered Colonel Morton; "but he grudges the time, and he doesn't enjoy himself. I fancy he has somehow lost the trick of enjoying himself. The fact of the matter is that he ought to marry; domestic felicity would be more in his line than social amusements." He reflected for a moment, stroking his moustache and smiling, and then said: "Do you know Mrs. Marchmont?"

I did happen to know Mrs. Marchmont—a rich, handsome widow, no longer in her first youth. Not a very refined woman, nor (it was said) a very good-tempered one either.

"Surely," said I, laughing, "you don't contemplate arranging a marriage between your son and Mrs. Marchmont!"

He looked up at me with those ingenuous blue eyes of his in a slightly surprised manner.

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"Well, do you know," he answered confidentially, "some such idea came into my head last night, I confess. I met Jack at her house, where we were both dining, and it struck me that she was interested in him—decidedly interested. And she has any amount of money, you know."

"Did he seem to be interested in her?" I inquired.

"My dear fellow," returned Colonel Morton, with a laugh, "does Jack ever look interested in anybody or anything out of a picture-frame?"

I could not say that I had ever seen Jack look particularly interested in any woman. He differed in that respect from his father, who had always been more or less of a ladies' man, and who, I daresay, had only been deterred from marrying a second time by a natural unwillingness to relinquish the comfort and freedom of bachelor existence. Colonel Morton liked to be comfortable, and certainly knew how to make himself so. He had a luxurious first-floor set of rooms in St. James's Street, where he often entertained his friends at breakfast; he also often invited them to dine at his club hard by, and they were always delighted to come, because his company was as good as his dinners. I don't think I ever knew a man who was more universally liked. In the matter of money, he was the exact opposite of Jack, being, I should say, a little too lavish for his means. One could not suppose that he was well off; yet he stinted neither himself nor others, and the charitable applied to him for alms without any fear of being sent empty away. I sometimes wondered whether any of the son's earnings found their way into the father's pocket. It seemed quite probable, for they were devoted to one another, despite the dissimilarity in their characters. Indeed, Jack was never weary of praising his "dear old governor," and admiring the cheerful philosophy with which that gentleman had submitted to the loss of an inheritance which he had had every right to count upon.

On the following morning Jack paid me an early visit at my studio. It was quite an unprecedented thing for him to leave his work at that hour of the day, and I expressed my astonishment at seing him.

"Oh, well," said he, with rather an embarrassed laugh, "it's no good trying to work when you're not in the mood for it."

"But I thought you were always in the mood for it," I remarked.

To this he made no reply, but sat swinging his stick and

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smoking pensively. It was evident that he had something to say and did not exactly know how to set about saying it; so, just by way of giving the conversation a start, I observed:

"I met your father at the club yesterday. He told me you and he had been dining with Mrs. Marchmont the night before."

Jack was too dark-complexioned a man to change colour easily; but as I said this, there came a conscious sort of look into his eyes which I thought might be regarded as the equivalent of a blush. I was sorry to see it. I had, I confess, sometimes feared that Jack was rather too fond of money, and that he might be planning an alliance with a wealthy widow who was "interested in him" seemed less unlikely than I could have wished it to be. I laid aside my pallet and brushes and planted myself in front of him.

"Now, Jack," said I, "if any man may venture to speak plainly to you, I suppose I may. Don't you do it, my boy. It's all very fine to be rich; but there's such a thing as paying too long a price for riches, and a nasty-tempered wife——"

"What on earth are you talking about?" interrupted Jack, opening his eyes very wide.

I explained myself in a few words, and had the satisfaction of making him laugh heartily by my explanation. He had a jolly, boyish sort of laugh, which was all the more pleasant to hear because it seemed to be so little in harmony with his rather sombre cast of countenance. One did not often hear it, however.

"Isn't that just like the dear old governor!" he exclaimed. "If he could have his way, he would turn me out to grass for the rest of my days, with nothing to do except to eat and drink and grow fat. But I'm afraid I can't marry Mrs. Marchmont, even to please him." He added somewhat diffidently, after a moment of silence, "Mrs. Marchmont wasn't the only lady at that dinner-party."

And so it dawned upon me that my friend Jack was in love, and that I was to be honoured by being made the depositary of his secret. It took him some time to disburden himself—he was not, perhaps, much accustomed to making such confessions—but the upshot of it was that he was devotedly attached to the sweetest and loveliest girl in the whole world. Her name was Alice Maitland, and she was the only child of a widowed mother. He had met her, some three weeks before, at the house of Mrs. Marchmont, who lived near the Maitlands in the country, and who had kindly taken them under her wing during the first

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season which Alice had spent in London. The young lady, it seemed, had all the virtues and only one defect: she was not an heiress. In fact, there was every reason to suppose that she would have no marriage portion at all.

"Well, if you want my advice," said I, "I am quite ready to give it you. You can well afford to marry; and even if you were a poorer man than you are, I should unhesitatingly recommend you to marry the girl whom you love."

But it appeared that Jack did not want my advice; and indeed I might have known him better than to imagine that he required any assistance in making up his mind.

"Only I couldn't keep it to myself any longer," he said; "I felt as if I must tell somebody. Did you ever have that feeling?"

I had experienced it often enough in the course of my life; but I should hardly have expected him to experience it, and I said so. He smiled rather sadly.

"I know what you mean," he answered. "I don't think I am naturally secretive; but——"

He did not finish his sentence, and I could not finish it for him, for in truth I had always thought him reserved by nature; but it struck me as a little pathetic that a man of his age should be driven to make a confidant of an old fellow like me. At my time of life, to be sure, one is apt to be a patient listener; and I believe that during the next hour I showed myself worthy in that respect of the compliment which had been paid to me. What seemed to me rather absurd and overstrained was the doubt which Jack expressed over and over again as to whether he had any right to ask a refined and delicately-nurtured girl like Miss Maitland to share the hardships and uncertainties of an artist's life. There was no uncertainty at all about his power to give her all that a reasonable woman could require, and if he had hitherto put up with hardships, I could not but think that they had been voluntarily incurred.

He neither admitted nor contradicted that assertion; but he said, "It is unlikely that I shall ever be rich; and I should like to be rich—for her sake." Then, getting up and laughing: "After all, how do I know that she will look at me? I want you to look at her, though, if you will; I want to hear what you think. Not that you will be able to help admiring her."

The least that I could do was to reply that I should be delighted to inspect the young lady on the earliest opportunity,

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and to express to the best of my ability the feelings of admiration with which she was sure to inspire me. So, when he mentioned that he had a sort of half-appointment to meet Mrs. and Miss Maitland at the Grosvenor Gallery on the ensuing morning, I willingly promised to accompany him thither; and away he went, whistling an operatic air. He whistled it a little sharp; but that may have been from want of practice. Never before had I heard Jack whistle.

CHAPTER II.

In the Grosvenor Gallery one sees, or used to see, a good many pictures representing a type of female beauty of which one may make so bold as to say that it is not such as would commend itself favourably to nine out of ten chance spectators. I, whose notions of beauty were formed long ago, have never found myself able to feel any fancy for it. But one of the few advantages of being well on in life is that (unless one has the misfortune to be that most hopeless of all fools, an old fool) one has learnt to be tolerant and to admit, amongst other things, that beauty is not a term which can be defined by the aid of any set of rules. If anybody finds gratification to the eye in contemplating sunken cheeks and angular figures, he has a perfect right to do so, and far be it from me to deny that Miss Alice Maitland had attractions, although these were not conspicuous to me. I don't mean to say that she in any way resembled the woe-begone damsels who looked down from their frames upon the scene of our introduction to one another; on the contrary, she was a somewhat plump little lady, with fair hair and eyes of an uncertain blue, and commonplace, regular features. I only take the liberty of mentioning now what nothing would have induced me to mention at the time; namely, that to me she appeared insipid and uninteresting. I will allow that most people would have called her pretty.

My disappointment was not, I, trust, perceptible; and if it had been, Jack would probably have failed to detect it. It was not upon my unworthy countenance that his attention was riveted, nor, I think, was he so eager to give me an opportunity of criticising Miss Maitland as to make use of me in the quality of a companion for her mother. At any rate, the young people speedily found an excuse for wandering away; and Mrs.

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Maitland, who said she was rather tired, asked me whether I would mind sitting down for a few minutes in front of I forget whose celebrated work, and explaining to her in what its excellency consisted. Because she could not pretend to be any judge of pictures.

I did as I was requested, and very soon discovered that her modest estimate of her capacities was not misplaced. She certainly knew nothing at all about art, and I gathered that she was very well contented to remain in ignorance. On the other hand, she was evidently anxious to increase her stock of information about artists in general and about Jack Morton in particular. She was a quiet, ladylike little woman—just the sort of woman that her daughter would be in another twenty or thirty years—and her method of questioning me, though ingenuous enough, was not marked by any unseemly directness. In fact, I believe that our colloquy must have lasted for the best part of an hour. Fortunately I had nothing to conceal. I gave Jack the best of characters; I was able to assure her that men who had reached his eminence in the artistic profession were in the receipt of handsome incomes; and in return for communications which appeared to satisfy her, she was so good as to ask me to tea.

"We are not at all gay people," she said; "we go out very little. But I wanted dear Alice just for once to see what a London season was like; though we only see it from the outside, as it were."

As we walked away, after bidding the ladies good-bye, Jack had almost as much to say in praise of the elder as of the younger. "There's nothing worldly about Mrs. Maitland," he declared. "I believe she would give her daughter to a poor man just as willingly as to a rich one. That is, if her daughter wished it, you know."

"Does her daughter wish it?" I inquired.

He laughed and sighed. "I can't tell," he answered. "Perhaps I am too sanguine; perhaps she doesn't quite realize——" Then he suddenly changed the subject. "Do you know, Maule," said he, "I've had an offer which makes my mouth water? Lord Newick wants me to paint the panels of his ball-room for him. His place was burnt down two years ago, as I daresay you remember, and I believe he means to make the new building as perfect in the way of decoration as he can. He wrote me a very civil note, giving me *carte blanche* as to design. He said he would rather trust my judgment than his own."

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I congratulated Jack with all my heart. Lord Newick is considered to be eccentric; but he is a genuine connoisseur, as well as one of the wealthiest men in England, and I suppose there is no living artist who would not gladly accept from him such a commission as Jack had mentioned. Nevertheless, there was an artist living at that time who hesitated about it.

"The question is," said Jack, as we made our way down Bond Street, "whether I should be justified in undertaking this job. I should like to undertake it for more reasons than one, not the least of them being that Mrs. Maitland lives within a few miles of Newick Castle; but if I do, it is certain that I must make everything else give way to it, and I'm by no means sure that it wouldn't pay me better to stay where I am and go on producing pot-boilers."

"Upon my word, Jack," I exclaimed with some heat, "you disgust me! Have you no ambition at all? Good Heavens, man! is pay the one and only thing to be considered?"

"Well," he answered quietly, "I have to consider it."

I really did not see why he should be obliged to consider it so closely as all that. Lord Newick was quite certain to be liberal; but even if that had not been certain, a man who has any respect for himself and his craft should be prepared to make small pecuniary sacrifices upon occasion. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and doubtless a good deal of insincere nonsense has been talked about art for art's sake; yet an artist is not, or at any rate ought not to be, a mere hawker of his wares and the obedient servant of the highest bidder. All this, and more, I said to Jack, who listened to me, as he always did, with exemplary patience. But on this occasion he departed from his ordinary custom so far as to intimate that he had a sufficient reply to offer to my rebukes.

"I have often wanted to tell you about it," said he; "only I can't talk out here in the street. Have you time to come back to my diggings with me?"

Strictly speaking, I had not time; for I am a busy man, and I had already wasted a morning; but I would gladly have thrown back my work for a month for the sake of hearing some satisfactory explanation of what had hitherto been to me inexplicable. Therefore I went with him and heard his explanation, which was not satisfactory at all.

He brought it out with evident reluctance, anticipating objections which I did not make, and warmly defending a

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person against whom I was careful to bring no accusation whatsoever. I might have guessed, and as a matter of fact, I had to some extent guessed, who spent his money for him; but what he let out, and what I suppose he had not the slightest suspicion of having let out, was that his father was a selfish and unprincipled old rascal. It is a real pleasure to me to write these true words about Colonel Morton, who, I am sure, will go down to his grave in happy ignorance of having inspired me or anybody else with such an opinion of him. He had always been—so his son assured me—the kindest and most indulgent of fathers.

"But then, you see, he has never been accustomed to live economically, and he couldn't do it without making himself perfectly miserable. When he thought, as we all thought, that he was Uncle George's heir, he very naturally borrowed money and let his bills run on. I daresay you would have done just the same; I'm sure I should."

I was quite sure that neither of us would have done anything of the sort; but I nodded, and Jack continued:

"Well, of course those debts had to be cleared off; and, thank God! they are cleared off now at last. Still I can't have the dear old man pinched; and—and——"

"And now that you are thinking of changing your condition," I suggested.

"Exactly so; now that I am thinking of changing my condition (though I don't know what business I have to speak in that hopeful way), it is more than ever essential that I should look after the pounds, shillings, and pence."

"I'll tell you what seems to me to be essential, Jack," said I; "and that is that you should come to a clear understanding with your father."

"Well," he replied, "I'm inclined to agree with you. I'll consult him as to whether I shall accept Lord Newick's offer or not, and I'll abide by his decision."

That, as I need hardly say, was not in the least what I had intended to advise; but I thought it better to make no protest. Jack was not easy to lead, and he was still less easy to drive. I could only hope that his evident wishes might have some weight with a man who was at least good-natured.

When I got up to go, the poor fellow took me by the hand and made an appeal to me which I could hardly resist.

"I know just what you're thinking," said he, "and I'm grateful to you for keeping your thoughts to yourself. I've committed

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what you consider the unpardonable sin; I've deliberately chosen to work on a low level, when I might have worked on a high one. Well, I won't make excuses for myself. I think I've done right, though I don't expect you think so. But I should like you to say that you don't blame the governor. Mind you, he knows nothing at all about the sort of ideas that you and I have; he has never imagined for a moment that I have made any sacrifice, except a pecuniary one—to which I'm sure he is most heartily welcome. In fact, he was entitled to demand it; you will admit that much, anyhow."

And so, as an irreducible minimum, I was to admit that Colonel Morton had a right to live in luxury, while his son slaved from morning to night and denied himself everything but the bare necessaries of existence! I gave a great gulp and made the required concession; after which I bolted downstairs. As for declaring that Colonel Morton was innocent of having consciously ruined Jack's career, I wasn't going to do that. I did not believe it at the time, and I certainly don't believe it now.

Shortly after this I attended one of the crushes to which Mrs. Marchmont is accustomed to invite such of her acquaintances as she does not deem worthy of being asked to dinner. I, on my side, don't as a rule deem crushes worthy of my humble patronage; but I went to Mrs. Marchmont's house on that occasion because I thought it very likely that I might meet Jack there; and I was not disappointed. As, however, I came upon him sitting in a corner beside pretty little Miss Maitland, I nodded and walked on, presuming that he would not care to be interrupted at that particular moment. Somebody else, perhaps, was less discreet. At all events, I had not progressed much farther on my way through the rooms when he caught me up, and, passing his arm under mine, drew me aside.

"I've sent a refusal to old Newick," said he. "Don't look so glum about it; one can't have one's own way in everything."

"Have you got your own way in anything else, as a set-off?" I asked. "No; but perhaps I may some day." After a momentary hesitation, he continued: "The truth is that the governor is not likely to look very favourably upon Alice—upon Miss Maitland. He naturally wishes me to marry a woman with money, and——"

"And you think he may consent to your marrying a girl with no money if you can point out to him that you have made everything yield to the paramount necessity of your enriching yourself—and him—as quickly as possible?"

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I suppose Jack did not altogether like my tone, for he frowned and made no immediate answer. Presently, however, he remarked: "It isn't exactly a question of consent. About some matters a man has no business to consult anybody but himself. But the governor would be the first to admit that my having given way to him in this instance entitles me to ask that he should stretch a point for me some other time."

It was Colonel Morton, then, who had made his son throw away a chance which was not likely to recur. I stifled my indignation, and drew what comfort I could from Jack's assurance that that greedy old sinner would not be permitted to forbid his son's marriage. At this moment who should appear but the greedy old sinner himself, accompanied by our hostess. Colonel Morton was all smiles. Mrs. Marchmont, too, looked amiable, which is not invariably the case with that lady.

"Your father," said she, addressing Jack in her deep contralto voice, "has been persuading me to ask a favour of you. I want to have my portrait painted, and he tells me that you would perhaps be willing to immortalise me."

"Well, I am not a portrait painter, you see, Mrs. Marchmont," answered Jack.

"I know you are not; but you sometimes make exceptions, I believe. You painted Lady Belton, for instance."

"Lady Belton is an old friend of ours, and she has been very kind to me. I painted her because she wished it; but it was not a successful likeness. I should strongly recommend you to apply to some one who might be expected to do you more justice," said Jack.

"Jack," struck in Colonel Morton, "modesty is a fine quality; but it loses all its beauty when it is carried to excess. I don't say that you can do Mrs. Marchmont full justice, because that, I imagine, would be very difficult; but I know you'll do your best, and your best is not so very bad—is it, Maule?"

"Really, I would rather not undertake it," said Jack, hastily. "Thank you very much for paying me the compliment, Mrs. Marchmont, all the same."

Colonel Morton affected to laugh off this unequivocal refusal.

"Jack's like a young lady who can sing and won't sing," said he; "he wants to be pressed. Really, I'm quite ashamed of him."

But Mrs. Marchmont, who was accustomed to getting what she asked for, refused to be pacified in that way.

"He will certainly not be pressed by me," she declared, and

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her large black eyes flashed as she spoke. "I should be sorry to press any one to do a thing that he so evidently disliked."

With which she turned and swept majestically away, Jack slipping off somewhat hurriedly in the opposite direction.

I imagined that he wished to avoid a scolding from his father; but it appeared that Colonel Morton was not inclined to scold. He looked more amused than annoyed, and only remarked:

"What a handsome woman! Pity she has such a temper."

"You would like to marry her to your son, in spite of her temper, though," I observed.

"I should indeed," he answered placidly. "She wouldn't, I grant you, be the sort of wife for an easy-going, peace-at-any-price man like myself; but Jack would very soon bring her to her bearings. You have no idea how determined Jack can be when he likes—a stone wall! And as for that particular little display of temper, I wasn't very sorry to see it. Between ourselves, it looked uncommonly like pique."

And Colonel Morton, with a laugh and a wink at me, strolled off to make himself pleasant elsewhere.

He always made himself pleasant to everybody, so that I was not at all surprised to hear, later in the evening, that he had been making himself pleasant to Mrs. Maitland. It was that lady herself who informed me that she had had the privilege of making Colonel Morton's acquaintance.

"And when I say privilege, I don't use the word in any conventional sense," added the prim little woman. "He is a most agreeable person. And he spoke so nicely of his son."

"He has every reason to do so," said I; "his son has been very nice and kind to him."

Mrs. Maitland assented, though in a somewhat less cordial tone. "Yes: I can believe that Mr. Morton is a good son. From all that I hear of him, I gather that he is industrious and well-principled."

Then she told me that this young man of industry and principle meant to treat himself to a little holiday. "Alice has never seen Richmond, and he has very kindly asked us to dine with him there on Thursday next. I believe he has hopes of persuading you to join our little party."

Now, when mothers of the type of Mrs. Maitland accept a dinner from a young man, it may be taken for granted that they act under a full sense of their responsibility.

"I am going to dine with you at Richmond on Thursday,"

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said I to Jack, whom I met on my way towards the cloak-room. "Perhaps I sha'n't enjoy myself very much; but I trust that you will. Of course you mean to take advantage of this opportunity of bringing matters to a crisis."

He seemed startled and a little shocked by such a suggestion. "My dear Maule," he remonstrated, "you surely don't imagine that it is going to be such plain sailing as that! I can't say that I have received the smallest real encouragement as yet."

But I assured him that it would be quite plain sailing, and that Mrs. Maitland, by consenting to dine with him, had given him all the encouragement that she had it in her power to give. "I don't think that she is precisely enamoured of you," said I; "but I am pretty sure that she will accept you."

Jack observed that perhaps a rather more important question was whether Miss Maitland would accept him, and I confessed that I could not answer for her.

At the same time, I felt very little doubt but that Jack's fate was sealed. I have mentioned that I was not much prepossessed in Miss Maitland's favour; she belonged to a class of women with whom I felt little personal sympathy; but whatever she may have been, one might safely aver that she was no flirt.

So, when Thursday afternoon came, I took my place in the landau which Jack had hired with a tolerably strong conviction that that portentous piece of extravagance would be about the last that he would incur as a free agent, and we drove down to the Star and Garter in the good old-fashioned way.

After all, I did enjoy myself. I have arrived at a time of life at which a man must needs take his pleasures—or at any rate the best of them—by proxy, and it was impossible to watch the two young people without seeing that they were happy together. They were not demonstrative; I don't think they exchanged many remarks while Mrs. Maitland and I were keeping up a painstaking conversation; but they looked at one another a good deal, which I daresay did quite as well.

Everything fell out exactly, almost ludicrously, in accordance with my anticipations. Indeed I suspected that Mrs. Maitland had left London with a cut-and-dried little programme, every detail of which she carried out scrupulously; and I am sure she would have been surprised and disappointed if, when Jack and Miss Alice strolled away together after dinner to admire the sunset, an important result had not followed from the liberty accorded to them. She was, I should think, a conscientious

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sort of woman, and her way of talking led me to believe that she had strong religious convictions. It was hardly in the nature of things that she should appreciate Jack at his real value; nor perhaps was it in the nature of things that she should covet a son-in-law whose income was necessarily precarious; but she had made inquiries about him, and doubtless considered that she would not be justified in thwarting her daughter's inclinations. As for the inclinations of that demure little maiden, they had been plainly legible, all the evening through, upon her demure little countenance.

At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour, or thereabouts, the wanderers returned; and Jack, who had a queer light in his eyes, at once drew me aside to request "a great favour." Would I mind going back to town by train? It wasn't that he wanted to get rid of me, only——

"My dear boy," said I, "you do want to get rid of me, and it would be very odd if you didn't." And then I added a few congratulatory phrases which were at any rate sincere.

What if in my heart I did not think Miss Maitland quite worthy of this noble young genius, who for years past had played the part of a hero without once suspecting himself of heroism? When all was said, she was the girl of his choice; and though she might not be capable of adoring him because he deserved it, she would probably end by adoring him because he was her husband.

Jack was extraordinarily moved by words which most men would have accepted as a mere matter of course. He grasped my hand, and seemed quite unable to speak for a second or two. "Thank you, Maule," he said at length; "I'm a lucky fellow to have such a true friend as you are. I don't know what I've ever done to deserve it—or all this happiness. I can hardly believe in it yet. I feel as if I should wake up presently in the old room in Berners Street and find the whole thing has been a dream."

What a life the man must have led, and how little he must have expected of life, to speak like that! One consolation was that, having expected so little, he would probably be better satisfied in the future with what he had got than most of us are when we have obtained the object of our desires.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

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Two River Roundels.

I.

THE long grey river stretches far beyond
This barren meadow, where the wind, a-shiver,
Sweeps into restless waves the stagnant pond,
The long, grey river.

One bird, a dark and solitary diver,
Skirts the wet banks, and from the field the fond
Cries of the curlew down the breezes quiver.

So well my sadder thought and mood respond
To the drear note bird wind and wave deliver,
That memory evermore will hold in bond
The long, grey river.

II.

Slow mounts the moon where yonder woods are met:
While the spent noon
Fades in pale lines of flame to westward yet,
Slow mounts the moon.

Light gusts of wind among the rushes croon;
The bay is set,
A silver cup where love may drink and swoon,

Forgetting all the pain and vain regret,
The vanished boon,
Since overhead sleep's mystic amulet—
Slow mounts the moon.

D. F. BLOMFIELD.

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A Day of his Life at Oxford.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

"MR. ROBSON!"—that's me; and the speaker is my scout.

Now of course I know that "that's I" is grammar, but I'm quite sure it's not nearly so English, and they say we can't write English, at the Universities; so one must be careful.

I'm "Mr. Robson," we'll say then, and the speaker is my scout.

"You awake, sir?" continues that unworthy—that again is just as English as if I called him a "worthy," and much more true.

Unworthy of further notice I certainly think him in my present mood. I turn round in bed, with a sleepy grunt, and thank goodness he has gone.

But my gratitude is wasted.

"It's time to get up, sir," he persists. "You haven't kep' a roll-call this week, sir; and the Dean he's partic'lar strict 'bout roll-call this term, sir."

"Oh, hang the Dean!"

"Which I'd be most 'appy to oblige, I'm sure, sir; but the Dean he do 'old 'is 'ead a trifle 'igh for me, sir. Really, sir, you must get up,"—therewith he proceeds to punch and shake in the bedclothes till I can bear it no longer.

"Oh, get out, John!" I shout wrathfully, and, wide-awake now, plunge out my hand for a boot or other handy missile; but John and this little manœuvre are old friends, and seeing that he has accomplished his purpose he evades all personal injury by shutting the door between.

My first ejaculation, of "confounded cheek!" is mitigated by the further reflection that I told him of no end of unpleasant things that would happen to him if he did not make me get up

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in time to keep a "roller," as we called roll-call. Not that the fellow cares how often I am hauled up by that old Dean, all the same, but the lazy beggar likes to clear away breakfast early and get his work over. (That's the way we all think of our scouts, though, as a class, and considering their circumstances, they are very fair servants, and very firm and judicious in their management of us, their masters.)

The chapel bell is clanging forth a discord that scares away Morpheus. Then the bell stops. Now the porter is standing in the corner of the quad (meaning quadrangle, not lock-up), in his hand the list on which he pricks off the names of those who put in an appearance, dishevelled for the most part, at roll-call or chapel.

I don the divided skirt, button a coat over my night—garment, stick my feet into slippers, and crown the whole work of artifice with a battered trencher to hide my unkempt locks. In ten seconds I am in the quad. Sleepily I walk across till I catch the porter's eye and see him prick me off on his list. As I turn back, the Dean, in full academicals, crosses the quad, and I am painfully alive to the connection between the severe frown which puckers his normally urbane brow and the depending braces which I now, for the first time, notice playing about my heels. As I regain my staircase, a stone thrown by a facetious friend rattles against the wall, and it is cheering to speculate on the chances of the diversion of the wrath of the Dean, whom the stone nearly hits, on the way, from my dissolute braces to my light-hearted friend.

You will notice that "roll-call" is a misnomer, for our names are not called at all. Indeed, so few attend—for we need only keep three a week, and as a rule we don't—that those who go are conspicuous by their presence, and stand in no fear of being lost in the crowd! This so-called roll-call, though, is a happy substitute for chapel, which would entail a *toilette* comparatively elegant and, from the matutinal point of view of the undergraduate, is a function of vast length and doubtful interest.

Once more in my rooms I feel conscious of owning "the makings of a head." Too much smoke or too much whisky last night!

Diving into the recesses of a cupboard, I disinter a half-full syphon of soda-water which has lost all its fizz—a stimulating beverage which so refreshes the inner undergraduate that I feel quite equal to a little more sleep. So, disencumbering

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myself of roll-call costume, I am again between the blankets, when, "Rap!"

"What the dickens do you want?"

"Hullo, General, old chap," says a kind friend, putting his head in at the door. "Look sharp! You've just time to keep a roller." "General" is not my real rank, but a nick-name.

I of course know, and so does my kind friend, that roll-call has been over some five minutes, so I reply, with effusive gratitude, and, I think, pardonably mendacity, "Oh, thanks awfully, old chap, it's rare good of you to come and tell me, but I've kept all mine this week."

"Oh, well, I thought I'd tell you," says *fidus Achates*, with almost an air of injury, and goes away very sorrowful, for he has great love of a "score."

But it is in vain my weary eyelids court slumber. Oxford sitting-rooms are nice enough, and the arm-chairs are things to dream about, and in; but College bedrooms are inventions of the—monks, whose cells they used to be. Mine, I should think, was modelled on an hour-glass. At one end of the room stands my bed, at the other my bath, and there is not room for a stout man to stand, fatways, between the two walls in the middle. Towards the head of my bed the ceiling slopes down, so that if I wanted a bolster as well as a pillow there would be no room for my head on top of them. This slope is due to the fact that the staircase comes down there, so that every one clattering up and down puts his boot within three inches of my best and only brain. It's not a good thing to sleep under, at any time, and this morning I find it hopeless.

So I get up. It is a sharp day, though the month is merry May; and my cold tub looks horrid. Opening the door into my sitting-room, I see my kettle simmering temptingly on the trivet fixed to the bars of the grate. I steal out (in mortal terror that John, my scout, will come in and detect me in the act of cowardice), and conveying the kettle to my bedroom, empty its contents into my bath. I then refill the kettle from my jug and get it back, looking quite unconscious, on the trivet, just in time; for at the moment the dreaded John comes in. He looks at me with suspicion, but merely asks: "Please, sir, what 'll you take for breakfast?"

"Oh, I don't care!" say I. "Anything but fish and eggs."

"All right, sir."

My *toilette* is accomplished, my chin duly carved in the

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regulation shave of a beard at best microscopic, and, re-entering my sitting-room, I see a note waiting for me on the table. As I am opening it, in comes John with breakfast.

"What have you got? What! Soles!!!"

"Yes, sir," says he, in tones which deprecate the harshness of mine. "You told me fish or eggs, sir."

"I told you anything *but* fish or eggs."

"Oh, did you, indeed, sir? Which I'm humbly sorry, I'm sure, sir. I thought you said fish *or* eggs."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," I reply, having meantime glanced at the note in my hand. "Mr. Sanders wants me to go and breakfast in his rooms with the Eight. You may take that stuff away—eat it yourself, if you like."

At the College I am at, it is the custom for the Eight to be invited out to breakfast during their three weeks or so of training by other members of the College. It is usual to invite one or two amateurs, not in the Eight, who may fairly be expected to initiate a remark or two, in the course of the meal, on topics not directly associated with boating "shop." I am aware that this is my prospective function on this occasion.

When I arrive in Sanders' rooms, breakfast is just beginning, though certain vacant chairs indicate that there is still an absentee or two. By degrees they drop in. The last man is greeted by a shout from the Captain of, "Hullo, Stroke! late again! You must keep better time."

This remark is received by the crew as a joke of some merits, for Stroke's time in the boat is considered somewhat puzzling: moreover, a wise man will always laugh at the jokes of one who is in authority over him.

"You get missing the beginning of the night, and you don't get through and get the finish in time," puts in the Cox, with nervous audacity.

"You! Are you talking, you wretched little creature?" shouts Stroke wrathfully. "You can't do any good in a boat, a Cox can't; he can only *not do harm*."

"How amiable training makes them, doesn't it?" says an amusing cynical non-rower, sitting next me. "They get their nerves so worked up, that if you should tread on their toe, or innocently wound their precious feelings, its just even betting whether they knock you down, or burst into a flood of tears."

The speaker has a habit of censorious criticism, whence his

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nickname of Cato; and for the most part his criticisms are barbed with the truth that underlies paradox; and the long-drawn, nasal fashion of their delivery adds to the exasperation of their victim greatly.

Cato then launches out upon an invective of great length and vigour upon the use and abuse of College rowing in general (on the same old text of "spoiling a good cricketer to make a bad oar"), and it is only by dint of a well-directed cross-fire of bread-crusts and lumps of sugar that he is at length reduced to a contumacious and aggressive silence.

A training breakfast consists, before everything, of boating shop; then of soles, of underdone beef-steaks and mutton-chops; of fowls, whose scragginess gives them the figure and misleading name of chickens; finally, of poached eggs, toast, butter, and marmalade. It is washed down with weak tea, limited in amount to two breakfast-cups, and limited, also, in the permissible quantity of sugar. We Sybarites, the non-trainers, are regaled sumptuously on kidneys, coffee, and jam; winding up—think of it, dream of it, dyspeptic man!—with tankards of College beer.

Even a training breakfast comes at length to an end, and we disperse, the Sybarites smoking, the trained-bands wishing they might.

"I say, General," says one in cap and gown, as I stand, royally taking my ease and my 'baccy in the quad, "are you coming to old Sharpset's lecture?"

"Oh, by Jove! Yes! I suppose I must. Blow these ten o'clock lectures; you can't get a pipe in peace for them."

However, I struggle into cap and gown, rummage in a pile of books on my table till I find an Aristotle's 'Ethics,' and armed with this, and a note-book, and a stumpy pencil, wend my way reluctant to Mr. Sharpset's lecture-room. Mr. Sharpset is a type of the discursive lecturer, and by no means the least discursive of his class. His lectures are clever, witty, well-attended, learned, and of not the smallest use for the "Schools" (the "Schools," I should say, are the examinations which the much-harassed undergraduate has to pass before he can write those mystic letters B.A. after his name).

Mr. Sharpset's lecture is on Aristotle's 'Ethics.' Aristotle's 'Ethics' is one of the subjects for the final Classical Honour Schools; but in order to achieve distinction therein, it is less essential to have assimilated the pith of the work itself than to

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know the views of some Germans with comic names upon a few of the more obscure sections of the text.

Mr. Sharpset has not begun when I get there, but is critically scrutinizing each man as he comes in (all undergraduates are men—except, of course, the Girton ones, &c.), to see if he can detect any special affectation about him which he can scarify with oblique sarcasm. The lecture being a public one, *i.e.* open to all members of the University, and an amusing one, the attendance is large and motley.

Presently he begins:—"Well, we had got to this about Aristotle's 'Exoteric discourses.' Now some people say he had exoteric discourses for every one—popular lectures—and an esoteric doctrine which he revealed only to his initiated disciples. Bah—nonsense!" said he, waving away the absurdity in an airy "Shoo fly, don't bother me!" way. "Now just consider what sort of man Aristotle was—a courtier—a man of fashion! Do you suppose he'd have lectured to a school of disciples? Why, what man on earth is there who'd be such a fool, such an arrant fool, as to lecture if he wasn't obliged to? All that we can say about this phrase 'Exoteric discourses' is that we know nothing to say about it at all.

"Now then, look at that at the bottom of the page," he goes on, making a casual reference to the text. "He makes use of a word which we are pleased to translate 'immortal'; but do you suppose you can base any argument on that as to Aristotle's ideas about the immortality of the soul? Of course you can't: he's only speaking in the current psychology of the day. But some people do. I don't know what some people won't do when they're arguing about things they don't understand. It's wonderful how easy it becomes to theorize, in the absence of facts. Why, people even try to argue from the appearance of ghosts, that the soul's immortal! But ghosts don't prove enough. If a soul appears as a ghost, it only proves that it's not dead yet, not that it's never going to die. And it's a curious thing, too, that all the ghosts are ghosts of people who have died quite lately: so I expect a ghost 's a very short-lived thing. Nobody ever saw the ghost of an ancient Briton, in a suit of woad. And that brings us to another view of the argument, viz. that if ghosts prove anything, they prove too much, for they not only prove that a man's immortal, but that his hat and coat are immortal too: at least, all the ghosts that I ever heard of have been dressed with all proper regard for decency. I don't believe I

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should be a bit afraid if I saw a ghost. Not that I am a brave man—quite the reverse—I'm awfully afraid of a black-beetle. I know I am a dreadful fool: I know it can't possibly hurt me; but still I am fearfully and painfully afraid of it—it is so flat and so soft, and goes along so fast on its back—I can't help it."

And so on, and so forth: amusing, but not useful—for the schools, at least—and off I go, at eleven o'clock, to old Professor Smoothbore's lecture, without having shortened my stumpy pencil an atom, or having defiled with its black lead the snowy page of my note-book with any thing of greater value than some spirited illustrations of a black-beetle and a very supernatural ancient Briton.

"Hem! I was just observing, Mr. Robson, as you entered the room," says the Professor, "that all such discussions are nugatory"—such as what, I speculate? "Now," he continues, "let us try to think of an instance. Hum! Hah! Yes. It requires no inconsiderable ingenuity to construct an illustration. Hum! Hah! Well, yes! I have thought of a very good one: —'all men are mortal, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal.'"

Professor Smoothbore, be it noted, is careful to suppress all affectation of originality, for the distressing fact of Socrates' mortality has been insisted upon by every logician in want of a simple example of the syllogism, ever since the great philosopher himself furnished inductive testimony to the truth of the syllogism's conclusion. I fancy the Professor makes conscientious efforts to bring down his lectures to the level of us, his audience; and, in deep respect for his talents I say it, I really think he succeeds. Moreover he is a man of great weight in the University, of imposing presence, bald head, and kind heart.

So the Professor goes on, smoothboring us nigh to extinction till the blessed hour of twelve o'clock, when I am free to return to my rooms. On the table is a slip of paper, whereon is written :—

"Mr. Robson—the Dean wishes to speak to you, sir, immediately.—R. Welsh."

R. Welsh was the under-porter.

"Shows excellent taste on the part of the Dean, to be sure," I soliloquise. "I wonder what the dickens it's all about?"

Our Dean is not at all like what a Dean ought to be. He is nervous, and slightly made. He is about the age which with women is called, on the *lucus a non* principle, "certain." In my

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freshman's term I was much disappointed to learn that one of the scouts, a hoary-headed robber, of venerable aspect, was not the Dean. He looked much more deanified than the real Simon Pure.

When I enter the awful presence the Dean remarks effusively: —"Oh, Mr. Robson, how are you? I—I sent for you."

"Yes, sir," I assent—a repartee which overwhelms him with embarrassment.

"Er—the fact is, er, your gate bill is very high this week. Er, you see here, you've come into College five nights the last week at twelve o'clock, and the other two nights at half-past nine. It's—it's rather heavy you know, isn't it?"

"Well, sir, I'm afraid it is; but you know, sir, I do a good deal of reading in other fellow's rooms, out of College; and I sometimes begin reading directly after Hall dinner, and then I find at nine, if I do not go out, my head gets so muddled!"

"Yes, Mr. Robson, yes, I am sorry for your head, but, er, you know that would not quite necessitate your being out till twelve, would it?"

"Oh no, of course not. I only meant that to account for the half-past nines. The other nights I was reading in other men's rooms, mostly,"—that final qualifying adverb has a deal to answer for.

"Oh, well, well, Mr. Robson, I am delighted you have been able to give me such a satisfactory explanation. Will you not stop and lunch with me? Eh? Ah! Engaged? Well, some other day then. Good-morning. Good-morning."

"Oh dear, oh dear, Jacob!" I exclaim, addressing by his nickname a friend whom I meet on the stairs, "I tremble to think of the tortures that old Dean will suffer in the next world for all the fibs he's made me tell in this."

"What, have you been humbugging him?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. Are you surprised?"

"No, I'm not surprised; I do it myself. Come and have lunch in my rooms."

"Yes, all right; thanks, I will;" and thither we adjourn.

As usual, however, in College rooms where bells are the exception, adjourning for lunch is very different from getting it. The name of my friend Jacob's scout is George, so "George!" is shouted down the staircase, at first loudly, then angrily, then frantically, finally in chorus, with a "One, two, three, George!" by our two selves and two other friends who have also dropped

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in to lunch. One prolonged "George!" rings through the College from attic to basement, but marvellously fails to penetrate the buttery.

At length, in a tone of sorrowfully indignant protest, comes an answering "All right, sir!" which is followed by George flying across the quad from the culinary department.

"I say, George, look sharp, for goodness' sake! We're going to play cricket, and the drag 'll be here at half-past one."

"Very sorry, sir. There's such a lot of gentlemen wants lunch, and all in a hurry for it. What 'll you please to take, sir?"

"What is there?"

"Usual meats, sir—roast beef, boiled beef, chicken, ham, lamb, and tongue."

"No salmon, George?"

"Yes, sir—salmon."

"Well, I'll take some salmon and salad, roll and butter, and half a pint of cider."

"Half a commons of roast beef for me, George, bread and butter—none of those musty rolls—and half a pint of beer."

"And I'll take lamb and salad, and a pint of cider cup," shouts another.

"What pastry is there, George?" asks the fourth party—a freshman, this.

"Gooseberry tart, plum pudding, and sandwich pastry."

"Oh, I'll take some gooseberry tart, nothing else, no beer."

Away goes George, having laid the cloth while receiving his orders, and shortly returns with the viands precisely as required, and without mistake. How, in the name of all that's wonderful, these scouts remember all the different orders is more than I can conceive! I'd like to see what sort of fist old Socrates or Plato, or even old Smoothbore, would have made of the job.

Very nice, Oxford lunches are; and the College does one good thing for us in providing us with fine silver tankards to drink from.

"Hullo, General! ain't you changed yet?" says one, for the other three are in flannels, ready for cricket.

"No, I'm not. Do I look like it? My flannels are in my bag up at the pavilion. I suppose we're sure to beat these fellows to-day, ain't we?"

"Are we, though? I don't think we are at all," returns Jacob, the most despondent of captains. "We've got no one to bowl them out."

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The meal progresses comfortably, till from the quad are heard discordant shouts of "Drag!"

"Oh, hang it, there's that drag!" and forthwith we bolt huge mouthfuls of bread and jam, *prestissimo.*

"Jacob," says one, "you've over-eaten yourself; you're a pig."

"You haven't," answers Jacob laconically; "you're a fool."

The gentleman called "one" collapses. Jacob goes on hurriedly lacing up his boots. Presently from his direction comes "Snap!"—followed by the inevitable monosyllable, "Was it not Talleyrand who says it?" he exclaims—"'No bootlace is stronger than its weakest part.'"

At length lunch is over, and we rush out to the drag, chuck in the cricket-bags, mount, count that our numbers are all right, and off we go. These drags are great big vehicles, drawn by four horses, and constructed to carry twenty-two, which is the number of people in two Elevens. The seats face each other, like those on top of a coach. We stop at the gate of another College for our antagonists, whom we find ready waiting. There also the liquor, shandy-gaff and cider cup, is put in. One of the other Eleven sports a confounded post-horn, which he blows apoplectically all up the Cowley Road. It is a nice drive of some two miles. There is no landscape to speak of, but you get fine points of view into the bedroom-windows on either side of the road.

When undergraduates who do not know each other meet, etiquette prescribes a deferential silence. So there is no conversation between members of the two teams during the drive. If a member of one eleven treads on a toe belonging to the other Eleven, he says "Sorry!" The owner of the toe tries to look as if he liked it, and says nothing. It sometimes happens that a member of one Eleven, if he wants a light for his pipe and there is not a light in his own Eleven, will ask one of the other Eleven for one; but this needs nerve of exceptional quality. The man he asks then hands him a light in silence, while the rest look at him with admiration, tinged by a suspicion that his action was bad form.

An Oxford cricket ground and pavilion are much the same as the same things elsewhere. We clothe ourselves in the normal fashion of cricketers—scantily; nor is there anything noteworthy in the matches themselves. It should be observed, however, that of most College Elevens the conspicuous feature is the "tail." So, in this instance, our first four wickets put on 160

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runs, and the whole side is out for 175—I leave it to your charity in which section you will place me. However, it turns out all right, for we manage to get the other side out for 37, by dint of putting on an unredeemed thrower to bowl, and the Umpire being too stupid or too timid to "no-ball" him. They don't mind much about these sort of things in College matches.

It is then time to draw, and we get back to College in the same drag, with a quarter of an hour in which to get ready for 7 o'clock Hall—that is to say, dinner.

"Is there a High Table to-night?" I ask of my scout, whom I see in the quad.

"Yes, sir."

This mystic question means, being interpreted, "Are any of the Dons dining in hall to-night?" If not, I could have gone in in any garb I pleased. But as we are to be favoured with the presence of these dignitaries I have to wear a gown and a black, or subfusc-coloured, coat. Breach of these regulations would entail a "sconce," *i.e.* a fine of a quart of beer for the good of the table. A like penalty is imposed for quoting three consecutive words of Latin or of Scripture, or two of Greek (all of which savour of "shop"), also for being a quarter of an hour late, and for all unseemly language and conduct, at the discretion of the senior undergraduate present, who is styled the "Head of the Table." A man who deems himself unjustly sconced is allowed an appeal to the High Table (Don's table), and the Dons have the right of reversing the sconce, with costs against the Head of the Table. Moreover, if the man who is sconced "floors it," *i.e.* empties the quart tankard at one pull—for he is allowed the first—he can insist on the Head of the Table sconcing himself, forthwith. Some men of mettle habitually floor their sconce, and such vindictive characters are the dread of the Heads of the Table. An eight-penny premium is thus put on bestiality; but no matter.

The very indifferent dinner is prefaced by a very long Latin grace, mumbled over by the junior scholar—dinners and graces are apt to vary inversely in quantity. We then sit down in rows on either side of long tables. Around us hang the pious and beneficent portraits of founders and patrons of the College, for whose testamentary mercies we are as thankful as we may be as we struggle with the fearsome tough beef and mutton they have provided for us—though not exactly gratis. The College contracts with a being in human shape named the "Manciple," for our feeding.

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"Look at old Nick," I say to my *vis-à-vis*, indicating a neighbour who is doing his dinner more than justice. "He seems to be enjoying himself."

Old Nick, proper name Nicholson, looks up interrogatively, and conceiving himself to be posing as the victim of some witticism, remarks vindictively: "All right, General, I'll get you sconced for calling me 'Old Nick.'"

"All right, old chap," I say, in cheery defiance, feeling quite secure. "Go ahead."

But the Head of the Table is a wooden-headed creature, unworthy of his exalted post, and he yields to Nick's importunities for a sconce. I ask permission to refer the case to the High Table. Permission granted, I write a polite note to the Dean :—

"DEAR SIR,—I have been sconced for calling Nicholson 'Old Nick.' I submit that this is a common 'nick'-name, having no diabolical connotation. Please reverse the sconce."

This humble little joke goes the round of the Dons, and presently a scout brings a note to the Head of the Table, bidding him reverse the sconce. I triumph. Old Nick, figuratively speaking, gets him behind me. "Got off by a bad joke and the skin of your teeth," he mutters sulkily, thinking to be epigrammatic.

I am down on him instantly.

"Please sconce Nicholson for quoting Scripture: 'by the skin of your teeth' (Job—though chapter and verse is not in my philosophy)."

"That's not in the Bible," retorts Nicholson indignantly, and a warm discussion sets in as to whether the phrase is Scriptural. Eventually no sconce is allowed. Pity the Head of the Table does not know his Bible better!

Presently we, undergraduates, have finished our frugal meal, and leave having been obtained from the High Table, where the Dons are still feasting off the fat of the land (it's not very so fat really, but all things are relative), out we troop.

After Hall, quad is a trifle tumultuous. Hunks of bread have been brought out, and therewith an unpopular and quite inoffensive person is bombarded. Somebody else's College cap is degraded to the function of a football. The owner will be a man of some popularity, though of slight physique, for the cap-kicking implies a degree of familiarity with him whose head ought to be inside it, such as would never be accorded in public to the "running man" of the bread-throwers.

"Come and play pool, General?" says one.

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"Right you are," say I. "Have you got enough fellows?"

"Yes, five, with you."

"All right then, but I must get some 'baccy first. May I bag one of your weeds, Peter?"

Peter gives leave, so I get one from his rooms on the ground-floor, light up, and off we go. The promoter of the enterprise has judiciously bespoken a table beforehand, else we should probably have to wander round many of the haunts where such sinful games are practised, for the undergraduate is addicted to the board of green cloth, muchly. Pool is a nice game; the balls are such a pretty colour; and—this is an after-thought—there is sometimes some loose silver going about.

The pool goes on much as usual. There are the normal comments of the player after his stroke: "Oh, sold myself again!" and of the man who plays upon him, "So-and-so plays for such confounded safety, I never get a chance." (People do see things so differently.) Also, intermittently, the observation, "Ghastly fluke!"

What ought to have been the last pool terminates as the clock strikes nine, but an ardent spirit exclaims, "Come on—one more. Just time for one before 'Tom.'"

"Tom" is the big, Christ Church bell, which rings about ten minutes past nine; after which, all College gates are shut, and the undergraduate found in a billiard-room by the Proctor is fined ten shillings. Now no one in his sober wits could suppose that a pool commenced at nine by five guileless undergraduates would be finished by ten minutes past; but undergraduate flesh is weak, its wits are wanting, and we play "just one more." "Tom" goes, remorseless as the Curfew, and we have lost about one life each. A few minutes later comes a knock at the door, and in comes Proctor, with velvet sleeves, much urbanity of manner, and two bull-dogs. He politely removes his cap: "Your name and College, sir? Thank you, sir!" he notes it down in his betting-book—or what looks like it. "And yours, sir? Thank you, sir!"

He goes on till he comes to our old friend, Cato, who, on the first alarm of "Proggins," had laid down his cue, taken up the rest (there was no Marker in the room), and was now standing at attention, in his best professional manner, by the marking-board. The Proctor, weary of his inquisitorial formula, thinks it enough to look up interrogatively at Cato, who replies with great alacrity, "Red upon white, sir. Yellow your player."

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"Oh, beg pardon," says Proggins; and bidding the rest of us call on him at nine to-morrow, leaves us between mirth and sorrow. We admire Cato's cleverness and cheek immensely, but we hate him because they were superior to our own.

The pool is concluded without further mishap. Back we go to College, kick at the gate till the porter lets us in, and then go up to Jacob's rooms, and make him bring out whisky and tobacco.

My word! And when I first went up to Oxford my friends all told me I should meet "an intellectual set of men."

All the same, we do try to be intellectual and philosophical, sometimes; and to-night, somehow, fall into a moralizing mood, chastened, maybe, by the prospective cheap-at-ten-shillings visit to the Proctor on the morrow, and talk of much, whereof we knew but little when we started, and know less when we conclude; but perhaps the whisky and the smoke are factors in the conclusion.

"Well, I must be off," says one, at length. "I must to bed, or I shall never be up to roll-call in the morning, and I'm awfully afraid of that old Dean."

"Oh, never mind the Dean!" says another, with post-prandial irreverence. "You needn't be afraid of him. For of authority," he goes on, growing Aristotelian under the spell of the whisky, "there are two kinds. The one is of the sort which men obey: the other, of that sort for which men care not at all, and is like to that exercised by the Dean of this College. But perhaps this is not worthy to be called authority. So let us call it by another name—and shall we call it 'helplessness'?"

Under cover of the general laugh I, and the man strong in his resolve of early rising, say good-night, and take our leave.

"By Jove, there's Smiles!" exclaims my companion, as we reach the quad; and forthwith he reaches for a stone.

"Oh, he's off!" I tell him. "Not left even a grin behind."

"Smiles," I should say, is the porter's cat, so-called, not because he grins, like the Cheshire branch of the family, but because, according to his master, who is the free-est wielder of the aspirate I ever met: "whenhever there's hanything hanyways dainty about, 'e always 'elps 'isself." (You've read 'Self-Help,' by Dr. Smiles?)

"Well, good-night!" I shout to my friend, as he dashes off into the darkness in pursuit of Smiles; and I turn in, to sleep myself fresh for a similarly improving day on the morrow.

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A Day of her Life at Oxford.

BY A LADY UNDERGRADUATE.

THE train from London rushes across the bridge, and as we whirl by I see the Nuneham Woods sloping down to the river, which looks silvery, with deep purple shadows in the afternoon light; an eight-oared boat, and a few skiffs are rowing back to Oxford, and add colour and life to this view, which is always lovely. I can only just see them, and then the train has passed on, bringing one familiar place after another before me. There is Sandford Lasher, with Littlemore on the rising ground behind it; now we are passing Iffley, with its old Norman Church standing on the knoll above the river. I look out rather eagerly for Magdalen Tower, which always seems to welcome us like a personal friend, as we approach Oxford. There it is, rising above the trees; now I can see Merton Tower; then the Tom Tower at Christ Church, the spire of the Cathedral, the ruins of the Castle, all appear in succession. Now I have to turn away, to give my attention to my bundle of rugs and small packages as the train slackens speed and stops at the station. I succeed, after a little difficulty, in getting a porter to take my boxes and put them on to one of the curious and antique hansoms which are waiting outside, and I tell the driver to take me to that one of the Ladies' Halls of which I am a student.

Arrived there, my first duty is to report myself to the Lady Principal, and I have a few minutes' chat with her before I make my way to the dining-room, where afternoon tea is going on, so that I can get some refreshment and greet a few friends, before I set myself to the arduous and disagreeable work of unpacking and putting my room in order, from the more or less dismantled condition in which it has been during the Easter vacation.

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I am received in the dining-room with warm greetings from the half-dozen or so students who are having tea. I have much to learn and many questions to ask, as Term has begun two or three days ago, and I have been prevented from "coming up" until now. I have to be told about what College lectures are open to ladies, what new students have been admitted this term, and generally what arrangements have been, or are to be, made for work or play.

We also have, of course, to compare notes about all we have severally been doing during the vacation, and there is so much to tell and to hear, that I find my tea is being unduly prolonged, and finally I tear myself away, so as to get my unpacking and settling finished before supper, that I may begin to work directly after. I manage to finish beautifying my room, which serves as bedroom and study, there being an ingenious arrangement of screens to hide all the dressing requisites during the day, and leaving the room with quite the appearance of a sitting-room; but I have only just done all this when I find it is time to dress for supper, at 7.45 P.M., and I once more descend to the dining-room. This is a large and comfortable room: it does not aspire to the dignity of being a dining-hall, but it is sufficiently roomy to admit of the twenty-five or twenty-six students and the Lady Principal and Vice-Principal dining together, as well as an occasional guest or two who, perhaps, are staying in the Hall, or have been invited to dinner. We sit for supper at two long tables, presided over by the Lady Principal and the Vice-Principal respectively, and here I see all the inmates of the Hall and greet those I have not yet met. The supper is one of those satisfactory meals which combine the substantial good qualities of dinner with the comparative informality and brevity of tea. The conversation still runs much on the events of the vacation, but I observe that the minds of those who are to be examined in the Honour Schools this term seem to have a somewhat sober and sad turn at intervals, as the approaching ordeal looms before them. My neighbour on the right is "going in for" the Honour History Schools, and has just learned who are to be the Examiners, so she is a little anxious in her mind; my other neighbour is working for Classical Moderations next spring, and as she still has three terms before her, she does not feel the same pressing load of care. She is very full of the events of the vacation in the neighbourhood of her country home, and especially is she interested in the result of an election of a

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Member of Parliament which has recently taken place, and which she thinks has gone all wrong. This introduces the subject of politics in general, and a warm discussion ensues which spreads all down the table, and is energetically carried on by the keen politicians among the students, who usually number a good many. The dispute, like other disputes, shows no signs of coming to a conclusion, until it is abruptly ended by supper being finished and grace said.

There is a meeting of the Shakspeare Society this evening; so immediately after supper we nearly all adjourn to the Library, armed with books for our reading. The characters of one of Shakspeare's Plays have been previously apportioned to a considerable number of students, and they proceed to read; while others who have no special aptitude for reading, and whose talents lie in a more practical direction, form a working party that is held at the same time as the Shakspeare meeting, and they work at making garments that will be sent to a Mission in a poor part of London. We find this combination of Shakspeare and sewing is a very pleasant one, and a good means of bringing all the students together, and increasing the general union of the Hall. We have read about half the play, when the meeting has to disperse, as a bell at 8.45 P.M. summons us all to prayers in the Chapel.

This half hour between supper and prayers is acknowledged to be almost the most useful time in the day. It is utilized in various ways. On one evening in the week it is devoted to practising the hymns and psalms to be sung in Chapel during the week, as we do not aspire to having anything like a regular choir. Occasionally a paper is read by one of the students, on some subject of interest to her, which she has mastered, and discussion follows on the subject. Sometimes, when a concert or small dramatic performance is impending, this time is used for rehearsals and arrangements. Rehearsals and practisings for concerts are usually conducted in the gymnasium, where, besides the gymnastic apparatus, there is a piano, so that when it is not required for its own use, it becomes a supplementary music-room, as the music-room is outside the house. Committee meetings of all sorts are ordinarily convened for this half-hour; or, if there is nothing of general importance to be done, this is a convenient occasion for visiting one's friends; and many of the students further employ it in making such repairs to their garments as are found to be necessary.

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Whatever may be the occupation, however, the bell at a quarter before nine ends it, and we go and take our places in the Chapel for prayers. These are read by the Lady Principal, and now are seen the results of the practising I spoke of, in the hymn which is sung, to the accompaniment of an American organ played by one of the students.

Our Chapel is something of which we are rather proud. It is small, but in that it is like the Hall itself, and we have done what we can to make it nice. Some friends have given stained-glass windows, and a marble pavement, and we subscribe together so as always to have fresh flowers in the vases. But our chief joy is a niche wherein lies a cast taken from Torri giano's beautiful statue in Westminster Abbey of I cannot quite say our foundress, but the lady from whom the Hall takes its name, Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., who founded the Margaret Professorships of Divinity at both Universities, and St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and is said to have intended to found a College at Oxford, which intention we feel has now been in some measure carried out for her.

Chapel ended, we all go our various ways. Those not particularly studiously inclined, or who are not able to do many hours' work in the day, pay visits to their friends, or indulge in a little light reading; those who excel in athletics adjourn to the gymnasium for half-an-hour's or an hour's exercise; but the majority of the Hall repair to their own rooms and work. Almost entire silence reigns, until at 10.30 P.M. a bell warns every one that the time has arrived after which, according to the rules of the Hall, no student is allowed to remain in any room except her own. The course of action pursued after the bell varies according to the disposition of the individuals. I, and a good many more, go to bed at once. Some of the very studious continue, however, to burn the midnight oil for a considerable period, until at length darkness, and we will hope slumber, descends upon all and each, and the history of that day is ended.

Next morning I am called soon after seven, and I get up feeling myself to be but an unworthy member of this learned body, as I know that several of the very hard-working students have been at their books for an hour already. I sincerely admire people who do such things, but I do not attempt to emulate them, as I think seven is quite sufficiently early to get

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up. While I am dressing, a warning bell rung at half-past seven announces to any one who may still linger in bed, that there is only half-an-hour before morning chapel, and that any further delay will mean being late and having a blank in the Chapel Register. This Register hangs at the Chapel door, and each student who is down in time puts a mark opposite to her name. This takes the place of roll call in the Colleges, only we are down every day, instead of three times a week, and so high is the standard of duty among us, added to the desire to fulfil the known wishes of the Principal, that the number of blanks at the end of term is generally but small.

After Chapel we go across the passage to the dining-room for breakfast. Breakfast resembles supper in its arrangements. We have it all together, and a very nice and sociable meal it is, during which the conversation again is general, and many topics of local and of universal interest are discussed. Our meals here are never lengthy, and as soon as breakfast is over we go to the Library, at least most do so, and look at the daily papers which have just arrived; and conversation follows, in the course of which any matter of public importance in the Hall can be brought forward, such, for example, as the affairs of the joint Debating Society, composed of the members of the three Ladies' Halls, or any points that need settlement in the business of the other Hall Societies. A few people, with apparently insatiable appetites for work, bring their books into the Library, and sit at the table, looking a little sad when the conversation becomes specially animated. But most of us think this half hour is rightly devoted to social intercourse, and we keep it so with resolution. Nine o'clock soon arrives, and all the rooms will now be ready, housemaids having hitherto been in possession; so there is a general disappearance for the business of the day, as the morning hours from nine till one must be rigidly preserved either for work at home or for lectures.

I do not have much time for reading this morning, as my first lecture is at ten o'clock. We have some way to walk to it, so I soon have to get ready, and I find the others who attend ten o'clock lectures and the Vice-Principal, who is going to chaperon us, ready also, and we get off in the bright morning sunshine, which always seems to me to be more golden in Oxford than elsewhere, for the College where the lecture is to be delivered. We take our places in the dining-hall of the College, at one table which is set apart for the ladies attending the lecture, while

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perhaps a dozen or twenty undergraduates sit at other tables, and we are soon absorbed in listening to and taking notes of the lecture. There is no need for me to give any account of the lectures; naturally, they vary as to the ability of the lecturers, some are very good, and some are less so, but at any rate they are as good as are to be heard in England, and we are grateful to the authorities who have recently opened them to women. I am told also that more than one of the lecturers and tutors have said that on an average they get more satisfactory and thorough work from their lady pupils than from the men.

As I find very little is known of the scheme for women's education in Oxford, perhaps I may say a word or two about it.

The Association for the Higher Education of Women in Oxford came into being in the autumn of 1879, simultaneously with the opening of Lady Margaret and Somerville Halls for ladies. The object of the Association was to provide lectures and tuition for candidates for the Oxford Local Examination for Women. At first none of the Colleges would admit ladies to attend any of their lectures. Accordingly a room was hired over a baker's shop in a side street out of St. Giles's, and there assembled a little band, consisting of devoted lecturers and hard-working students, in whose minds the recollection still lingers of the mingled flavour of classics and new bread, to them inseparably linked with the memory of study at Oxford. The Association subsequently acquired the use of a building which then served as a Baptist Chapel on Sundays, and a lecture room in the week This same room later became a Parochial Mission Room on Sundays, still remaining a lecture room on other days; and now, having been so far secularized as to be entirely the property of the Association, it is known as the lecture room, the most difficult of access, uncomfortable, draughty and altogether inconvenient that it is easy to find or imagine. Things are in many ways better now; several of the Colleges have opened their lectures to lady students, when duly chaperoned, and the University admits them to some of the Honour Examinations with the same papers as the men, only without conferring degrees. But a good many still study subjects not included in any of the University Examinations, and for them the Association provides lectures. It would clearly be a most desirable employment for money if some public-spirited and wealthy benefactor of mankind, were to build suitable and

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convenient lecture rooms for the increasing number of women students in Oxford.

I must, however, return from this digression. My first lecture is over, and, as I have to attend another immediately, I hurry off to meet another chaperon, outside the gate of the College where the lecture is delivered. This time I am chaperoned by one of the ladies, resident in Oxford, who, though not immediately connected with either of the Halls, undertake to assist in this way by going to some of the various lectures in the capacity of chaperon.

My lectures, for to-day, are over at twelve, and as I am down in the town, and it is an hour before luncheon time, I take leave of my chaperon, and go to spend that hour in reading in the Radcliffe Camera, the reading-room of the Bodleian Library. The Lady Principal of either Hall can give a reading order at the Bodleian to any Honour Student, and this privilege is very highly appreciated, as it gives us the command of almost boundless wealth in the way of books. I find two fellow-students at work at one of the tables reserved for ladies, they having been there since the Camera opened at ten o'clock; and indeed they may usually be found there for a great part of the morning.

Presently all the numerous clocks in the town begin to strike, and warn us that it is one o'clock and luncheon time at the Hall; so we close our books, put slips of paper in them to show that we wish to have them reserved for our future use, and wend our way homewards for luncheon. This is a very informal meal. It begins at one o'clock, and those who are free and have engagements early in the afternoon begin at once, and depart as soon as they have finished; those who have lectures until one o'clock must necessarily arrive later, and relays of hot dishes are brought in for their benefit, so that nobody is obliged to waste her precious time by waiting for the others.

As soon as I have finished my luncheon, I begin to consider how I shall employ the afternoon. The next two hours are play time, and are devoted to recreation. There is a public lecture this afternoon by the Slade Professor of Fine Arts, and I know several of the girls are going to that, but I really cannot go and sit in a stuffy lecture-room on a fine afternoon like this. I see the Natural Science students preparing to go down to the Clarendon Laboratory for practical work, as they do three afternoons in the week, but I feel thankful that my work does not require me to spend my afternoons in standing and making

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bad smells in the laboratory. What then shall I do? Shall I play lawn tennis? The ties have not yet been played off to determine who are to be the Champions for the Hall, to play in the match against the other Hall; and, much more important still, to decide who shall be our representative in the annual match between the two principal Oxford Halls and the two Ladies Colleges at Cambridge. I will ascertain whether the court has been engaged for this afternoon, and if not, I will see if I can get my opponent, against whom I am to play my first tie, to come and let us decide our fate at once. I find upon enquiry that another match is to be played on the grass court, and the gravel court, though it does very well in winter, is no good now, so I must find some other occupation for my afternoon.

There are walks to be taken, very charming and delicious walks, with the fresh green of the young leaves on the trees and hedges around us, and views here and there of the wonderful "dreamy towers" of Oxford, and the curious and beautiful blue-grey tint of the shadows and the distance, which to me is characteristic of and peculiar to Oxford. There is, further, the possible development of a walk into a raid on the wild flowers in one of the woods near, but somehow these things do not attract me to-day. Some one suggests that I might join a party of one or two who are going, under the charge of a responsible chaperon, to watch the cricket match on the University Cricket Grounds in the Parks; but I feel that, though cricket is undoubtedly a splendid game, I want to do something more active than watching other people running about and getting exercise.

I know what I will do. There is the boat belonging to the Hall on the Cherwell; the river is looking perfect this afternoon, the thorn bushes on the banks, and the sweet-scented irises and water forget-me-nots in the shallows will be coming out, and there is just time to get a good stretch up to Water Eaton and back before afternoon tea. I go at once to collect a crew who combine the two requisites of being able to row, the necessity for which is sufficiently obvious, and also have got a certificate duly signed by some competent person to the effect that they can swim fifty feet, without which the authorities of the Hall will allow no student to boat. Having found two friends who are properly qualified, we proceed to the boat-house, run the boat out, and bend to our oars as we proceed up this pretty but not very often explored river. We pass the lines of

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willows on the banks all bursting into leaf; we have to stoop our heads as we go under the wire that is stretched across the river at Marsden Ferry, and before very long the picturesque old manor house at Water Eaton comes in sight, standing among the venerable apple-trees of the orchard, and looking as if it might be the scene of I know not what romance, with its little chapel by its side, its lichened wall and mullioned windows. We have not come here, however, for archæology or romance, but for exercise, and that we appreciate as only those can who are working hard, and have but a short time to get the crook caused by bending over books all day out of their backs. Now it is time to put the boat about and go home; so round we go, and soon are speeding down the windings of the river, meeting a few undergraduates in skiffs or canoes, and now and then a Don rowing some ladies in a boat as safe and steady as ours. We house the boat and return to the Hall in time for tea—the meal at which the greater part of the entertaining we indulge in takes place. I am engaged to go to two tea-parties in different rooms this afternoon, so my stay at each must be brief.

My first hostess has only a "Hall" party, and the company has not yet all assembled, as some have not come back from an afternoon lecture at the Association Rooms, and some have gone to a tutor for private coaching and have not yet returned. Tea begins early, however, because a couple of guests are going to the afternoon service at the Cathedral, so they will have to hurry away very soon. The late comers drop in by degrees, and we are all very friendly and easy; in fact the conversation might perhaps be considered a little more animated than would be suitable in a more mixed company. It is even possible that, as much tea is being consumed, and cakes and biscuits are rapidly disappearing, some "shop" is talked. It is a thing I never can understand, why the fact that one particular subject interests all the company present very much indeed, should be considered a sufficient reason for that subject being tabooed. There is no use attempting to deny that the rapidly approaching Examinations occupy our minds very largely, and, though the prospect does not at this moment seem to be seriously affecting any one's spirits, if we can judge by the merriment around me, still we are liable to fits of deep dejection when we realize the position, and therefore we are very glad to be merry on occasions like the present one.

My hostess has a passion for flowers, and has made her room look and smell almost like a conservatory. The number of

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flowers gives one at first sight an impression that there is no possible room to work here, far less to sleep or dress; this illusion is further strengthened by the apparent absence of a bed, that useful article of furniture being completely disguised by a large fur rug and some oriental-looking cushions.

I have shortly to quit this social gathering, as I have promised to go to tea in another room. Here I find an entertainment of a slightly more formal character, as one or two ladies from outside the Hall have been invited. Tea-parties form the way in which we commonly return the hospitality we enjoy from friends outside the Hall; and consequently a good many small tea-parties are given, especially during the May term, when Oxford hospitality is at its height.

My new hostess has decorated her room in a style quite different from that of the former one. Not many screens or knick-knacks are to be seen, but on the walls hang a few good engravings, the contents of several well-filled book-shelves give evidence of a tolerably wide range of reading outside the subjects studied for the schools, and a little colour is introduced here and there by a piece of oriental embroidery for a table-cover, and a handsome Indian rug thrown over the bed. As only what we might call the bare bones of the furniture of the rooms is provided by the Hall, each room displays a good deal of the character of its occupant by the style in which it is decorated. Tea began at four o'clock, and now by half-past five the last guests have departed, and everybody in the Hall has gone or is going to her own room for a couple of hours' work before supper. The hospitable people who have given tea-parties must be excepted, as they now have to set to work to wash up their tea-things—an occupation which doubtless is very useful but by no means amusing, and which forms the penalty that has to be paid when one entertains one's friends here.

On two days in the week a bell summons half the Hall to the Library at seven o'clock for a Divinity Class, which is held by the Lady Principal. In this way everybody attends once a week; and many are the difficulties which have been explained, and the new lights thrown upon things that puzzled us, as we go carefully through some book in the Bible, or study some subject which perhaps we have never before thoroughly understood.

I have now gone through the history of four-and-twenty hours at our Hall at Oxford, and this, with some variations, is repeated day by day. It is not a very exciting or stirring life, but it is

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full of occupation and interest to us ; it affords us the opportunity of making true and, I hope, life-long friendships ; it opens out to most of us realms of thought and study which at home would be entirely closed. The life is so much of a family life, that I think we go home all the more ready to take our places there, and to do all we can for each other. Altogether I speak only what I know when I say that nearly all of us will look back upon these two or three years spent at Oxford with thankfulness as being one of the happiest, the most useful, and the best mental growing times of our lives.

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An Excursion to Finland.

A LAND of water, wood, and stone. A land of never-ending lakes, stretching on one to the other by narrow channels, broad peaceful streams and rushing torrents, and bearing in their midst innumerable islands, some clothed with trees, others but naked rocks, over which the waves may wash in stormy weather; still and silent lakes that break with curious creeks and long narrow reaches into the melancholy shores, where the endless forest descends in sad monotony to the stony water's edge. Drooping birches and sombre pines follow each other in mournful succession, hiding the huge granite boulders that lurk among them, already half concealed by soft moss and lichen, and giving a sheltering shade to the stunted bushes, the wild raspberries and tiny strawberries that thrive on the ungrateful soil.

Here and there, where the soil is deeper, the obstructing stones have been cleared away, and the hard-toiling Fin raises a scanty crop of grain, or hangs the small pitiful shocks of hay upon many forked stakes of pine, so they may swing in the air and dry, in spite of the inclement weather. At all times a hard and barren land, but in the winter doubly hard and barren, when the broad waters become sheets of ice, and what scanty herbage there is, lies hidden beneath the deep snow. In those days, should the harvest of the preceding year have failed, the misery of the peasant population is terrible. The rough wooden shanties that make up their homesteads give them shelter sufficient, and warmth can be plentifully obtained with such an abundance of fuel around them; but what are warmth and shelter without food, when even the coarse black bread can no longer be made, and one is driven to eat the very moss on the ground or the bark of the young birch trees? Fortunately, such famines are of rare occurrence to-day, but in many districts it has happened more than once that a full quarter of the population has died of sheer hunger and starvation.

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Nevertheless, there are few more pleasant countries wherein to pass the summer months, few which offer to an artist more beautiful and varied scenery of wood and water, or hold out better prospect of fishing to an angler. Fabulous are the tales of the monster trout that lie in the depths of its quiet lakes; the rivers that drain into the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland are said to be well stocked with salmon, and there are innumerable streams whose rapids and pools have never yet been visited by the rod, and which only wait the coming of some adventurous angler to yield as rich a spoil as any of those of Norway. How the adventurous angler is to get there it is beyond my knowledge to suggest. He might find his way from Stockholm to Abo, or even Ulleaborg, and explore for himself those lakes and streams that lie nearest to the coast; in which case he would need a large supply of time and patience, and a certain knowledge of the Finnish tongue. Or he might find his way to St. Petersburg, and there perchance meet with such kind and hospitable hosts as would give him fishing on their waters in Finland; should he be so fortunate, let him not requite their hospitality as some one did of late, who pillaged the records of the club that entertained him, and published them forth to the world, that he might invite others to share in the good fortune which he certainly had not deserved. Of myself, Vassili Fomitch, it would be useless to recount how and why I came to be fishing in Finland; it would be easy for me to suggest that others should go and do likewise, but perhaps difficult for them to accomplish.

In the south of Finland lies the great lake of Saima; a lake of vast extent, but so studded with islands and beset by its encroaching shores, that it nowhere presents any great expanse of water. At its southern extremity it is drained by the river Vuoksa, which flows some fifty miles sometimes in confined and raging rapids, at other times with a broad, placid stream, until it reaches the lake Ladoga. At the point where the Vuoksa leaves the Saima, perched on the high bank just above the smooth downward curve of water which the lake makes before it takes its plunge into the cataract below, is a little wooden house, the headquarters of many an enthusiastic angler. The steps and floor of its verandah are adorned with the carved effigies of the big fish that from time to time have rewarded the efforts of its inhabitants; lake trout of various weights, from twenty-two pounds downwards, to gaze on which fills the heart

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of the visitor with joy, and causes him to hurry off to the scene of action filled with a wild longing to pull out one as big for himself. As to that scene of action he has plenty of choice. He may have himself rowed about in the smooth water of the pool just above the mouth of the lake, where, if he keeps close to the dangerous edge of the river's fall, he may rejoice in any number of small trout up to two pounds, or at some hundred yards higher up, his ambition may be rewarded with a real *lokki*, as the big fish are called, a lake trout of perhaps twenty pounds; or he may row round in the tumbling waters of the river's lower pools; or, again, he may keep to the banks, and scrambling from rock to rock, choose such points of vantage whence he can throw a fly over the broken waters and smooth pools that alternate along the side, where, if he is possessed of any skill, he is pretty sure of a good bag of smaller trout and grayling.

He will do well to try all these things, and better if he fishes the river by day and reserves the lake for the quiet hour after sunset. Then he shall provide himself with trolling tackle, a trace of twisted gut with a little lead on it, by reason of the darkness, and a phantom minnow of sufficient size to attract the hungry ferox. As he is rowed gently to and fro across the pool let him let out some thirty yards of line and possess his soul in patience, and perchance his patience shall not go unrewarded. If so, let us hope he will not do as Vassili Fomitch did—but then Vassili Fomitch is not a skilful fisherman. To him within the first twenty minutes there came a *lokki*, the biggest fish that ever was *not* seen; sweetly sang the reel as the line sped out through the water. How did it happen? was it the fault of the gut at one end, or heedlessness at the other? After a brief and unequal struggle the rod straightened out and the line came home, and he was left all lamenting and ashamed to replace his broken tackle, while the *lokki* departed rejoicing in the possession of half a trace and a quite undigestible minnow for its supper.

No, I fear the fault was mine own; as Johann, my fisherman, remarked, I was not a master of the craft. Yet, even so, I managed to catch fish, and had the pleasure of seeing others do still better. Perhaps the most certain way of getting a good bag was to troll a minnow in the lower pools of the river between the rapids; there it was easy to get a dozen fair trout within the hour; but it is hard work for the fisherman pulling round in the strong eddies and currents of the rapid stream. The better part,

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of course, was to work along the banks with the fly, though the birch trees growing to the water's edge made it difficult to get out a line without wading.

Of salmon there are none, and for good reason. Some two miles lower down, the Vuoksa passes through the narrow rocky passage known as the Falls of Imatra, up whose raging torrent no living fish could ascend. Below these falls salmon have been caught, and the rapids of Wallin-Koski, beyond Imatra, are considered a very likely place for big fish. Thither we made our way, driving not without much jolting in the high-wheeled springless carriole of the country, and turning aside half-way through the woods to see the Falls of Imatra. Down through a narrow chasm, cleft for more than a hundred yards through the overhanging rocks, the whole body of the river tumbles hurling headlong to the depths below. Pent in between the narrow limits of its rocky sides it rushes down, an irresistible force of smoky foam, ever trying to beat for itself a wider and smoother path, and sending up in sullen thunder its ceaseless complaint against the confinement of its banks. The shores of the pool below are strewn with curious pebbles that have been caught in the caverned bases of the rocky cliffs, and churned by the resistless eddies and whirlpools into all kinds of fantastic shapes. So great is the violence of the water, that a barrel thrown in above is splintered to matchwood before it reaches the bottom. Certainly the heart of the boldest salmon would quail at the prospect of such a passage.

The Falls of Wallin-Koski are very tame in comparison, but the scenery is pretty and the fishing said to be very good. I cannot say much from my own experience, as I caught nothing but two trout after three hours' labour. The day was very hot and bright, and there was a terrible glare on the water. For a long time I patiently fished the pool below the rapids, sometimes in the waves of the tumbling waters, at other times trying the smooth reaches, or skirting the shores—but all to no purpose. My boat, a very frail kind of skiff, leaked sadly, and every twenty minutes the fisherman had to cease from rowing, to bale it out. The sun was hot and the air heavy; perhaps I dozed, for there came to me a vision of a great *lokki* from the watery depths, who turned up his nose in infinite contempt as he mocked me. "Go home, Vassili Fomitch," he said, "hast thou not troubled waters there in plenty to fish in without coming to seek them here, surely thou wilt catch nothing but

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trouble for thy pains? Go home, and take thy ridiculous flies and minnows with thee! Thou wert ever a fool, Vassili Fomitch," he continued, in a confidential tone. "Thyself prone to pursue phantoms, and gape at gaudy flies; say, when didst thou last feel the hook?" and thereat the *lokki* laughed so violently that he shook the boat and dashed the water in my face with his tail, so that I opened my eyes, and behold, my fisherman was baling out again and splashing me. This time the water was ankle-deep, and we were fain to row ashore with all speed and empty the boat out. Then I took the advice of my visionary salmon and did go home; but my companion, who persevered for some hours later, returned with a fine fish of fifteen pounds. In fishing, as in all other things, *tout vient à qui sait attendre.*

Trolling a minnow in the pool of the lake above the Vuoksa was by far the most luxurious method of catching fish that I have ever practised. A comfortable seat with a back to lean against in a roomy boat, before one nothing but the water, behind one the fisherman rowing the light craft in skilful curves to and fro over the pool, slowly over the deep holes that the bait may sink, swiftly over the shallows lest it catch on the sunken rocks; nothing to do oneself but lazily move the rod to make the minnow spin, and watch the changing beauties of sky and water under the setting sun. It is to be in what the Turks call a state of *Kef*, a state of happy do-nothingness, combined with pleasant expectations. And that expectation is so often fulfilled. Out of that pool some hundreds of trout have been taken of over fifteen pounds, and some hundreds probably remain there still. It is recorded that a single rod killed more than twelve such fish in a day; beside such a splendid achievement it were better to pass over my own performance in silence. I did not do so well. Still even without the fish, it is pleasant enough in itself to be rowed about through the still hours of the evening; not a sound to be heard but the soft dip of the oar in the water behind one, and the measured beat on the rowlocks, while the golden glories of the sky and lake slowly fade away, and give place to the moon that throws a silver path from one's boat to the distant shore. Soon the moon too shall disappear, sinking behind the dark banks of the solemn pines, and then, if he be wise, the fisherman will retire also, unless he wishes to be left like Nero, "an angler in the lake of darkness."

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Away northward across the lake, towards the town of Joensuu, which lies on the river Pielis, where the Pielis river flows into the Saima, draining the lake of Pielis, which lies more northward still. Thither we are summoned, partly by business, partly by the will and pleasure of Rosa Fomitchna, than whom no keener fisherwoman liveth. It is a journey of some eighteen hours, but as our little steamer is fitted up comfortably like a yacht and we have a plentiful store of provisions, we perform it by night, and care not how long it may take. The lake is picturesque enough, with its narrows and channels, wooded islets and promontories. As the night draws in, the little boat, throwing up myriads of red sparks from its wood furnaces, leaves a blazing comet's tail behind it. It is already dark when we pass the fortress of Nyslott, and we retire to our cabins and wake next morning to see the Pielis river, and the quay of Joensuu.

Joensuu, without being a very large or populous town, has an air of clean prosperity and a fair number of good houses. It was more full of people than usual when we arrived, as one of its annual fairs was in progress and the streets were filled with peasants who had come in from the neighbourhood to make their purchases. In a square beside the public garden were erected booths for the sale of such miscellaneous articles as leather harness, cotton handkerchiefs, brass kettles, cow-bells, and spinning-wheels. The people thronged to and fro from stall to stall, jostling each other without ceremony, and evidently unused to finding themselves so crowded by their neighbours. The Fins are a quiet and orderly race as a rule, though they have the reputation of being passionate and vindictive on occasion, and rather prone to the use of the knife. One saw but little drunkenness, and what there was, was chiefly confined to the young lads. Even they got drunk after a sober fashion, so to speak, and when helpless, were carried off on some friendly back, content and unresisting. There was but one amusement, a huge merry-go-round on which one could ride at the giddiest of speed to the inspiriting strains of a grind-organ. The elder men solemnly took their diversion on it, gravely smoking their pipes and bestriding their hobby horses as they went round and round—that is the great drawback of most hobbies that one is doomed to ride them in a circle and get no "forrader."

The principal business of the day, however, was the horse fair. Finnish ponies have a great reputation; the best of them are

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strongly-built cobs, fairly fast, not bad looking, and excellently suited for draught purposes, but a sorrier set of nags than those exhibited at Joensuu I have not often seen. The prices set on them were not exorbitant and a good many appeared to change owners. One burly Fin seemed moved to much grief by the sale of his steed ; with his arms clasped round its neck he poured forth his lamentations, bellowing out his sorrow with most mournful energy, and fondling with uncouth gestures of affection his favourite's head. The scene was grotesque enough were it not for its touch of pathos. Whether indeed his grief was all genuine or partly the result of the softening effect of *vodka*, I know not. I fear, though, that *vodka* had something to do with it, for I saw him kick the poor beast most unkindly in the ribs by way of winding up his eloquence.

They are a simple race the Fins. Living upon very little, even that little can only be obtained by the hardest of toil. Among them there are but few wealthy or even well-to-do men. Yet from all accounts it would appear that there are at least three ways by which rapid riches may be acquired in Finland. The easiest method is to distil *vodka*, and then by occult practices break the laws that strictly forbid its retail in small quantities. Another is to pose as a philanthropist in the time of a famine; buy on credit large quantities of grain from the government for the relief of your distressed fellow-countrymen, and then distribute it among the starving peasantry, merely taking in exchange mortgages on their woods and houses, by which means their necessity becomes your gain, and you will have the charitable satisfaction of relieving their immediate wants and reaping a rich harvest for yourself in the future. The third way, less practicable nowadays, is to seduce or kidnap the peasants across the frontier and so provide recruits for the Russian army; thus you will benefit them by placing them in an honourable profession, and benefit yourself by receiving so much a head for your pains. By following any one or all of these methods one may acquire sufficient wealth to enable one to build as large and ugly a house as any Fin could desire, and enjoy the envy and esteem of one's fellow-citizens.

Our fishing quarters at Puntarin-Koski were not far distant from Joensuu ; a wild desolate valley filled with huge stones that had been left there by the flood which had devastated it. Simo, the fisherman belonging to the lodge, was waiting in readiness for our arrival, and we immediately put together our

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rods and went forth to try our luck in the water. Simo's son attached himself to me as a guide, a barefooted little urchin with a bright intelligent face, and a tongue that never stopped prattling. He was eager to show me all the likely places for a big fish and very anxious I should catch one, but he was doomed to be disappointed. In the small upper pools between the numerous falls of the river some small trout were caught, but not a single big fish was moved; down below, where the river widened out into a broad smooth stream, the grayling were rising freely and with them I was more lucky. On the whole, none of the party did very well; but it was certainly rather late in the season, and we were content to have provided ourselves with a plentiful dinner of fish, beginning with a fish-soup, in the making of which Simo's wife displayed the talent of a real artist.

Late in the evening one of the party went out and returned with the information that the night was as dark as pitch, and fit for the deed we had to do. Whereupon we all sallied forth, scrambling painfully over the rocks and boulders through a darkness that one could almost feel, making our way down to a point on the river where a ruddy glare was thrown upon the overhanging cliffs. What were we going to do? Could we not be satisfied with fishing all day that we must needs go poaching at night? No, we would not really poach, we only wanted to look and see for ourselves if there were any fish in those pools or not. Up the current of the river the boat ascended slowly, laboriously punted up the broken rapids and eddying pools, or dragged over the rocks beside the falls. At one end of it a rough brazier, filled with burning pine wood, projected over the prow, shedding a weird unholy light over the wild rocks and waters of the torrent and lighting up the evil-looking countenances of Simo and his brother. The former grasped a rude spear with jagged iron points, by which he helped to steady the boat while the other punted it in and out of the eddies. Between them I took my seat, crouching in the bottom of the skiff while I peered with shaded eyes into the water. Every rock, every hole and cranny under the hurrying stream could be clearly seen; more than once the practised hand of Simo could have made sure of striking a heavy fish, but he withheld it, for we promised ourselves that we would catch them by more legitimate means on the morrow. Every now and then, when both poles were lifted at once, the furious velocity of the torrent would drive the

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boat grinding on the rocks of the shallows, or spin it round, enclosing one in a circle of fire. There was a wonderful fascination about the proceeding, even apart from the general charm of poaching.

Next day, after fishing the falls again, we were induced to pull up the river to the little lake out of which it flows. Big fish had been caught there in former years, but, as the Spanish proverb has it, *no hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño*, "there are no birds in last year's nests,"—nor fish in last year's haunts, and we were obliged to return to Joensuu with a very modest bag. Simo followed us thither two days later with six trout, the smallest of thirteen pounds, which had fallen a prey to his wiles—but then Simo was a poacher. One other attempt we made to catch fish, and that was on the river Pielis. For quiet, peaceful scenery I know of no river more beautiful than the Pielis; we ascended it for more than three hours in a steam-launch and it was difficult to know which of its banks was the most attractive to gaze upon. Beyond the wild water-fowl there was but little sign of life, save an occasional homestead with its curling blue smoke on the river bank, or the long rafts of timber that we sometimes passed, floating down to the saw-mills of Joensuu.

Felling timber and floating down the logs are the chief occupations and business of the country. A great outcry has been raised by some people against what they call the wanton destruction of the woods and consequent devastation of the country: there can hardly be wanton destruction in making use of the one product that Finland can boast; and as to the devastation, it would take centuries before tree-felling at its present rate would make any appreciable difference in the endless supply. The forests are no more likely to run short of trees than the lakes are of fish, and Tapio and Akti, ancient Finnish gods of woods and waters, need be in no fear of the depopulation of their realms. The land on both sides of the river seemed somewhat more fertile than elsewhere, and there were continual patches of emerald meadows that showed more brightly green against the dark lines of the pine woods beyond. At Kurna the river narrows into rapids, and there we stopped. A more ideal piece of water for fishing cannot be imagined, but we caught no big fish there, though one of our party succeeded in moving one which he estimated at over ten pounds; so we soon exchanged our rods for the sketch-book, making most unsuccessful attempts to transfer to paper the scenery around us.

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I doubt, however, whether even the most skilful artist could have done justice to the occasion, for how can one give to a picture the subtle charm and beauty born of murmuring sound?

Soon we had to leave Joensuu, embarking on our little steamer bound for Wilmanstrand, and from there the Finnish railway, the slowest of its kind in all the world, took us back to St. Petersburg. Leaving Finland after a short visit was a matter of real regret, but I doubt whether a very lengthy stay in the country would be pleasant. The purity of the air and the mildness of its climate during the summer makes life there a real pleasure, and as long as one is not far from its towns, most of the necessities of life can be procured. To any one who could be satisfied with an unvarying diet of fish and black bread, accompanied by the best cream and butter that can be found anywhere, it would be easy to satisfy his wants in any part of the country. How the cream and butter comes to be so good is a mystery to me, for assuredly the Finnish cows are the worst and most scantily fed of their kind. What other cow that respected herself would be satisfied with hay soup in which the water formed so unfair a proportion to the hay? The most meagre-looking hay, mixed with the dried branches of alder, simmers in a huge iron pot, and one sees the poor beasts dipping their noses into the unsavoury broth, and fishing out its soddened contents with the evident relish of hunger. It was complained to me by a resident in the country, that cows could not be induced to look upon sawdust as the staple of their food. How far he had seriously made the trial I do not know; but should he ever succeed, there will be a rich prospect for Finland in dairy-farming.

Honestly, I do not think I would advise a very enthusiastic fisherman to choose Finland as a new field for his sport. That some of the best trout-fishing in the world can be had there is undeniable, but as yet there is but little known of it, and what fishing there is known is all strictly preserved, and he might find some difficulty in profiting by it. It is likely that other untried streams would yield as good if not better sport, but Finland would hardly recommend itself as a country to explore in. After all, are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? While the magnificent fishing of Norway lies so close to us, it would be unwise to advise any one to stray further a-field.

The fishermen at the mouth of Lake Ladoga practise a method

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of fly-fishing which is worthy of notice. Two rods, short rough sticks, project over the stern of the boat; to one end of them is attached a piece of twine, ending with some three yards of gut, and a fly of home manufacture, to the other end a stout cord and a large billet of wood. The fisherman then rows himself backwards and forwards over the water, pushing the end of the sticks with his feet to make the fly play. Should a salmon take the bait, he promptly throws the whole tackle with the billet of wood overboard, takes in his other line, and leisurely follows in the track of the billet as the salmon tows it through the water, stirring up the fish until it is completely exhausted. As a rule, I believe, the fish gets away with some portion of the line, but I suppose they must be sometimes successful or they would hardly go on doing it. The only salmon that I saw caught by the line on the Ladoga was not caught by such primitive means. At the point where the Neva flows out of the Ladoga it makes an island, on which is built the fortress of Schlusselburg, used for the occupation of Nihilists and other political prisoners before they are drafted off to Siberia. Just above the fortress is a favourite fishing-place, and here we had vowed to ourselves that we would get a salmon by fair means or foul, for only one salmon had ever been caught on a line there to our knowledge We began our operations early in the morning, and fished long without success. Towards the afternoon I had already abandoned the fly for a phantom minnow and was pulling in perch by the dozen—some very good fish among them—when a shout from the other boat told me that my companions had something big on, and I saw the rod of Rosa Fomitchna bent almost double with its weight. Twice the fish threw itself wildly out of the water, and she knew that she had to deal with a salmon of nearly twenty pounds. A single-handed fly-rod, with barely sixty yards of line on the reel, seemed to give all the odds in favour of the fish—the more so that, though close to the fortress, we could not land on the island under penalty of being shot down by the nearest sentry. The poor salmon, however, had to fight against the coolest head and lightest hands that ever controlled a rod. Slowly and gradually he was worked towards the distant shore and into shallow waters, and after more than half an hour's struggle the gaff lifted out of the water a clean run salmon of eighteen pounds. With that triumph it were well to end my tale.

VASSILI FOMITCH.

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A Counsel of Perfection.

BY LUCAS MALET.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," "MRS. LORIMER," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"Les grands abattements suivent les grands enthousiasmes."

THE small-hooded carriage, in which Dr. Casteen was wont to take his daily drive, met Lydia at Bishop's Marston station. Rosencrantz,—the little red *dachshund*—prancing and pawing, upsetting himself, in the overflowings of canine rapture, upon the slippery strips of oil-cloth marking narrow passage ways across the oak flooring, and picking himself up again with manifold gruntings and excited patterings—met her in the hall. Mrs. Cunnington, wiping her hands and arms, which were somewhat floury—it being baking day—emerged from the kitchen passage, and beamed a very hearty and comfortable welcome upon her. The parlour-maid beamed upon her mistress too—trying, however, at the same time to ignore the presence of the portly housekeeper; there being a standing quarrel between these two excellent servants, each of whom wished to imagine herself indispensable to the comfort of her mistress.

Miss Casteen, however, being unaware of their unhappy divisions; being tired by her long journey; being rather anxious as to her reception by her father; being rather anxious, too, lest the Lydia Casteen who had just returned to the white rectory house, and its quiet, book-pervaded atmosphere, should prove an inconveniently different person to her who had left it less than a month ago—Miss Casteen, I say, was glad enough to see the kindly face of the large motherly woman. She asked one or two questions about the general well-being of parish and household, and then enquired where she should find her father.

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"The master had been out walking for an hour in the garden. He had come in about ten minutes ago and gone into the study. He had rung for his medicine, and had given strict orders he wasn't to be interrupted till dinner. He would see Miss Casteen then."

This information was poured forth volubly by Emma, not without a side glance of triumph at Mrs. Cunnington. For once, she felt, that aggravatingly forthcoming functionary was quite out of the running.

Miss Casteen made no immediate reply or comment. She stood on the mat at the bottom of the staircase,—Rosencrantz, erect on his hind-legs in front of her, rubbing his finely modelled head and ungainly fore-paws against her knees—silent and abstracted. This was to be her reward then!—this her payment for immediate response to her father's summons!—this the equivalent for her obedience, for her instant relinquishing of pleasant companionship, brave sights, and happy days! If her father had made any departure, however small, from the iron rule of his daily habits to mark his sense of satisfaction at her home-coming, it would have been enough. Lydia's demands were not extravagant. A very slight recognition would have satisfied her. But this——

Then she remembered that the servants were looking on, and were, no doubt, drawing their own conclusions from her silence. Lydia gathered herself together; and treated her ex-nurse to a very pretty if not very cheerful smile.

"I'll come down and see you presently, Cunnington," she said. "Have my boxes taken upstairs, Emma, please. If Dr. Casteen is engaged, I may as well unpack them at once."

But Lydia did not display much energy in unpacking. Once in her own bed-chamber, she stood still and looked round it, a strange sense upon her of seeing it all, familiar as the aspect of it was, for the first time. It was spotlessly fresh and clean, upholstered according to her dainty, if somewhat timid taste, in faint colours. She glanced at the dove-coloured carpet and spindle-legged chairs,—the seats of them covered with cretonne upon which white birds were busily engaged in tying themselves together with bows of white ribbon, upon a grey ground. Glanced at the white toilette-table, whereon the housemaid had set a jar of pale late-flowering roses; at the bullfinch hanging in his cage in the southern window. The bird was dull; he sat on his perch, all his feathers fluffed out, crooning a sad little song to

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himself. He had forgotten her and made no sign of joy at her approach. Then she glanced at the white bed, on which she had lain down contentedly at night, summer and winter, for so many years; and from which she had risen, on so many mornings, to go about the work of her uneventful life.

Lydia turned away with a sigh, and sat down listlessly in the window-seat on the further side of the room, the dog jumping up beside her, and planting his big crooked paws on the inner ledge of the open window. From here Lydia looked right out into the dark horizontal branches of the cedar-trees. The afternoon was still and windless, the sky being of the blotchy reddish-grey that betokens not rain, but that peculiarly odious atmospheric condition known as blight. The far-reaching pasture lands, the great elms and the hedge-rows were dingy and colourless. The whole landscape lacked light and shade, was dim and neutral-tinted, save for the very positive blackness of the cedars in the foreground.

The space beneath these rather funereal trees was bare of grass. Under the nearer one was a single tomb—a flat lichen-stained slab of sandstone, placed as lid upon a box-like erection in brick. Against the near side of this somewhat pretentious monument Threadgold, the sexton, had rested a spade and pick. He was digging a grave near by, and the raw dirty yellow of the newly-turned earth showed conspicuously against the duller colour of the undisturbed surface beneath the cedars.

Presently Threadgold looked out over the edge of the grave above the clods of broken clay, like a mole out of the top of its hill—a stout chubby little man, blessed with a happy conceit regarding the rare quality of his tenor voice; and blessed too with a long family of cherub-cheeked children, three of whom were now disporting themselves among the neighbouring head- and foot-stones with an admirably professional indifference to the melancholy associations of their surroundings. Having surveyed the prospect and stretched himself—the human back gets somewhat cramped grave-digging—he came, with an air of unadulterated cheerfulness, up out of the sepulchre and put on his coat.—It was an old one of Dr. Casteen's. Lydia remembered bestowing it on him a year ago. His wife, a thrifty woman, had subsequently managed to secure a good half-yard of broad cloth, and at the same time to mitigate the too purely ecclesiastical aspect of the garment by cutting short the tails of

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it. The sexton's appearance when wearing it was, consequently, very suggestive of a comfortable robin without a tail.—He proceeded to shoulder his spade and pick, called those representatives of his brood of small robins present,—who came hopping after him over the graves and rank grasses merrily enough,—and uplifting his rather rawney voice in the fine old tune of *Rockingham*, marched away in the direction of the lych-gate on the far side of the churchyard.

This homely scene Lydia Casteen had watched with a sort of vacant attention. She was weary in body, sick at heart, hurt, disappointed. As the gate slammed to and the children's gay voices died away in the distance, she had a moment of extreme weakness. She leaned her cheek against the dog's smooth neck, as he stood up by her looking eagerly out of window. The hot tears came into her eyes, and she did not try to check them. It was all so lonely, so sad, so tame, and sombre and dreary. It seemed to her, in the face of her father's chill indifference and apathy, that her hasty return had been indeed a work of supererogation; and that she had been guilty of the folly of being righteous overmuch—against which special order of folly there exists, as we know, a brief but emphatic prophetical warning.

"He is selfish," she sobbed. "He is selfish. And he will never change. He will never understand what I have given up for him."

Poor Lydia's tears fell faster. For all the cruel longing of a love that wept for want and hunger, and could not be satisfied, cried out within her. She was called upon to sacrifice so much—her individual hopes and cravings. Called upon to mutilate her personality so as to fit it into a mould altogether too narrow and small for it. Yet Lydia believed she could have done this. Done it, if not gladly, at least with a chastened sweetness of resignation, if only her action had met with recognition, with ever so little of tenderness and gratitude—if only the priest, as he handled the knife, had praised, ever so slightly, the willingness of the victim.

That was the refrain of all her thought. If her father had only seemed pleased—had only seemed to care, all would have been comparatively easy. But the little dumb beast here, who licked her wet cheek and her hands, in fussy ebullitions of distressed bewilderment, had really more kindness of heart, more sympathy and pity than her father. The study door was

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shut against her ; and the dim-eyed old scholar within went on methodically, cold-bloodedly pursuing his self-appointed tasks in absolute heedlessness of her coming, resentful merely at her ever having ventured to leave him, or rather leave the work which was, in truth, far dearer to him than himself;—dependent upon her, yet thanklessly excluding her.

Was it wonderful that Miss Casteen, gentle and affectionate-natured as she was, should break down for once, and cry a little ;—cry for regret of a past that had been so strangely sweet ; and for sorrow over a present that seemed so singularly fruitless and barren ?

The sense of her father's unwarrantable callousness still possessed her when, some hour and a half later, having changed her dress, Lydia went down to the dining-room. She had mastered her emotion. She had decided to be perfectly passive. If advances were to be made, they must come from the other side. She went and stood beside her own chair at the head of the table. The candles, in deference to the condition of Dr. Casteen's eyesight, were as yet unlighted. The evenings began to close in. And upon the evening in question the blight-covered sky made the twilight both early and dense, so that the long dining-table under its white cloth, seemed to float ghostly in the centre of the dusky room.

Lydia stood for some minutes at the head of the table, her nerves in a growing condition of painful tension. She tried to harden herself. But her heart beat fast, and her sense both of sight and hearing seemed preternaturally acute. She heard the click and long-drawn creak of the study door as it opened. Then shuffling, uncertain footsteps travelling slowly down the matted passage ; becoming more distinct as they drew nearer ; slipping a little upon the oil-cloth in the hall. Then the tall bowed black figure in the doorway, the high narrow pale forehead with the dark bar across it blotting out the eyes.—

Dr. Casteen steadied himself by one hand against the door-post, and kept the other spread out before him till, with a nervous groping movement, it grasped the corner of the side-board. And there he paused.

I do not claim for Miss Casteen the distinction of being a strong-minded woman. So far she had watched motionless and in silence. But something in that groping gesture, in the feebleness and helplessness of the old man's movements, melted

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all her hardness, choked, in an outrush of instinctive pity, her spirit of injury and of revolt.

She came swiftly across the room.

"Here, dear papa. I am here. I have come back to you. Let me lead you," she said, taking his thin wrinkled hand in her soft warm one, and placing it very gently upon her arm.

"Thank you, my love. I will not deny that your assistance is grateful to me," Dr. Casteen returned, with his slow carefully modulated enunciation.

That was all. With that brief offer of service, and brief acceptance, Lydia Casteen gave way, took up the burden once more; quietly, and without further struggle or remonstrance, riveted her own chains.

The meal was a silent one. Dr. Casteen asked no questions, proffered no information. When it was finished, Lydia conducted him back to the study again; ordered the shaded lamp, so as to spare his eyesight, sat down in her accustomed place at the writing-table, opened a heavy folio as directed, and gave herself up to the theological difficulties—and, oh dear me! what a number of difficulties it had—of the early Church, as of old.

The Casino at Interlaken, the wild ring of the Venus music, the snows of the Jungfrau, life, joy, movement, laughter, and—and that rather unworthy and irresponsible writer of pretty little verses—Antony Hammond—they all seemed far, extremely, incredibly, hopelessly far away!

CHAPTER XI.

. . "le mal n'est jamais que dans l'éclat qu'on fait.
Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait offense,
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence."

Some observer of the ugly little habits of the race, inspired more by a cynical love of scientific veracity than by a very tender love of his neighbour, has left it on record that "out of sight," in the great majority of cases, is likewise "out of mind."

The last words Antony Hammond said to Lydia Casteen, when he took leave of her on the station at Interlaken, had been:—

"Well, then, I really may run down? It is immensely good of you to let me, Miss Casteen. I expect to be in England by the end of next week at latest. Thank you a thousand times

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for not condemning me to say anything worse than *au revoir* to you this morning."

Mr. Denison had listened to this address with mixed feelings. Visions of duty, it need hardly be stated, arose before him. The duty, first, of giving the speaker a bit of his mind—that gift usually so exceedingly agreeable to the receiver of it. Secondly, the possibly contingent duty of giving him a sound thrashing; for the good man's imagination still played about the handle of a horse-whip. Thirdly, the duty of warning Miss Casteen of the great risk an intellectual woman, possessed of a mind capable of grasping abstruse economic questions, would certainly run in allying herself to a minor poet, who took life and its manifold responsibilities in such a lamentably light and airy spirit. For Mr. Denison's appreciation of the lesser arts was radically defective. Why any reasonable being should ever want either to write or read small *jeux d'esprit* or playful *vers de société*, he could not for the life of him comprehend. Of pictures, devoid of any direct historical or topographical teaching, he had the most limited appreciation; while he even derived a mild pride from the fact that he had never been able to distinguish one tune—all music with Mr. Denison came under the head of tunes—from another. From every point of view, then, he felt not only justified in keeping, but absolutely bound to keep, his eye on Antony Hammond; prepared alike to fall upon him if he did and if he did not afford Miss Casteen an opportunity of refusing him.

Hammond, meanwhile, was supremely unconscious of these designs against his peace of mind and body. He was very well pleased with himself. He had felt most agreeably sentimental at parting with Miss Casteen. He missed her pretty looks and ways, and the refined drama of her personal history, quite actively. So actively, in fact, that when towards the end of next day Janie Hammond arrived, in company with her aunt, Miss Cumberbatch, and the athletic Assistant Inspector, he talked to that enthusiastic maiden about Lydia Casteen for an inordinate length of time. The young girl was admirably sympathetic. And the Inspector, kicking his naily heels upon the hotel verandah while his sweetheart was having this private interview with her brother—from which she eventually descended very pink as to the cheeks and moist as to the eyes, declaring that "it was really too nice; everything seemed to be going on so smoothly and beautifully"—the Inspector, I say, began to vote all men in love, save

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himself, a most atrocious nuisance; and to reflect—for he was a bit of a prig, perhaps—on the singular habit our most cherished delights have of changing colour, chameleon-like, when they happen to be possessed by any other than our precious selves.

Two days later Hammond, his aunt, his sister, and his sister's lover rumbled off in the big *berline*, along the noble Beatus road to Thun, *en route* for Berne and England. Mr. Denison felt relieved in one way, yet only the more annoyed in another. Hammond was really in earnest, then! It seemed likely that his love of duty would be exercised, after all, not in using the whip, but in warning the lady.

But as ill-fortune would have it, that evening, while Hammond was lounging upon one of the sofas in the great central hall of the Thunerhof, he caught sight of a striking female figure, with a very unmistakable abundance of blonde hair. Hammond watched for a few seconds without moving, sensible of receiving that delicate artistic satisfaction which the sight of a well-dressed woman, perfectly finished from the cut of a shoe-bow to the curve of an eyebrow, can hardly fail to produce in civilized man.

Madame Cyfveer was still evidently only convalescent. She walked rather languidly, and had thrown on a long loose steel-coloured plush overcoat, edged with silver-fox fur, over her gown. All this lady's garments and all her movements were full of intention. Hammond, looking at her, felt that she was far more interesting than of old. She had gained a great deal in the way of quiet insolence and *aplomb* since the transitional period down in Kensington. It struck him that she presented a very large surface, so to speak, to the imagination. He got up, went and spoke to her.

She received him without any show of surprise. In these days Madame Cyfveer had ceased to be enthusiastic. She cultivated a slight weariness of bearing; and a superb calm, to which her very large light-grey eyes lent themselves extremely well.

Madame Cyfveer's languor, however, whether real or assumed, did not prevent her being a remarkably agreeable companion. She and Hammond spent a very pleasant evening in each other's society. She proved several things to him beyond controversy; amongst others that it would be entirely superfluous for him to attend his aunt and sister upon their journey through to Calais on the morrow.

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"Surely that great and good man, with the great voice, and the great boots, is sufficient escort for two such little women?" she said, looking at him from under her heavy eyelids. "In point of fact you are altogether *de trop;* you are fifth wheel to the coach. They would be infinitely happier without you. If you are not there, the aunt will sleep, then the lovers will hold each other's hands and deliver themselves, probably, of other discreet caresses. If you are there, she will keep awake, thus rendering the caresses impossible. Think how very tiresome. Then, too, I had supposed that you wished to see me."

Madame Cyfveer said the last few words slowly and without the smallest trace of archness. Hammond longed to applaud, for she really said them capitally. She had the gift of style in conversation. She was very mature. Decidedly, as he soon found himself reflecting, she had not a trace of Miss Casteen's divine crudity. He qualified it as divine, and that not in irony; yet he was aware that he expanded, that he experienced a certain sense of relief, in the presence of his present companion. The divine crudity had been disconcerting and hampering at times. For there were such a number of subjects of which it had been impossible to speak to, or even before, Miss Casteen. With Madame Cyfveer the practice of such conversational reticence was quite uncalled for. She produced in him a most comfortable security.

And then—for Hammond gave the matter his best attention—he went on to perceive that really he owed himself a little moral holiday. For he was aware that Miss Casteen had drawn rather heavily upon his better nature. From another quarter his aunt, and his sister and her unimpeachably virtuous Inspector, drew rather heavily upon it too. Hammond, sitting beside Madame Cyfveer in the hall of the Thunerhof, began to wonder whether these constant demands might not speedily become dangerous? Whether the capital owned by his better nature was not in risk of being exhausted—whether the drafts made on it might not eventually be dishonoured, and returned marked "no account?" Hammond did not care to go through the bankruptcy court in that way. It would be only prudent to draw up in time.

So next morning, at breakfast, he announced a change of plan to his sister. Being abroad, and the weather still being so delightful, it seemed a pity to go back to England just yet.

"It is all that horrid woman," Janie Hammond said.

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—She had always entertained a deep, unreasoning, feminine detestation of Madame Cyfveer.—

Hammond laughed at and coaxed her. He only meant to stay a little while; really quite a little while—a week, say. But Janie Hammond refused to be coaxed. Those many other affairs of the heart, of which she was cognizant and which she had so determinately refused to remember, ranged themselves before her. Was this affair—it had seemed so full of promise—was this going to end in smoke like all the rest? The young girl began to cry.

She did more. On meeting Madame Cyfveer in the hall just as the party were starting for the station—Hammond was putting Mrs. Cumberbatch into the omnibus, while the Inspector looked after the baggage,—Janie Hammond turned upon her, as valiantly as a mouse in a corner, though she knew that her eyes were deplorably red.

"You don't know how much harm you are doing. It is very wrong of you to keep my brother. He ought to go home."

"Why ought he go?" the lady enquired calmly.

"Because he has made acquaintance with some one whom he likes very much—who would make him very happy. She has gone back to England. She expects him. He ought to go too."

"Oh, that is it, is it?"

Madame Cyfveer folded her arms and smiled down at the girl.—That is to say her lips smiled; Madame Cyfveer's large light-grey eyes had a disagreeable habit of never smiling.

"Your brother stays to please himself, my dear Janie, not to please me," she said, speaking indulgently, as to some fretful child. "I am sorry though that it annoys you. And it is really charming of you to be so hotly anxious about his happiness. But we are old friends, he and I; and in some ways perhaps I know him better than you do. Believe me, it is rather a waste of your kind little heart to expend it in anxiety about him. He will never come to any great harm. But he will always continue to please himself. And no one will ever persuade him to do anything which fails, or has ceased, to please him."

"How I wish you had not been here! It is your fault. How I wish we had never met you!" the girl exclaimed.

Madame Cyfveer arranged her bangles, from one of which depended a tiny diamond pig—she had beautifully turned wrists—and slightly raised her pale eyebrows.

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"Ah, no doubt it was unfortunate," she said. "But then so many things are unfortunate. Your eyes will be permanently disfigured, my dear child, if you permit yourself to cry over all of them. There, there, they are calling you. I must not delay you as well as the precious brother. *Bon voyage.* He will be back in plenty of time for the wedding. He will come to no harm."

And so it came about that, while Lydia Casteen rose or went to rest in the faint-tinted bedchamber overlooking the churchyard; improved her acquaintance with the endless aberrations of the religious mind during the first five centuries of the Christian era in the dimly-lighted library; or went softly through her simple duties in household and parish—her mind, meantime, haunted by the remembrance of the enchanted springtime of her brief romance,—the man who formed the centre of those happy memories, whom she longed to see once again with an ever-deepening longing, was entertaining himself vastly by stepping about the European Continent in company with fair-haired Madame Cyfveer. For unquestionably it is the way of the world, as well as a law of things spiritual, that to those who have shall be given; and from those who have not, shall be taken away the little they might have supposed themselves to have. Judged from the worldly and amatory standpoints, Miss Casteen did not own much, while her rival owned a good deal. So what more natural, than that this rather irresponsible bit of humanity, Antony Hammond, should be taken from the first and given to the second?

He was not so given and taken, however, without a sharp struggle.

For it happened one afternoon towards the close of October, when the range of the Savoy Alps on the far side of the Lake of Geneva looked as though it had been carved out of a single amethyst, and the vineyards of the *Côte* behind sloping towards the southern sun, though stripped of their purple clusters still boasted a sprinkling of yellow and scarlet leaves—it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Denison, with a lady's maid, a valet and a stack of luggage in the background, found themselves waiting on the landing-stage at Ouchy for the steamboat to Montreux. They had left Interlaken some weeks previously, and were moving slowly southward, having decided to spend the winter on the Riviera, as Mr. Denison had now no parliamentary duties to claim his presence at Westminster.

Mrs. Denison was a victim to *ennui* as she leaned against the

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railing of the landing-stage. She was alone with her husband, and surrounded with exquisite scenery. It was not surprising, therefore, that her thoughts should revert to a former occasion, when she had found existence equally tedious under very similar circumstances.

"You know, Albert, I am the least, just the least bit annoyed at not having heard again from Lydia Casteen," she said. "I think she really might have written more than one rather scrappy little note, after travelling with us, being on such very affectionate terms, don't you know, and all that. I think it shows just a little, little want of appreciation of our relative positions."

"The boat is five minutes late already," put in her husband, in a tone of remonstrance.

He stood with his feet close together, and his walking-stick stuck between his knees, looking like some long, narrow, sponge-coloured invertebrate animal set up on end, while he anxiously surveyed the Genevan end of the lake through a pair of field-glasses.

Mrs. Denison arranged the brown veil,—tied over her travelling hat, and under her plump chin, glancing at her husband as she did so.

"I must own, I really was very much *intriguée* about that business between her and Mr. Hammond, you know. Of course it all began under my nose, as you may say. And I could not help being interested in it. I didn't actually wish it. You didn't wish it either, you know, Albert. But I asked nice little Janie Hammond about it that night at Interlaken, and she seemed delighted. Evidently his people wouldn't object. He had said a great deal to them, I feel sure; there must have been some understanding between them, don't you know. I think Lydia, dear and sweet as she is, was not quite as confidential with me as she might have been."

Just then, Mrs. Denison's small bright eyes, roaming about in search of some object presenting a measure of social interest, lighted upon a fashionably-dressed woman standing at the extremity of the long wooden stage, that seemed to crawl like a huge, black, many-legged insect far out over the blue water of the lake. The passengers awaiting the advent of the steamer were few; and this lady, who even in a crowded room would have commanded observation, was extremely noticeable against the wide background of undulating water, purple mountain, and fair clear sky.

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"No, I really don't think dear Lydia has behaved quite nicely, not with all the consideration I should have expected," Mrs. Denison repeated, still gazing at this well-appointed figure in growing curiosity.

"No doubt Miss Casteen has been engaged. Old Casteen doesn't spare her.—It's perfectly intolerable to be kept waiting in this way. The boats ought to be forced to be up to time. Distinctly they ought to keep time."

Mrs. Denison came close to her husband and patted his arm.

"My dear good Sultan," she said confidentially, "do look at that woman with the golden hair. Of course that sort of dressing wouldn't do at home, don't you know. It is loud—just a little bit loud. But then foreigners are so different about all that sort of thing, don't you know. She's really very handsome, and distinguished looking. She must be somebody; I wonder who she is?—There at the end, with the big buttons and long coat-tails, Albert; do you see?"

It was among Mr. Denison's many small peculiarities that he greatly objected to being called upon to inspect specimens of feminine beauty presented unexpectedly, as thus, to his view. It made him feel horribly shy. He therefore twisted about a good deal before he could make up his mind to glance furtively in the quarter indicated by his wife.

"The boat is getting on for ten minutes late," he said. "It really is too bad. Or else the time-tables must be miserably inaccurate. It seems to me little short of fraudulent to—— Yes, my dear Emily, I see, I see. But really, I can't stare. It is not civil to stare."

"But don't you think she is handsome? I wonder who she is! She really must be somebody, don't you know."

Mr. Denison bestowed another hasty glance, and his mild face assumed an expression of slight disgust.

"I don't think, Emily, you must pardon my saying it, but I don't think I would keep on looking in that direction quite so much if I was you. I see Johnston and Runciman are—well—are—er—observing us. And that person,—it's an offensive thing to mention such a suspicion, and I may be doing her an injustice,—but she doesn't strike me as being—well, quite respectable, in fact. An actress, perhaps—or,—you understand? I needn't explain further."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Denison, staring harder than

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ever. "Why, my dear Sultan, how extraordinary it is the way you men know that sort of thing at once."

She laughed in a girlish manner, secretly delighted at the manifestation of masculine shrewdness on the part of her husband.

"The Grand Lama really is very quick after all," she murmured, as though confiding edifying information to a sympathetic audience. "Ah! take care, Albert. Do look where you're going! Remember there is no railing on that side. You are so very vague in your movements, and it makes one so nervous. What is the matter?"

"Matter!" echoed Mr. Denison, with increasing disgust both of voice and manner, turning his back resolutely upon the farther end of the stage.—"Matter! Why don't you see who is with that—that person, Emily? Don't look, pray don't look. It's impossible for us to speak to him. I am sure I don't know what we are to do. Don't you see it is Hammond, Antony Hammond?"

Mrs. Denison gave a quick exclamation. Her eyelids fluttered. Of course she was scandalized; but she was also filled with a very lively sense of adventure. For she had the inevitable curiosity of a not very wise woman—who has herself been perfectly amenable to social laws and has only associated with other women equally amenable—regarding those members of her sex whose career has, unhappily, been more dramatic than discreet.

"Dear me, how very unpleasant! Imagine Mr. Hammond, of all people! When we were just talking about his feeling for poor dear Lydia Casteen, too, you know. Just fancy! How very extraordinary!"

"Now perhaps you understand why Miss Casteen has not written again, or told you more fully about that—er—matter you just now referred to," Mr. Denison said with sudden ferocity. "And I heard him myself tell her he should be back in a week at latest, and that he would go down to Marston—the —the——"

Here Mr. Denison walked away quickly towards the pile of luggage. He was very angry, very angry indeed. And he was afraid he might forget himself and make use of reprehensibly unparliamentary language before his wife.

It was just at this juncture that a pungent remark from Madame Cyfveer called Hammond's attention to the near neighbourhood

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of his old friends. He felt acutely uncomfortable, for he perceived that, under all the circumstances, it would be anything but easy for him to give a satisfactory account of himself. Presumptions would, necessarily, be against him. Hammond realized that he was caught in a very awkward little trap.

And then, moreover, it sometimes happens that even the least conscientious of mortals becomes temporarily affected by the conscience of another. As Mr. Denison, having with praiseworthy determination choked down the undesirable expressions that had risen to his lips, came back to his wife's side again, Hammond saw,—as in a flash of disagreeably illuminating mental lightning,—himself and his whole course of action during the past six weeks as it must appear to that estimable, if rather wearisome, reformer. Hammond, for the moment, adopted Mr. Denison's conscience. And undoubtedly when arraigned before that highly sensitive moral tribunal, he cut a very pitiable figure.

Madame Cyfveer, meanwhile, had been watching him closely with her unsmiling eyes.

"Do you know those rather odd-looking people?" she asked.

"Yes, very well."

"Ah!" she said, slowly, "I think I apprehend the situation. They are the friends you have mentioned—the friends of the hypothetical bride."

For the moment, Hammond's face lost all its good-humour. He stood with his legs apart, his hands resting on the top of his walking-stick, looking down at the glittering water between the roughly-laid planks, in a far from enviable state of mind. Lydia Casteen's charming countenance, in its purity and unconscious dignity, her sweet gratitude, her unswerving loyalty, the noble candour, the earnestness, the calm strength of her character, came very clearly and forcibly before him. Hammond had given his better nature a holiday; and, now, the better nature arose, and confronted, and cried shame on him. At the moment he was not sure whether he hated most his wanton courting of Miss Casteen, or his subsequent and equally wanton neglect of her.

Madame Cyfveer's rather hard voice cut across this penitential meditation with a simple but pertinent enquiry.

"What are you going to do?" she said. "When you know people very well, it is usual to speak to them, isn't it?"

Hammond did not at all care that his companion should

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gauge the depth of his present discomfort. He looked up smiling. And his smile possibly held in solution a grain or two of impertinence.

"Of course," he said. "But Denison, though the best fellow in the world, is a trifle difficult to deal with. He did not expect to find me here. He will put me through the longer catechism. He will demand reasons."

Madame Cyfveer raised her eyebrows.

"Indeed! Am I not reason enough?"

Hammond laughed a little.

"Enough! you are ten times too much, my dear friend. For Albert Denison, quite ten times too much."

And with that he walked down the length of black planks that divided him from his two old friends.

"This is as pleasant as it is unexpected," he said gaily. "I had no notion you were still out here. How d'ye do, Denison?"

"The Sultan, as you see, is perfectly absorbed in the lateness of the boat. He can think of nothing but the lateness of the boat. His eyes are absolutely glued to his glasses, you know."

At this indirect appeal her husband unwillingly lowered his field-glasses.

"Oh! er—Hammond," he said. "And when did you come out, come back, in fact, from England?"

Hammond had been right in fearing a catechising. He assumed an air of surprise.

"Why?" he asked. "I really haven't looked at the papers for the last day or two. Has anything particular been going on at home?"

"Emily," said Mr. Denison, "I regret very much troubling you; but I should be extremely obliged if you would just go and—er—and speak to Johnston. Just go and ask him, ask him about that time-table. In fact find out if it was—er—correct. Ask Johnston, you understand?"

He spoke very fast, frowning at her, and jerking his head with alarming but indicative violence towards the servants and the luggage.

"The Grand Lama's diplomacy is rather too transparent," Mrs. Denison exclaimed half aloud, not without a movement of provocation.

But she did as she was requested. Then the good man turned on Antony Hammond.

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"Look here," he said, "it is uncommonly disagreeable to me to put myself forward, or appear to interfere in your private concerns; but I must ask you plainly whether you have been back to England or not?"

Hammond was keenly annoyed. But it was no use shuffling.

"No," he said, "I have not. May I enquire, in return, why you want to know?"

Mr. Denison fidgeted almost convulsively.

"It is deeply distasteful to me to bring a lady's name into such a conversation as this. I only do it under pressure. But I am compelled to ask you, as you say you have not been back to England, whether you have had any correspondence with Mrs. Denison's and my friend, Miss Casteen?"

"Upon my word, Denison, you go far," Hammond cried.

"I can't help that," the other man replied doggedly.

"I don't admit your right to put such a question to me," Hammond said, rather hotly.

He wanted to fence, and avoid making any direct statement. But between vexation with himself and with his interlocutor he had great difficulty in keeping his temper.

"You may not admit my right; but I am sensible of possessing it. We are placed in an odious relation to each other. It cannot be more objectionable to you than it is to me. But I cannot shirk it. It would be wretchedly cowardly of me to do that. Miss Casteen was travelling in my wife's and my charge. We were responsible for her."

Mr. Denison drew himself up, and for once stood quite still.

"I have the very deepest and most respectful admiration for that lady," he continued. "She appears to me the ideal of all that a woman should be. I reverence both her intelligence and the beauty of her disposition. You know best, Hammond, whether your conduct to Miss Casteen has been above reproach."

He waited, as for an answer.

Antony Hammond looked away. And his eyes rested on Madame Cyfveer. She had come a few steps forward, and leant in a very graceful, well-conceived attitude, with her back against the railing. The level rays of the sun, setting behind the long purple line of the Jura, fell about her, lighting up her highly-civilized figure and the abundance of her surprisingly yellow hair. Her head was raised. She was watching Hammond with a curious concentration of purpose. She was astonishingly good-looking, just then.

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Mr. Denison's eyes, for a moment, took the same direction. Then he came close up to Hammond, and said, between his teeth, in a tone of voice that gentleman had certainly never heard him employ before :—

"If you have trifled with her affections, if you have caused her any sorrow, by God! sir, it would afford me the very greatest pleasure to drop you in there"—pointing down at the dancing water—"with a good heavy stone to your feet."

"The boat, Albert. The boat. At last, the boat," cried Mrs. Denison, hurrying up, her eyelids fluttering, likewise her brown veil.

She really could not contain her curiosity any longer.

Her husband turned to her with a singular little sigh, and a vacant expression in his mild blue eyes.

"The boat—ah! exactly," he said. "We will go and stand by the luggage, please. Here, Emily, take my arm. For once I see quite plainly where I am going, my dear, so you can take it with perfect security."

It occurred to Mrs. Denison that "occasionally the Grand Lama was really very peculiar, very odd, indeed, don't you know."—

When Hammond rejoined Madame Cyfveer, that lady regarded him intently, and her lips relaxed into a doubtfully pleasant smile.

"The catechism contained questions not wholly easy to answer on the spur of the moment," she remarked. "Do you know, you don't appear to me precisely impressive just now? You remind me forcibly of a small dog that has had a beating."

"I congratulate you," he answered. "You have the knack of saying exquisitely delicate things.—Yes, I have just gone through a delicious experience. A man for whom I have a strong liking, has just intimated to me that my conduct has been more or less blackguardly ;—and, unhappily, I agree with him."

Madame Cyfveer arranged her bangles, paying special attention to the tiny diamond pig, whose legs had got entangled with the *lisse* frilling in the sleeve of her dress.

"If that is your attitude of mind, I think I may as well pack up and go back to Amsterdam. M. Cyfveer is always delighted to see me. And you are not likely to be very good company" —she looked up languidly—"for a time, I think—just for a time."

(*To be concluded.*)

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Our Library List.

MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT'S REMINISCENCES. (2 vols. 30*s*. *Bentley*.) To the theatrical world every page of these volumes will be of deep interest; the public also will enjoy the history of their old favourites' career, and renew a scarcely forgotten regret at its premature termination. Mrs. Bancroft presents a charming figure: buoyant, sanguine, shrewd, humorous, and sympathetic, ever ready to see the bright side of affairs, confessing to a slight tinge of womanly vanity perhaps, and a decided vein of popular superstition, a brilliant actress and an affectionate friend—what wonder that she took the town by storm? Of Mr. Bancroft's opinions upon things dramatic we would willingly have heard more, even had it been necessary to sacrifice some of the narrative, which plods through season after season almost too persistently, though relieved by plenty of light and entertaining reminiscences. The history of the marvellously successful Robertson Comedies—whose value Mrs. Bancroft discovered—forms one of the most interesting portions of the book.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. (1 vol. 16*s*. *Longmans*.) This correspondence is of an unusually miscellaneous character. The letters are by no means all Sir Henry's, but include communications from Wordsworth, the late Sir James Stephen, Macaulay, Mr. Spedding, Lord Grey, and Mr. Gladstone. The book is an agreeable and interesting supplement to the Autobiography published in his lifetime. Sir Henry's style is not only clear and polished, but has the quality of distinction which is perhaps oftener found in French than in English compositions of this familiar kind. Sir Henry took vast care of his own mind, and watched its development with a curious mixture of detached interest and personal affection. Ease and fastidiousness, and perhaps a cultivated self-satisfaction, prevented him from ever repeating the success of Philip van Artevelde which was the work of his youth, yet a perusal of Mr. Dowden's volume will show not only that Sir Henry Taylor was respected by the best of his contemporaries, but that he never wrote anything for the public which he could have made better by more care.

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THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB. Edited by ALFRED AINGER. (2 vols. 10*s*. *Macmillan.*) Canon Ainger is nothing less than a public benefactor in giving this delightful selection of Charles Lamb's letters to the world. The two volumes are just the right size; the notes are admirably chosen and discreetly placed at the end of each volume; the arrangement as regards time, which the absence of dates and postmarks makes a matter of considerable difficulty, is a great advance on all previous editions, and above all there are a number of letters never published before. There is one, for instance, printed in the notes, because it was found too late for insertion in the text, which is a perfect specimen of Lamb's delightful attitude towards his eminent friends, his gay humour, and the way he holds his own in matters of criticism. This letter refers to "the castigation" he received from Coleridge and Wordsworth for some criticisms he ventured to make on the "Lyrical Ballads." As for the old letters, to know them is to love them. They are not only the most delightful reading possible, but also tell the story of Lamb's difficult and lonely life in a way no one but he could tell it.

THE BLACKSMITH OF VOE. By PAUL CUSHING. (3 vols. *Blackwood.*) Christopher Kneebone is a quaint and entertaining personage; his eccentric benevolence and constant good-humour are contagious, and prevent the reader from wearying of a mystery to which he will probably find a clue in the very first chapter. There is indeed a freshness and vivacity in all Mr. Cushing's work that secures plenary indulgence for much fantastic extravagance. Ruth Boden, the heroine, is labelled as the embodiment of all the virtues. Her father refuses to sanction her marriage with Abel, a cousin, whom Mr. Kneebone takes under his wing for reasons which presently appear; on this and other matters war is waged between Kneebone and Miller Boden, ending, of course, in Kneebone's triumph. Some of the incidental episodes, such as the flood on the Scarthin and the well-decorating gala, are among the best scenes in the book.

MAYROYD OF MYTHOLM. By JOHN DALBY. (3 vols. *Chapman & Hall.*) This novel claims to be a "Romance of the Fells," but a more thoroughly unromantic tale we have seldom encountered. Sheep-stealing, hard drinking and pugilism form the staple of a narrative eked out with still less desirable features. Mayroyd is a North-country farmer; his character displays an odd mixture of good intentions and frail actions: he is a kind of boorish Don Quixote, always tilting at windmills, often smarting for his pains, and ending pretty much where he began. Of the medley crowd that fills the three volumes in confused disorder not a single member aroused our interest for a moment; the author possesses a considerable knowledge of Westmoreland dialect and

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obsolete manners and customs, which he does not hesitate to inflict mercilessly upon the reader.

A TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN, AND OTHER TALES. By J. H. SHORTHOUSE. (1 vol. *Macmillan.*) There are three long reprinted stories, a short one, and "An Apologue" in this volume. The "Teacher of the Violin" falls in love with a German princess, but, finding his suit impracticable, marries her lady-in-waiting. The "Marquis Jeanne Hyacinthe de St. Palaye," eponymous hero of the second story, is murdered by le Chevalier de Grissolles, for whom Mademoiselle de Frontenac reserves her affections while promising her hand to the Marquis. In the third story, the Baroness Helena von Saarfeld, to paraphrase her own words, "in violation of all the customs of her sex, offers her hand to two men, one an actor and one a noble, and is rejected by both." Then comes "Ellie," to our mind the gem of the volume, though exhibiting singular indifference to accuracy of detail. The "Apologue" may mean anything—or nothing: it only covers nine pages.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. By M. B. BETHAM EDWARDS. (3 vols. *Bentley.*) The very laudable object of this novel is to amuse the reader. There is no question of serious delineation, human combatings, or intricate situations. The characters are frankly burlesque, and the story borders on the farcical. But if we are spared any emotion, the writing is lively, the conversations are clever, and there is a sparkle of good spirits as well as originality throughout. There are two heroines. One, whose name is Rapha Rapham, is the refined daughter of the most vulgar parvenu fiction has ever ventured upon. There are many good touches in the description of his attitude towards his own wealth and the Midland County society he launches it into, but it would be better if the picture were more restrained. Then there is a young schoolmistress called Norrice Bee, whose beauty and wit are only equalled by her genius as an inventress. Her character is more nearly interesting than any other in the book; but a machine for annihilating weight is too much even for admirers of Jules Verne.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1888.

Ruling South Africa.

FEW problems of so intricate and puzzling a character as the efficient government of South Africa have presented themselves to our statesmen during the present century.

It is clearly demonstrated in John Mackenzie's work on 'Austral Africa,'* that our failure to arrive hitherto at a satisfactory solution is due, not to any disinclination to do what is right, but to the inherent difficulties with which the subject is surrounded, and to the misleading information which from time to time has reached Downing Street upon all matters connected with the Interior. It has been Mr. Mackenzie's good fortune on more than one occasion to do good service to the State in clearing away grave misconceptions concerning prominent difficulties, and in presenting both to the British people and the British Government true facts which have led to a right policy being adopted for a time, and it is again his mission in the interests of the Empire and of those who have suffered wrong, to place before the public a scheme by which Austral Africa may be developed, pacified, and made a support instead of a weakness to the Empire.

Had the native question alone existed, or had there been no indigenous natives, and only a difficulty as to the white population, either in itself would have required unremitting care in administration to prevent war or rebellion; but these two difficulties taken together, with the want of reliable information to assist, have proved to be beyond the capacities of our greatest statesmen to grapple with effectively.

Our difficulties in connection with the white population of

* 'Austral Africa: Ruling it or Losing it.' 2 vols. Sampson Low & Co.

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South Africa were handed over to us from the Dutch East India Company, and did not originate at home. The whites were derived from a variety of sources, exiles of many descriptions, political and otherwise, deported to the Cape by the Dutch Government, augmented by a number of French and Italian Protestants, who sought there an asylum from the religious persecutions in Europe during the seventeenth century.

These people were naturally gifted with great force of character, representing the more vigorous and sturdy of the minority in the countries from which they were driven out, content to suffer loss of all they possessed rather than forego their political or religious opinions. Leaving Europe for the sake of liberty of thought, speech, and action, they found themselves treated by the Dutch East India Company as slaves, forced to teach their children the Dutch language, and subjected to the most grinding oppression.

Their love of freedom, strong religious convictions, and sturdy self-reliance, compelled them to resist the autocratic iron sway of the Company; and as it became weaker, they were enabled gradually to emancipate themselves, so that at the end of the last century they had broken out into open rebellion, and at the time of the British occupation had established a "Free Republic" at Swellendam, and at Graaf Reinet had removed the magistrate and appointed a local government for themselves.

The first acts of the British Government were calculated to allay their irritation. They were treated as free, trade monopolies were abolished, and the severities of punishment were modified. All might have gone on well, and the more discontented people have become loyal, peaceful citizens, had not the native question intervened.

But while the British Government ameliorated the condition of the white settlers, it also desired to do the same for the natives, and this was strongly resented by the former. The indigenous natives, so far as they had come under control of the settlers, had been treated only as serfs; but there were a large number of coloured persons brought as slaves from Guinea and Mozambique, and sold to settlers even so late as 1807, and these were considered by them as their own property, to dispose of as they thought fit.

An exceedingly bitter feeling on this subject rose up between the settlers and the British authorities, which reached its climax in 1834, when slavery was finally abolished at the Cape. No

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doubt a heavy pecuniary loss was sustained by the slave-holders, due to irregularities in the method of paying them compensation, and this, added to other sources of discontent, and the report of good pasture lands far afield, led a large number of the more disaffected Boers to "trek" away into the interior from British rule, in search of freedom and of comrades who had already advanced as pioneers.

Unfortunately this migration of Boers only increased the native difficulty, which was then growing apace. The serfs had been freed in 1829, and a very rancorous hatred had sprung up between many of the Boers and themselves.

The Hottentots at the beginning of this century were increasing, and gradually advancing northward and eastward from the Cape, being pushed out by the white settlers. The Kafirs were also increasing rapidly, and having migrated down the east coast of Africa were advancing south and westward. These two races had already met, and in a loose fashion occupied or roamed over the whole of the country at the beginning of this century.

The natives of South Africa for the most part are very spirited and independent; some of the Hottentot tribes in particular, as the Korannas and Griqua, care nothing for danger in action and will fight to the death. Many of them refused to be subdued, and had as high a sense of freedom as the Boers. The inevitable result therefore, whenever a collision took place, was extermination, and the possession of fire-arms by the Boers gave them the upper hand in the long run. Death in preference to slavery was the motto of the yellow races, and there was constantly war to the knife between them and the Boers.

At the time of the exodus from the Cape Colony of disaffected Boers about 1834, the chief of the Griquas to the north of the Orange River was already an ally of the British Government, and had undertaken to protect the Colonial Border (*i.e.* a portion of the Orange River) against enemies from the interior. Griqua Town was a British mission station, and Dr. Moffat had established the mission station at Kuruman in Bechuanaland. And although the Boers occasionally came on hunting excursions into what is now the Orange Free State, that territory was not inhabited by them, but was occupied by the Bushmen, Griquas and Korannas and a half-caste race, the offspring of Boers and Hottentots, usually called Bastards. These latter, though despised by the Boers, aped their inferior characteristics, and in their turn despised and persecuted the natives, and many acts of cruelty

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attributed to the Boers may, no doubt, on investigation, be found to have been perpetrated by these unfortunate persons.

Thus when the Boers in 1834 migrated from the territory under British rule, there was no land absolutely vacant where they could settle; they came face to face with native tribes who were rapidly increasing, and who laid claim to all the country; collision was inevitable, and the suffering and cruelties practised on the natives soon roused the sympathies of the Cape authorities.

Having by our own acts practically expelled the discontented Boers, and having allowed them to go forth, it would perhaps have seemed desirable either to leave them alone altogether, or else to follow them up at once and govern them. We, however, adopted a middle course, and waited until matters came to such a condition that we were obliged to interfere. In doing this we have neither done our duty towards the native tribes, nor have we succeeded in gaining the confidence of either party. In fact, by our policy we have allowed a gradual extermination of the natives by the Boers, and have only interfered when it has been carried on in too wholesale a manner. Had we placed British Residents, outside the Boers, among the natives, all might have been different, as we should then have received authentic accounts of wrongs as soon as they happened. It is a significant fact that the portion of South Africa which still remains British, north of the Orange River, is that portion which was occupied by British mission stations from Griqualand northward to Shoshong; and it is not too much to say that the existence of native tribes in those parts is in a great measure due to the missionaries acting as British Residents, and giving in the Missionary Journals due notice of Boer rapacity.

With so intricate a problem confronting our statesmen, it cannot be denied that the question must often have arisen, "Is South Africa worth holding?" "Are we doing any good by our maladroit interference?" This may possibly account for what Mr. Mackenzie terms our "zig-zag policy" in that country, as some statesmen may have seen more clearly than others its importance to our Empire.

It may be well, therefore, to pass in review some of the most obvious reasons which have presented themselves in favour of the retention of South Africa under the British Crown; but before doing so we must arrive at some definition as to the meaning of the term "South Africa," as otherwise it is but an expression, and possesses no concrete form.

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Mr. Mackenzie, who lived for many years at not many days' journey from the Zambesi, points out that the line of that river is the natural limit of South or Austral Africa, that the natives recognize this as the line to which British power extends, that the officials in Bechuanaland and missionaries of all shades of opinion concur in this view, and that the Cape politicians of both sides agree. Such unanimity is very rare in South Africa, and in connection with so vexed a question it is necessary to ascertain how this can be accounted for. It is because this matter is outside the range of controversy, because all recognize that a government of the white settlers must in time dominate the whole territory, the whole crux lying in the question whether this is to come about directly under Imperial, Colonial, Republican, or filibuster auspices, and whether with the good-will and co-operation of the natives or by violence.

The configuration of South Africa is peculiar—the ground rising by steps from the coast towards the interior, abruptly on East and South, gently on the West. Thus, as the traveller advances from the Cape towards the equator, he mounts higher and higher, until, when within the tropics in the Transvaal and Bechuanaland, he reaches a height of 6000 to 7000 feet. There is a depression at the Limpopo, and then again a rise into Matabele and Mushonaland. This rise of ground, as the latitude diminishes, gives a very equable climate to South Africa generally. There is a gentle fall to the Zambesi, where a bilious fever is prevalent, very deleterious to white people and even to natives. As the eastern and western coast-line within the tropics are also unhealthy, it follows that white children cannot be successfully reared beyond a certain limit, the Zambesi, which is therefore the natural boundary.

We can now consider what value may be attached to South Africa from its capacity for supporting a large population or from its mineral wealth.

At first sight it would appear that the absence of navigable rivers is a bar to the development of the country, as compared with North and South America, and Central Africa; but though this may be the case when the country is first taken up, it is to be noted that South Africa has an enormous power in reserve which will be made use of in after years. The miles of cataracts along which useless waters now run wasted to the sea are its wealth, securing it a grand future. Every drop of rain-water which is deposited in the interior has to fall some 4000 to 7000

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feet before it reaches the sea, and will assist in its course in irrigating the lands, in forming canals, in working machines, in lighting towns and in making a wealthy country. Viewed in this light, there are few countries so favoured, and as the world gets older and mechanical appliances are brought to greater perfection, South Africa will become more and more wealthy. It is looked upon as a dry country, but this is simply because the water is now allowed to run waste to the sea; when it is once stored up and made use of, there is plenty for all purposes, and an enormous population may be supported in the not very distant future.

Hitherto the people have been too well off for the welfare of the country, and by the extirpation of native tribes room has been found for the Boers on larger farms, and a few Dutch families now exist where thousands of natives formerly lived in plenty, extensive corn lands being turned into sheep-walks. But when once, owing to the force of circumstances or under a good system of government, this spoliation ceases, the indolent farmers will have to turn to and plough and irrigate, and the land will become productive in a high degree. All that is wanted to develop South Africa is the protection of the natives in their lands, and the limitation of the white settlers in those vacant lands to be allotted to them from time to time.

Not only does South Africa possess this great water-wealth of the future, but it also has enormous mineral resources, particularly coal, diamonds and gold.

Within the last three years there has been a sudden rush to the Transvaal, and in the words of Sir Donald Currie, "South Africa has again made a leap forward through the acknowledged possession within its boundaries of untold wealth in gold." Although the future of the gold-mining industry is still a question for estimate and prophecy, the discoveries are so numerous, and deposits so remarkably rich, that there seems little reason to doubt that capitalists will soon invest much money in the industry, and that the influx of Europeans will revolutionize the Transvaal. At present the Boers are making every effort to prevent the miners having a voice in the administration of affairs. It is difficult to see how this state of things can last in a country where to the production of gold, Sir Donald Currie declares, "there is practically no limit," and the time seems not far distant when by a peaceful expression of opinion the Transvaal may find itself something approaching to a British Colony.

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In referring to the wealth of South Africa the value of native labour must not be ignored. Natives do the whole of the manual work in the Diamond mines, and the labour on white men's farms. But they also farm themselves in a superior manner, and breed splendid heads of cattle. Area for area, they buy a much larger quantity of English goods than do the Boers.

Apart from the commercial value of South Africa, it is also a valuable field for emigration for some of our redundant population. Hitherto it has not been used for this purpose to any considerable extent; but in those cases in which it has been attempted, great success has been met with. Sixty-eight years ago British settlers, under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government, established themselves in the Eastern provinces, spreading themselves over a beautiful and productive country, and have succeeded well.

It is therefore apparent that South Africa is a country of great natural wealth, that it is likely to take a leading position in the future, and commercially is of great value to Great Britain; and inasmuch as experience shows that trade to a great extent follows the flag, it is important that it should not be lost to Great Britain, particularly when we are aware that it was originally taken from the Dutch to prevent its falling into the hands of the French, with whom we were at war. Its importance as a coaling and naval station cannot be overestimated.

Apart from the commercial and naval interest of Great Britain in the retention of South Africa are matters of equal or even greater importance—her duties as the Supreme Power in South Africa. These duties extend to the disaffected as well as to the loyal Boers, to the British settlers and to the native tribes. It has pleased some statesmen to minimise or ignore such duties, but it is impossible to do so and continue to be a great Power. The duties are coincident with the position, and cannot with justice be repudiated. Sir Bartle Frere, in his despatch of May 13, 1878, lays stress upon this general principle when referring to tribes in Bechuanaland:—"By refusing to accept the position of a protecting power, habitually acting as arbiter in inter-tribal disputes, we escape nothing save the name of responsibility. . . . To declare such a protectorate as I have suggested appears to be a large scheme of annexation, but it is not so in reality. It is simply an authoritative declaration of facts."

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It appears, then, that Great Britain's commercial and naval interests and Imperial duties and obligations entirely prevent any idea of abandonment of South Africa. It is a necessity to the integrity of the Empire, and so long as Great Britain remains a great Power and takes steps to defend her possessions, there appear to be no fears from without; it only remains to raise the question whether South Africa can be held, supposing the disaffected were to take the law into their own hands. About this there can be no doubt, so long as the fleets of the Empire exist, as the ports could be occupied, and the duties on imports placed at the disposal of a loyal Colonial Government.

So far, then, there is no question as to "losing it," and the method of "ruling it" only need be considered; but this "ruling" has two aspects, viz.—ruling from an Imperial or ruling from a Colonial (Republican) point of view, or, more shortly, Confederation or Unification. It is not singular that a great difference should exist between Imperial and Colonial policy, when we reflect that the latter is shaped by the influence of the disaffected Boers who have been so long in opposition, backed up by many naturally loyal Colonists who have long lost their belief in the sincerity and good faith of Great Britain owing to its "zig-zag policy," but who would turn the scale in favour of an Imperial policy if they once could be assured that Great Britain would stand by them in time of need. This feeling towards Great Britain is not confined to South Africa, but may be found all over the world. In our difficulties we call upon loyal Colonists and natives to assist us. The reply of many is what might be expected. "If you will guarantee to stay with us and rule us, we will fight for you; but you are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and leave us to bear the brunt. Why are we to risk our fortunes and the lives of our children to assist you at a pinch, when you forget us directly the danger is over? Our safest plan is to go openly against you, or at most be neutral." When we retired from the Transvaal and Bechuanaland in 1879–80, there was nothing left for even the most loyal but to shift for themselves and look out for justice from a South African Republic. And so the Afrikander Bond was formed to unite the country under an anti-English Republic.

The ruling South Africa therefore lies between the direct interposition of Great Britain in native affairs, or handing them over to be dealt with in the name of Great Britain by a Colony whose government is nominated by a majority of Boers, whose

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opinions on native questions will not stand the test of public opinion in this country. But in order the more fully to consider this matter, the proceedings of the Boers since the exodus in 1834 will be given up to the present date in a few words.

When the more discontented Boers who objected to the policy enforced by the British Government migrated from the old Colony, and, settling down in new lands, established the Republic of the Orange River and Natal, their dealings with the native tribes attracted the attention of the British Government; and when Natal was declared a British possession, the more independent joined their comrades on the Orange River; here again the native difficulty arose, and a British Resident was established to arbitrate in disputes with natives, and eventually the Orange River Sovereignty was declared.

But in 1851 arose a new policy in the mother-country, which, while posing as a peace policy, is responsible in a great measure for the disastrous wars of later times. This policy was that of non-interference beyond our borders between native tribes and filibusters. As Noble puts it, "The old and warmly cherished policy of England, based on the great and noble principle that she was responsible for the conduct of her subjects towards the aboriginal races among whom they settled—'the protector of the weak, the civilizer of the barbarian, and the preacher of righteousness to the heathen'—was thus suddenly reversed."

Under this new policy Sir Harry Smith was recalled, and a Convention was entered into in 1852, called the Sand River Convention, granting to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River the right of self-government. This convention contains a very important and infamous clause of grave significance, which in itself points to the short-sighted policy of those who framed it. It is laid down that the emigrant Boers may purchase their supplies of ammunition in any of the British colonies, but that all trade in ammunition with the native tribes is prohibited both by the British Government and the emigrant farmers on both sides of the Vaal River. The effect of this, if strictly carried out, was to hand the native tribes, bound hand and foot, to the Boers, as it is impossible for natives armed simply with bows, arrows, and assegais, to resist for any length of time the encroachments of white men with fire-arms; moreover, as a large section of the Bechuanas live by hunting, this stipulation placed them at the mercy of the illicit vendors of fire-arms and gunpowder.

The Sand River Convention was shortly after followed up by

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a still further retrograde movement, viz. "the surrender of the Orange River Sovereignty to the malcontents." It is remarkable that at this time so strong was the feeling in the Sovereignty growing, in favour of British rule, that there was great difficulty in getting together sufficient malcontents to undertake the government of the territory, and it may well be said that the present state of feeling in the Orange Free State against the British Government is as much due to its base abandonment of the Sovereignty in 1854 as to any other cause.

The Boers in the two Republics north of the Orange River were now at liberty to continue their policy of native extermination, until, fortunately, diamonds were found in Griqualand north of the Orange River. This drew large numbers of British and Boers into the territories of the Griqua Chief, who, unable to keep order there, ceded his claim to Britain, and it was constituted the Crown Colony of Griqualand West.

In the Transvaal the disputes which arose with natives about boundaries seem innumerable, the Sand River Convention appearing to allow the Boers liberty to expand in all directions, so far as Britain is concerned. But the claims of natives could not altogether be set on one side, and gradually a desire to interfere on their behalf again seized the mind of the British public.

In pursuance of our erratic policy, and with a desire to assist the natives, we now made a grasp at the Transvaal, and by a *coup d'état* in 1877 placed it under the British Crown. In this matter we were entirely outwitted by the Boers, and did exactly what they wanted. They had a grave native question, they had dissensions among themselves, and they had no money in their treasury.

Had we left them a few months they would have come cap in hand and have asked for protection, but we forced it upon them unwillingly, and actually gave them the grievance they wished for. On the very day that the Sovereignty was being proclaimed they were boasting through the length and breadth of the land that as soon as we had placed them in a sound financial condition and removed the native difficulties, they would have the country again from us. We, in our innocency, during the years of 1878–9, broke up the power of the Kafirs in the south, of the Zulus in the east, of Secocoeni in the north, of the Bechuanas and Griquas in the west, at great expense of British blood and money; and as a reward we lost the Transvaal, and by enfeebling the native tribes, destroyed the equilibrium that formerly existed,

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and enabled the Boers to array themselves against us, and dream of an impracticable South African Republic free of British influence.

Passing over the humiliating episodes connected with the retrocession of the Transvaal, it is only necessary to say that the grand and magnanimous conception of handing back a territory after having been worsted by our enemy, though in fact one of the noblest instances of self-sacrifice ever accomplished by a great nation, was completely and entirely misunderstood by the Boers. The atonement due to a sentimental desire to do right at the wrong moment was only understood as weakness, and the position of Great Britain in South Africa in 1880, after the recall of Sir Bartle Frere, was at the lowest ebb it has ever reached.

For two generations the Boers had been treated as an inferior race; they now repaid the compliment, and the pride of the dominant English was rolled in the dust. Now arose in the minds of Boers visions of a great South African Republic, purged of English rule, of English manufactures, of English enterprise. The English were to be boycotted out of existence.

In drawing up the Convention for the retrocession of the Transvaal, two of the Royal Commissioners adhered to the mistaken view which has been the bane of our policy throughout our rule in South Africa since 1851—that of ignoring the natives outside the Republic. Our system has been to follow up the Boers and attempt to govern them, while our aim should have been to let the Boers alone, wherever they were unmixed with natives, and allow them any self-government they wished for, but to jealously guard against any encroachment on their part upon the natives.

At the time of signing the Convention, Sir Evelyn Wood took care to express his dissent from the opinion of the majority in this matter. He pointed out that we had defeated the natives around the Transvaal, and rendered them powerless, and strongly advocated the appointment of sub-residents among these natives, who might inform the Resident at Pretoria of the depredations of filibusters.

The signatures to the Convention of 1881, giving the Boers of the Transvaal complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of the Queen, were scarcely dry, before the hollowness of the arrangement was seen by the native tribes, and on October 19th, 1881, Montsoia complained, "The treaty you make with the Boers is no treaty, they break it every day," and pointed out that native tribes from the Transvaal (instigated by white

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men) had crossed the border and driven his cattle into the Transvaal.

Under the plea of neutrality, the Cape and Transvaal Governments gave every aid to the Transvaal Boers in their marauding expeditions into native territory, while the loyal natives were denied the power of obtaining arms, ammunition, or assistance.

The Transvaal Government, seeing the Imperial Government so supine, and the Cape Ministers so friendly, pushed their proceedings still further, and openly in 1883 proposed to annex the native territory beyond their borders, on the plea of preserving the peace, and delegates were sent to England with this in view. The High Commissioner also proceeded to England to discuss the matter. Fortunately for the native tribes, Mr. Mackenzie was ready to take up the cudgels on their behalf.

There was one man in England at the time of sufficient independence of character, and power of separating truth from fiction, to grasp the subject, and lend a helping hand, Mr. W. E. Forster. He was not to be led by the views of Cape politicians, but obtained his information direct from the interior.

It is remarkable how much can be done by one man. It had been declared that the Imperial Government would take no responsibilities so far inland, and that matters must be left to the Cape Colony and Transvaal to settle; but Mr. Forster helped Mr. Mackenzie to bring the true state of affairs before the Government and the public, and at a very critical time Great Britain rose to the occasion, and instead of handing over the natives to the Transvaal, established a protectorate over them, and Mr. Mackenzie was appointed Resident.

The struggle which took place between the Empire and the Republic in Bechuanaland in 1884 is aptly illustrative of the dangers due to the High Commissioner being also Governor of a Colony.

Mr. Mackenzie, acting as the Imperial factor, was eventually ousted out by Mr. Rhodes, a distinguished Colonist, acting in unison with the Cape Colony and the Afrikander Bond. The High Commissioner, strongly Imperialist while in England, became for a time, under the influence of the Cape Ministry, wholly merged in the Governor of the Cape Colony, expressing the views of the Afrikander Bond.

The aggressive action of the Transvaal filibusters, their murder

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of natives and Europeans, their violation of the London Convention, might all have been condoned by the Colonial Ministry, had not a touch of nature intervened. The Transvaal agents became so intensely arrogant, and treated the Colonial agent with such contempt, that he could not as an Englishman brook such indignities. Mr. Rhodes, on receiving a personal affront from General Joubert, retired in dudgeon, declaring that the Transvaal Government never had the wish to check the violation of native territory. At this moment arrived rumours of a German annexation of territory, and the Cape Ministry, embarrassed by the situation, now appealed to the mother-country for the Imperial factor in the shape of British troops, thus leading to the Bechuanaland Expedition.

The Ministers, recovered from their alarm regarding Germany as soon as they found a favourable response for troops, now went up to the Transvaal border and proposed a disgraceful surrender of native territory. But the tide had turned for a while, the excitement and enthusiasm of the loyal Colonists at the hearty response of the mother-country overcame all bounds, and the Ministers' proposal was treated with derision both in the Cape Colony and Great Britain.

The Bechuanaland Expedition re-established British supremacy in South Africa, and for a time scotched the Afrikander Bond; while the British Government, driven into action by German aggression, proclaimed a native protectorate over Bechuanaland as far as Khame's territory. But matters are fast drifting back in the old condition, and the Afrikander Bond has again come prominently to the front.

Mr. Mackenzie is, by aid of 'Austral Africa,' calling the attention of the British public to the duty they owe this country. The policy of the present Cape Ministry may be summarized thus: "Africa for the (white) Africans, with English men and money to support us, without the inconvenience of Imperial advice and control."

This is, in truth, the position of both parties of Cape politicians, influenced as they are by the Afrikander Bond. The extraordinary inconvenience of the present arrangement was brought out, when at one time the High Commissioner was being advised on Imperial matters by a leader of the Opposition, while as Governor he was acting by the decision of his Ministers.

Thus while the natives outside the Colony were complaining that the High Commissioner was losing sight of his Imperial

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duties, and acting towards them wholly as the Governor of the Cape Colony, the Cape Ministers were complaining that in Cape Colonial matters he was acting as High Commissioner under the advice of the Opposition. This in itself accentuates the danger of the dual position to the peace of South Africa.

To understand more fully the condition of native affairs at the Cape, it is necessary to allude to the position taken up for some years past by the leading Cape politicians now in power. In May 1875, Lord Carnarvon directed Sir Henry Barkly (the Governor of the Cape Colony), as High Commissioner, to assemble a conference of delegates from the various states of South Africa, "for the discussion of native policy" throughout South Africa. To this proposal the Cape House of Assembly gave a curt rebuff in endorsing the adverse reply of the Ministers.

At the debate held in November, Mr. Sprigg assumes equality between the Ministers of the Crown in England and in the Cape Colony. This being so, how very important it is to take care that the native policy outside the Colony is not shaped by Colonial Ministers in the name of the Crown contrary to the views of the British people.

We have here also the commencement of the two policies—Confederation urged by the British Government, and Unification advocated by Cape Ministers.

In 1877, owing to the dismissal of the Molteno Ministry by the Governor, Mr. Sprigg, the leader of the Opposition, became Prime Minister, and occupied a unique position, his party being secure, do as they would, as there was no third party to take their place.

The rising in Basutoland attendant on the disarmament of native tribes in 1878–9, points to the necessity for an authority on native affairs independent of the Cape Ministers; and the fact that a different policy was adopted in the Crown Colony of Griqualand West from that of the Cape Colony acting under the same High Commissioner is significant.

In Griqualand West the natives in the province were disarmed; but when this proceeding was extended northwards to the Korannas and Bechuanas, it became evident to the Administrator that it would only end in a general rising and native war, and that the natives who had now become peaceable allies of the British Government would be at once converted into deadly hostile forces. He therefore at once stopped the disarmament, and after consulting with the High Commissioner, informed the native chiefs that he should not proceed with the scheme.

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In the Cape Colony it was otherwise; the Ministers would accept no warnings; they pressed the disarmament on the High Commissioner, their Governor, and the result was the rising in Basutoland, which caused an expenditure of several millions sterling, and unnecessary bloodshed.

That the Ministers had received warnings from the highest military authority is evident from the despatch of General Sir Garnet Wolseley on March 10, 1880, in which, while allowing that the danger to our position in South Africa arose from the indiscriminate possession of fire-arms by the Kafirs in and around the British Colonies, he urged that any attempt to disarm them at that time would end in a far greater misfortune for us.

But the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, with a light heart in October 1879, had declared to the Basutos that the Government wished to save the people from themselves, and the Ministers would not swerve from the undertaking.

Sir Bartle Frere in this matter had no alternative but to abide by the decision of his Ministers if they insisted, as having dismissed the previous Ministry, there was no other party that could carry on the Government.

Had Sir Bartle Frere been High Commissioner only, and not subject to the decision of the Cape Ministers, who can doubt that the rising in Basutoland would have been avoided?

As there are difficulties in the present arrangement of the High Commissioner acting as Governor of the Cape Colony, so there would also be difficulties in separating the two offices; but the existing difficulties are of the gravest character, and place the Imperial Government in a false position. That the native questions should be settled by Colonial Ministers, acting for the Afrikander Bond in the Queen's name in territories beyond the Colony, is dangerous in every way.

By the separation of these two offices the native questions would come under the Home Government through the High Commissioner—but one can imagine cases when on the borders of a Colony the Colonial Ministers would also have their say. We should then have the spectacle of the Governor of Cape Colony, at the instance of his Ministers, taking one view, while the High Commissioner will only have for his supporters native tribes who cannot otherwise make themselves heard. Undoubtedly the duties of a High Commissioner would be a thankless task, and he would have to be prepared to find himself constantly overruled in small matters, though in matters of great moment the

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people of Great Britain would be with him. If, however, this surmise is correct, it only accentuates the necessity for a separation of the offices, in order that there may be some one who can impartially put forward the Native view.

Another difficulty that would certainly arise would be the mutual recrimination in case of a native outbreak. The Colonial Ministers would be certain to attribute it to the action of the High Commissioner, while probably it would be owing to the action of waifs and vor-trekkers from the Colony. And in case troops were wanted, the Colony might not be so ready to assist in raising volunteers. Little assistance was given in raising volunteers by Ministers in the Cape Colony in 1884, but then fortunately all the loyal inhabitants were strongly in favour of the Bechuanland Expedition.

Again, the domicile of the High Commissioner is a matter of some importance, and must not be overlooked. It is not desirable that he should be merely a travelling agent without a fixed home, and yet there is not readily found a central spot. Grahamstown is an eligible spot, were it not so far from native territories and in the Colony.

There is a danger ahead which must not be ignored, and that is the prospects of a collision between the portions of South Africa north and south of the Orange River.

The one idea of the Cape Colony is annexation (*i.e.* unification), an absorption of territory on all sides; this may go on until the Transvaal protests, and the litigious nature of the Boers is so well known, that a war between these north and south may actually be forced on if the Cape view of aggression is permitted. The true scheme for the peace of South Africa is that proposed by Lord Carnarvon in 1875, and in which the Boers of the north agreed—Confederation.

Had this scheme not been rejected by the Cape Colony, and had Griqualand West been admitted into the union as a separate state, there would have been a far more Imperial tone at the present day, and most of the disastrous wars would have been avoided. Mr. Mackenzie advises us on this point. "It is of importance for Her Majesty's Government to move in this matter as soon as possible, for another and a sinister movement is at hand. The alternative course is the speedy union of the Transvaal, Free State and Cape Colony—whether under a Republican President or under a nominal English 'Protectorate' would seem to be still an open question among the anti-Imperial Afrikanders."

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This view of Mr. Mackenzie is sustained by the remarks of the Editor of the *Cape Argus* at the Colonial Institute on April 10, 1888,

"I really see no reason why Cape Colony, Natal and the Orange Free State should not be unified. . . . Then it might be necessary for you to surrender to us the power of nominating our Governor, and permit us to call him President—or anything else we please."

It is strange to hear the voice of the Afrikander Bond from the mouth of an Englishman in the Colonial Institute; fortunately the sentiments expressed by Mr. Dormer are not those held by the majority of British settlers in South Africa, nor would they be by the loyal Dutch, if Great Britain would give some sign of taking the lead in South Africa.

The future of South Africa depends very much upon the course to be pursued during the next few years; matters may be allowed to drift as heretofore, or Great Britain may take up a definite position as regards native affairs. As matters are at present, the country is fast developing into a Republic hostile to Great Britain, the disaffected Dutch want to be free, while the loyal British and Dutch are being forced into discontent by our want of decision and "zig-zag" policy.

By separating the functions of High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape Colony at once, we may save the native tribes still extant; we shall in so doing hasten the development of the resources of the country, and so bring round to the side of the Empire, not only all those loyal persons who are now being alienated and detached, but also a large number of waverers who only side with the Afrikander Bond because of their own interests, which they do not venture to trust in the hands of Great Britain owing to their distrust of her sincerity.

But whatever may be the ultimate line taken in the ruling of South Africa in the future, it is pleasing to view the pluck and independence of Mr. Mackenzie in standing forth in support of the native tribes who are suffering wrongs. To his efforts on behalf of South Africa may be applied Charles Kingsley's words. "Some say the age of Chivalry is past. The age of Chivalry is never past as long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, and a man or a woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt.'"

CHARLES WARREN.

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The County Government Bill.

BY THE FOLLOWING CHAIRMEN AND DEPUTY-CHAIRMEN OF QUARTER-SESSIONS:—

THE EARL OF POWIS.
LORD HENNIKER.
SIR JOHN DORINGTON, BT., M.P.
SIR T. EVANS, BART.
SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART.
SIR OFFLEY WAKEMAN, BART.
SIR JOHN PHEAR.
HON. JOHN CARNEGIE.
ADMIRAL HON. A. DUNCOMBE.
HON. J. C. DUNDAS.
COL. SPENCER STANHOPE, C.B.
CAPT. E. H. VERNEY, R.N.
B. T. GRIFFITH BOSCAWEN, ESQ.
J. W. WILLIS BUND, ESQ.
RICHARD S. FERGUSON, ESQ.
J. COKE FOWLER, ESQ.
F. A. HYETT, ESQ.
ANDREW JOHNSTON, ESQ.
RUSSELL JAMES KERR, ESQ.
P. O. PAPILLON, ESQ.
P. P. PENNANT, ESQ.
W. H. WAKEFIELD, ESQ.

WE are able to present our readers this month with a contribution to the study of the County Government Bill, which we think will prove peculiarly valuable, owing to the unrivalled experience in County affairs of the Chairmen and Deputy Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, whose opinions are appended. We asked our contributors to select for comment what they considered the most salient points in the measure, feeling that by this means the public would learn which were thought by competent judges to be the really vital parts of the Bill, and wherein chiefly meriting approval or requiring amendment. We will only add that the Control of the Police, the Licensing Powers, and the Borrowing Powers seem to have attracted most attention, and that on these and other matters a large amount of authoritative information may be gathered from the replies. Our thanks are due to a number of gentlemen who have favoured us with printed reports of Quarter Sessional Committees, and of their

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own public utterances, but the exigencies of space precluded us from reproducing anything that was already accessible from other sources.

THE EARL OF POWIS,

CHAIRMAN OF MONTGOMERYSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

The mixed control of the Police will lead to collision. It would be better left entirely to the magistrates.

The nomination of Visitors to manage Lunatic Asylums would be better left to the magistrates; especially in cases of united counties.

The formation of a Committee of Justices merely to criticize the management of the actual Visitors seems certain to lead to quarrels, and would practically not be efficient.

The magistrates of a Petty Sessional Division sending a lunatic to an asylum might have the same power of visiting a patient as a Guardian now has of visiting a pauper from his parish in a workhouse.

It should be made clear that the County Council may contract with a District Council to maintain main and disturnpiked roads; or else there would be two sets of surveyors and workmen travelling over the same roads.

LORD HENNIKER,

SENIOR CHAIRMAN OF THE EAST SUFFOLK QUARTER SESSIONS.

I served on the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the question of Local Government which sat in 1867–68, and I have been for many years Chairman of Quarter Sessions for East Suffolk. I may, therefore, claim to know something of the subject. There was no evidence before the Committee that there was any general complaint against the magistrates for their management of public affairs, and there is none now. However, if public opinion is in favour of a change, I have not the least hesitation in saying the change should be made, and if it is made, a measure, such as is brought in by the Government, is far more likely to be successful than any half measure. I would go even still further, and make the Boards of Guardians the District Councils, which Boards should be elected on the same principle as the County Councils. You ask me only to touch on a few points. No. 1.—For many reasons I think that the old county boundaries and arrangements should remain undisturbed. No. 2.—The dual control of the Police is a

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mistake. It ought, in my opinion, to be an Imperial force; but if not, those who administer the law—the magistrates—should have control over this force, with the help of a Government Inspector. No. 3.—I think all Boroughs of 50,000 inhabitants and upwards should be included in the Fourth Schedule of the Bill, that is, that they should be considered to be separate counties for the purpose of Local Government.

Of course, it is impossible to deal with a great question like this in a few brief sentences; but I should be glad, in conclusion, to say that I do not believe the well-intended concessions under the proposals made—*i.e.* under these Bills, and under the Budget Bill, to hand over £5,900,000 in aid of local rates, will give more, if so much, as the £2,600,000 now given from Imperial funds, in relief of the burthens which bear so heavily on local interests. In fact, I take a more gloomy view still. I think that the expenses of setting up the new system, the extravagances which always accompany all Boards—*e.g.* the large debts of the Municipal Boroughs as compared with the debts of counties under the present system—may not only swallow up the extra grant, but swallow up even the sum given before in aid of local rates. I only hope I am wrong, and that the good intentions of the Government may be fulfilled.

While I venture to make these remarks, I hope that others who have, like myself, given up time, money, and in fact have devoted themselves for years past to local affairs, will do as I intend to do—namely, whether I am called upon to take part in the new Council or not, I shall not only not hesitate to give all the help I can to make the new arrangements a success, but give my loyal support to all who try faithfully to carry out the intentions of Parliament.

SIR JOHN E. DORINGTON, BART., M.P.,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The fault of the Local Government Bill, in my opinion, is that it is founded on what I believe to be an erroneous assumption, viz., that because Municipal Institutions are the best form of government for a municipality, or town, where all the community and all the Council are cognisant of, and are interested in the common wants, therefore the same institutions, notwithstanding the experience of history to the contrary, are suitable where there is no municipium to put them in, and where there are few such common interests, or common wants to attend to as will be within the knowledge of the mass of the Council, or of those who elect them.

It was said a short time ago by a Minister that the administrative duties of Justices in Quarter Sessions were given to them because there

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was no one else to give them to, and this will probably continue to be true, notwithstanding this attempt to create Councils by election to replace them. The nature of the work to be done—the management of lunatics, the control of the Police, and the maintenance of county buildings is not sufficiently attractive, or conspicuous, to induce people to contest elections, and to undergo the cost and trouble of constant journeys of perhaps many miles to join the meetings of the Council. The present Justices perform these duties, not because they are privileged to perform them, but because the duty has been cast upon them, and a sufficient number of the whole body of Justices in each county have sufficient appreciation of this duty to induce them to perform it with regularity and efficiency at least equal to that of any paid Government department, whilst the remainder perform the part of critics on behalf of the public at the Quarterly Meetings of the Courts of Quarter Sessions, with power to displace the actual workers at any time should they go astray.

Sir Henry Maine in his work on 'Early Law and Custom' draws attention to the different way in which town and country communities invariably develop their respective governments, the one always tending towards democracy and the other towards kingly rule, and in tracing the cause of this singular difference he attributes it to the difficulty of that personal attendance which is essential to democratic action. This is no doubt the reason why our towns and our counties, both possessing some six centuries ago a representative element in their respective governments, have, in the latter case, allowed it to die out, beginning even in Magna Charta to protest against the burthen of attendance, and in the other have developed it into the modern municipality. I judge from this, and also from the signs one sees around, that the new Councils in large agricultural counties will be but feeble creations of the Legislature, without prestige, power or influence. I see no reason why they should not work fairly well in counties which are little more than aggregations of great towns, where they will be simply large municipalities. For such counties the means of development should have been provided separately, without destroying the organization of the whole of the rest of the country, where nothing of the sort was asked for, and where what is granted will probably not work.

What has long been asked for, and is not provided for by this Bill, is a mode of securing an equality of assessment amongst the various assessing agencies of the country, so that all taxes, whether for Imperial, Provincial or Local purposes should be levied on a uniform assessment. Next, that the complexities of rating and governing areas that now exist shall be removed. These are mainly due to there being no power to create or to re-arrange civil parishes in the same manner as ecclesiastical parishes can be re-arranged. There is some provision for this purpose in the Bill, but it is not a leading feature, whilst the increased complexity

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to be newly created is a very striking one. The present business of Quarter Sessions is to be divided between that body and another one—part of the present business of the Board of Guardians is to be handed over to District Councils, who will in all cases exist alongside of the Board of Guardians and duplicate the local machinery. We shall have three electoral registers instead of two; four modes of election instead of three; two and in some cases three new electoral areas, in addition to existing parishes and polling districts; and the multiplication of officers and offices is likely to be very remarkable. In my own county it is estimated that the additional establishments required will not cost less than £6000 per annum; and that out of a probable or possible gain from the new Treasury grants of about £30,000 per annum, close upon £10,000 will be expended upon the new machinery. Economy and efficiency will certainly not be combined in this result.

Sir T. W. EVANS, Bart.,

CHAIRMAN OF DERBYSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

I think that the Licensing Clauses should be omitted, and that licensing should remain as at present, or be placed in the hands of some judicial body appointed by the Crown, and not elected by the ratepayers.

I think that County Councillors should be elected for a period of not less than five years.

I think that the borrowing powers given by the Bill are very much too extensive.

I agree with the resolutions passed by the Derbyshire Quarter Sessions on May 4th, 1888.

Sir HENRY ST. JOHN HALFORD, Bart., C.B.

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR LEICESTERSHIRE.

The main points which I think require alteration in the Local Government Bill, are:—That the Police should be entirely under the magistrates, and not under a divided authority of a Committee of Magistrates and County Council.

That the term of office of County Councillors should be not less than five years.

The Government have given no indication of the numbers of Councillors in proportion to population. I think it should not be less

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than 1 to 10,000 of population. Otherwise men of sufficient weight and education will not be available.

I think it would be well that every parish should be represented on the District Councils.

Borrowing powers should be more limited.

Sir OFFLEY WAKEMAN, Bart.,

DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN OF SHROPSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

In my opinion the Bill fails, in that under its provisions,

(*a*) The number of co-existing Local Authorities will not (at present at any rate) be sensibly reduced;

(*b*) The vast majority of the electors to the new Councils will be those who, by the action of the system of "compounding," do not contribute a single penny to the rates;

(*c*) The new County Authority will be far more checked by the ever-costly control of the Local Government Board than the Justices in Quarter Sessions are now.

Again, it is very questionable if under the present proposals regarding electoral divisions, the *rural* localities will have any effectual representation on the Council; whilst the extent of the *borrowing powers*, which it is proposed to give to County Councils, cannot fail to strike those experienced in local affairs as most unnecessary and dangerous.

On the other hand, the principles involved in the maintenance of the main roads by the county, the grant in aid of the expenditure on indoor pauperism, and (on the whole) the provisions of the Bill respecting the Police appear to merit approval.

Generally, there should in rural localities be only two Rating and Administrative Authorities, viz. the County Council and the District Council; all other Local Authorities should be included in or subsidiary to these.

The Bill is far from attaining to this ideal, but it is not in principle antagonistic, and would without much difficulty admit of development in that direction.

Sir JOHN B. PHEAR,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS, AND ALSO CHAIRMAN OF THE POLICE COMMITTEE IN THE COUNTY OF DEVON.

The powers, duties, and liabilities of Quarter Sessions with respect to the County Police, inclusive of the appointment, control, and dismissal of the Chief Constable, ought to be transferred to the County Council.

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In the first place, the close association of the Magistracy with the Police under the present system, which makes them seem to be masters and directors of the detective and prosecuting machinery of their own Courts, injuriously affects the public estimate of their impartiality in the exercise of their judicial functions—especially so in certain classes of cases; and it would be a distinct gain to the local administration of justice if magistrates were relieved of all connection with the Police.

In the next place, the scheme put forward in the Bill is unworkable.

For the purpose of testing this assertion, the principal details of the existing administration of the County Police by the Justices may be conveniently separated into three groups, as follows :—

1. There is the power of appointing and dismissing the Chief Constable, and the indirect control of him which grows out of this power; as well as such direct control of his discretion in the management of the force as is given by the enactment (2 and 3 Vict. c. 93, s. 6), that he shall have the general disposition and government of all the constables, subject to such lawful orders as he may receive from the Justices in General or Quarter Sessions assembled, and to the rules established for the government of the force.
2. The powers of the Justices in Quarter Sessions with regard to increasing or diminishing the number of constables, to prescribing the organization of the force, and the rates of pay of its different ranks; to determining the equipment and allowances of the constables; to requiring their attendance on the Justices at Quarter or Petty Sessions, as well as Quarterly Reports from the Chief Constable, &c., &c.; the duty of the Justices to receive and consider the various Reports; to audit the reasonable expenditure of the Chief Constable and of the constables under him in the performance of their duty, and, generally, to oversee the working of the Constabulary.
3. The proprietorship of the station-houses, lock-ups, &c.; the power to purchase, hire, or build anything that may be needed in this way; the power and duty to levy rates, &c., and to borrow money; to pay salaries, expenditure, and to provide station and cell-accommodation, &c.

At present all these various powers and incidents of administration are exercised and possessed by, or reside in one authority only, namely, the Justices in Quarter Sessions assembled and their Standing Committee.

The Bill divides and distributes them among three different authorities, *i.e.* the items of group No. 1 remain with the magistrates; those of group No. 2 are vested in and attached to the Quarter Sessions and the County Council jointly—to be exercised and discharged by a Joint Committee of those two bodies; and those of group No. 3 are given to the County Council.

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To restate the effect of the Bill more concisely :—under it,

The Quarter Sessions by itself will remain the master and controller of the Chief Constable in his disposition and government of the constables, within the limitations of the Police Acts.

The Joint Committee will have under its charge the constitutions and the rates of payment of the force, and the general overseeing of its welfare and working.

And the County Council will have to maintain, and from time to time to provide alteration of, station and cell-accommodation adequate to changing requirements of the county; and to levy by rates and loans, money for this purpose, and for the payments of the constables and their necessary expenditure.

It would not be easy to describe the situation of the Chief Constable with regard to these three sets of superiors; and it is simply inconceivable that this tripartite distribution of functions for the maintenance and control of the County Police-force should prove workable in practice. Conflict of jurisdiction and diversity of interest would be constant causes of friction between the three authorities; none the less active by reason of the dual constitution of one of them,—namely the Joint Committee.

The scheme of the Bill being put on one side, two alternatives are possible, and equally practicable :—either leave the whole business of the County Police, inclusive of the financial and proprietary part of it, in the hands of the Justices as at present; or give it wholly over to the County Council.

To do the first would be glaringly inconsistent with the spirit and aim of the Bill. It would amount to the setting up of two co-ordinate authorities within the county—the one elective, and the other not so—and dividing between them the county affairs, which are now done by the one alone.

It follows that if the organization of the Bill is established, the powers, duties and liabilities of the Justices with respect to the Police and the appointment of the Chief Constable ought to be attached to the County Council.

Hon. JOHN J. CARNEGIE,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR SUSSEX (WEST DIVISION).

Mr. Carnegie presents his compliments to the editor of Murray's Magazine, and as his colleague, Mr. Johnson, has sent a copy of the resolutions * of the West Sussex Committee on the Local Government Bill, he need not trouble the Editor with any further observations than the following:

* We regret that want of space compels us to omit these resolutions.

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Clause 52.—I am strongly of opinion that in the arrangement of Electoral Divisions regard should be had to *area*, and *rateable value*, as well as population.

Clause 72.—That County Councils should alone have power to contract loans, and that this power should not be given to District Councils.

Admiral the Hon. A. DUNCOMBE,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

At your solicitation I send you my opinion of some of the leading points of the Local Government Bill which require amendment:—

1. Area should be taken into consideration, as well as population, in arranging the Electoral Divisions.

2. The Elections should not be held oftener than every five years at least.

3. That the entire Police should be under the control of the magistrates, as the trial of prisoners will be continued in their hands.

4. That the County Councils shall not have power to borrow more than one-fifth of the annual rateable value of the County, repayable by instalments within twenty years.

5. That an efficient audit should be established, by a professional Auditor.

Hon. JOHN C. DUNDAS,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

You cannot by legislation annihilate space and convert a large county into a compact municipality. Business in counties must be chiefly conducted by committees, and you cannot get men to travel frequently several hours per day to attend committees. They prefer devoting themselves to Local Government in their own Union, Highway District or Petty Sessional Division. Such is the case even now; but the Bill will increase the business to be done, and make more frequent meetings necessary, while the number of elective councillors within easy travelling distance of the county centre will be fewer than that of the available magistrates at present. As the Bill is above all things one for establishing a County Council, not only to administer the existing law, but to undertake new and more difficult duties, it is all-important that the councillors should be chosen solely for their fitness and willingness to take part in general county administration. The provision relating to selected councillors might be very valuable as affording a means of

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placing on the Council men of experience, who would do good service on committees. But the whole machinery for providing a good Council is vitiated by the Licensing Clauses. Every election will turn upon the candidate's views on the Licensing Question; and inasmuch as selected councillors are to form part of every Licensing Committee, they will be chosen by the majority of the elective councillors primarily with reference to their views on this question. The result will be disastrous both as regards the *personnel* of the Council, and the attention bestowed on the less exciting but very important and complex business of county administration and supervision. It seems both unreasonable and unnecessary that the election of a member to the County Council should be the only means open to the inhabitants of a parish or village for giving evidence of their wishes as to retaining or dispensing with a public-house.

Some other means ought to be afforded to a parish or urban district of expressing its wishes on this point, and the Licensing Committee, on receiving evidence of such an expression of the wishes of a prescribed majority of the ratepayers, should be bound to give effect to it. If each election is to be a contest between the blue-ribbon party and those interested in the liquor traffic, the best man will hold aloof, the Council will be a bad one, many of its members will give little attention to the general business of the Council, and the interests of the county will suffer.

Colonel W. SPENCER STANHOPE, C.B.,

SECOND CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE; CHAIRMAN OF THE PRISON AND POLICE COMMITTEES AND THE WEST RIDING ASYLUM VISITING COMMITTEE.

In answer to your request, I beg to say that in my opinion the scheme for County Councils on a representative basis is generally satisfactory in the manner proposed in the Bill, but several amendments are wanted.

I fear, however, that while public attention is concentrated upon County Councils (a question which has been mooted and thought over for many years)—that sufficient attention is not given to the more important changes proposed by the creation of District Councils contained in Part III.

This important change has not been before the country, and has not been generally considered and thrashed out. The questions whether an independent District Authority besides that of the Board of Guardians is required in Rural Districts is a very important one. Whether such a Council is fit to be trusted as the sole Sanitary Authority? Whether it is wise to have two sets of contractors repairing roads side

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by side in the same parish, one employed by the County Board, and the other by the District Council? Whether the ignoring of the ancient parish boundaries is not very unwise? Whether one parish which has made itself into a Local Board, should be a complete authority of itself, while the next parish (perhaps a more important one) is only an undefined part of a Rural Sanitary District?

All these and many others are questions of great importance in country life.

In my opinion Part III. will *not* work well, and will in some districts be *extremely* objectionable, and cause great waste of money and facilities for jobbing.

Part III. ought to be postponed for the present. I submit these remarks to your consideration.

Captain EDMUND H. VERNEY, R.N.,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR ANGLESEY.

The English Police-force is an absolutely unique body; there is nothing like it in any other country in the world; the Police are civilians, citizens charged by their fellows to specially carry out duties common to all citizens. When first established, their peculiar position was emphasized by a significant dress; they wore tall hats and tail-coats. Since those days a military spirit has developed, which is marked by the military helmet and tunic: many of the Chief Constables are military men, and devote time to drilling the Police. The great strength of the Police lies in their purely civilian character and in their local sympathies, and these characteristics ought to be cherished and zealously guarded; there is practically no hostility towards the County Police; they are, as a rule, deservedly liked and respected. It is generally believed that the proposed joint Committee will produce friction; I have no doubt it will. The Police, including the Chief Constable, ought to be placed wholly under the control of the County Council; the electors must feel that the Police-force is *their* force, and this sentiment will maintain the powerful influence at present exercised by the Police, and the confidence they inspire. In Boroughs the Police-force has worked excellently under the Town Councils. Our Police-force, as a whole, has proved a remarkable success, and it would be a lamentable mistake to jeopardize its popularity, or to allow its authority to be regarded with jealousy. It is to be hoped that the House of Commons will see the wisdom and sound policy of unreservedly placing in the hands of the duly elected representatives of the people the entire control of their own Police, and casting on them all responsibility for the maintenance of law and order.

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B. T. GRIFFITH BOSCAWEN, Esq.,

CHAIRMAN OF THE DENBIGHSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

The following are a few of the amendments I would suggest in the Local Government Bill.

1. All *owners of property* should have votes for the election of the County Councillors and be themselves eligible for election. It is surely inconsistent to give the non-resident occupier of a small office or outbuilding a voice in the selection of the administrators of the County Rates, and to deprive the owner of extensive lands or house-property (who is not directly rated, but *indirectly most interested* in the expenditure of the county funds) of any influence whatever in county management.

2. Elections of County Councillors should be held once in every five or six years, instead of every three years, as contemplated in the Bill. The expenses of these elections cannot fail to be considerable, and it appears to me to be unnecessary to hold them at such short intervals. Frequent electioneering is to be deprecated, and the members of the Council will settle down better to their work if they know that their term of office is assured for some considerable time.

3. The *composite* management of the Police, which by the Bill is to be shared by the Justices in Quarter Sessions, the County Council, and a Joint Committee of both bodies, is most unlikely to work satisfactorily. For the present, I think it would be best to leave the County Police under the control of the Quarter Sessions. It may be possible in the future to place them entirely under the County Council. Either plan is preferable to the divided rule laid down in the Bill. The whole scheme is so new a departure in County government, and the character and composition of the new bodies are such unascertained elements, while the responsibility for the maintenance of law and order is and always must be of such vital importance to the community at large, that on the whole it is safest to retain, in the first instance at all events, the control of the executive officers of the law in the hands of the Justices who are by their Commissions, "conservators of the peace," and who can best superintend the action of the County Police, who, unlike a Borough Force, are widely scattered over large areas, and have often to act independently (in urgent matters) of any central control.

4. The subvention to Boards of Guardians for the maintenance of indoor paupers is, no doubt, a well-meant attempt to discourage the lavish expenditure in outdoor relief. But I fear that in many cases it may work badly, and produce some hardships. Having been Chairman for many years of a populous Poor Law Union, I well know the evils

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connected with outdoor pauperism, and am a strong advocate of the "house test." But to offer a direct premium per head on the indoor poor maintained by a Union is a somewhat doubtful experiment, in my opinion. Altogether, I think that the amount which personalty is, very properly, to contribute towards local expenditure, might be allocated on some better principle than the relative indoor pauperism of each Union.

5. The limit of the amount which a County Council may borrow should certainly be reduced from the enormous amount of two years' rateable value to, say, a *tenth* of a year's rateable value. Every check should be introduced upon extravagance in contracting debt, which is a common vice of elected Boards, and has already produced wide dissatisfaction in urban constituencies.

6. All Quarter Sessions Boroughs over 40,000 inhabitants should be entirely independent of the County Councils. I think it is a blot on the Bill that it interferes with the *self-government* and ancient privileges of large towns, who are well able to look after their own affairs, and have never been in any way under county control.

J. W. WILLIS BUND, Esq.

DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF WORCESTERSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

In my opinion, assuming that a change in the management of County business is required, provided that the Licensing Clauses are struck out of the Bill, the borrowing powers greatly diminished and confined to the same purpose as at present, and an efficient system of audit provided, the new Board should be able to do the work. I feel that the Licensing Clauses should be struck out, as otherwise the new Board will be elected, not by selecting the fittest men, but by selecting delegates on the drink question, and a large number of County Magistrates will decline to enter upon a contest on such grounds. The borrowing powers of the Bill enable the County Council to borrow very large sums, in many cases millions, not merely for county purposes but also for emigration, and to lend again to other public bodies in the county, thereby enabling the County Council to keep a loan office at the expense of the rates. There is no proper or efficient audit provided, and thus no proper check upon the vast spending power of the new bodies. It will be impossible to compare this expenditure with Quarter Sessions, as they have extended duties and a different income, and practically the expenditure will pass unchecked and unchallenged. The drafting of the Bill is very loose, and will give rise to numberless difficulties. Take, for instance, the costs of first election. The Bill provides that the returning officer will be allowed the costs

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properly incurred in reference to first election not exceeding those allowed for a municipal election, and the costs are to be taxed in like manner as the expenses of a Municipal Election, but, so far as I am aware, there is nowhere any scale of costs for Municipal Elections provided by law, nor is there any provision for the taxation of such costs. The Bill throughout has proceeded on the lines of treating the County as if it were a Borough, and that all the same provisions would equally apply to both, a result that has produced a number of absurdities, such as Clause 17, giving power to make Byelaws. The Byelaws, as the clause is framed, must apply to the *whole* county, so a Byelaw very proper in a town must either not be made, or inflict great hardships in rural districts.

RICHARD S. FERGUSON, Esq.,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR CUMBERLAND.

One point occurs to me, which I have not seen as yet touched upon, and which is one of importance—the necessity that the office of Chairman of the County Council should follow the model of the office of Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and not that of Mayor of a Borough.

A Chairman of Quarter Sessions has no precedence over his fellow-magistrates: he is merely *primus inter pares:* he wears neither robe nor chain, is not preceded on state occasions by Sergeants-at-mace: he is not expected to exercise lavish hospitality, or to head every subscription list, or to be at the beck and call of every one who wants to get up a meeting or an entertainment: the office is one which a poor man can hold. But a Mayor in his own city takes precedence of every one: he is by tradition associated with chains, and robes and pageantry: he is expected to exercise much hospitality, to head every subscription list, and to take the chair at meetings day after day and night after night: the office is one of much expense, and of much hard work beyond his duties as head of his Council. *Experto crede:* I have been a Mayor, and I am a Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

It is therefore of great importance to model the Chairman of the County Council on the lines of a Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and not on the lines of a Mayor. If the latter is adopted for the model, the expense and trouble of holding the office for three years will deter most men—the best men, probably—from accepting it. Hence all propositions for giving the Chairman of the County Council a title (thane, or warden, or what-not) should be eschewed, as also any proposal for putting on him any of the Sheriffs' duties: or for giving him any precedence.

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J. COKE FOWLER, Esq.,

VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE GLAMORGANSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

The Local Government Bill is quite equal in extent and importance to any measures, except two or three, that have been brought forward during the present century. It is intended to supersede an ancient and anomalous system administered by Justices of the Peace in Sessions. Leaving the Appellate and Criminal jurisdiction of that Court untouched, the Bill transfers its civil and administrative functions to the new County Council. It may be erroneously supposed that the Council will be little more than the Court of Quarter Sessions in its civil department of business. The object of this paper is to show how very different the old and the new Courts will be in the extent of business to be transacted, and discretionary power in transacting it. The functions of the Sessions are chiefly as follows. They appoint Inspectors of Weights and Measures, and regulate their duties subject to the provisions of an Act of Parliament. The duty of repairing public Bridges rests, as a rule, upon the Sessions subject to the provisions of the Highway Act, 5 & 6 William 4, cap. 50, and some other Statutes. The Sessions also are empowered to divide the County into Highway Districts, but the appointment of District and Parish Surveyor does not rest with the Court, nor do they levy the rate required for repairs. Again, the Sessions are charged with the duty of erecting the necessary Lunatic Asylums. But in this branch of their functions they are strenuously controlled by the statutable powers of the Commissioners in Lunacy and the Home Office. The Sessions have also certain statutable powers over the County Constabulary. If to these functions are added the power of appointing Inspectors under the Contagious Diseases Animals Act, and the valuation and rating of property for the County rate, we have all the principal civil duties which devolve upon Justices in Quarter Sessions. The practical result is that, although these functions are conscientiously discharged, a debate on the subject-matters of them is hardly known. The influence of centralization over local administration has excluded that freedom of action and decision which is the essence of debate.

In contrast to this system, *decentralization* is the salient feature of the Local Government Bill. For not only does the Bill transfer all the limited functions above mentioned, but it also transfers a very large number of "powers, duties, and functions" now exercised and performed by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Board of Trade, and the Local Government Board. I find in the Schedules about fifty of these powers, &c., hitherto centred and exercised in London, and now to be vested in County Councils so far as they relate to County interests. To these must be added the power of making Bye Laws for

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the County; a jurisdiction over licenses to sell intoxicating liquors, and authority to levy to a limited amount additional duties on licenses. Nor is this all; for the Councils are to be entrusted with a considerable revenue, arising from the rate, from duties on certain licenses, and from a portion of the Probate duty, the receipt and appropriations of which will raise the Treasurer of the County into a County Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Your limited space forbids more than a few lines on the famous Licensing Clauses. I will only say, that it is certainly not correct to affirm that Licensed Victuallers have "a vested interest" in their licenses; in other words, fixity of tenure, as distinguished from contingency and uncertainty. But assuming that the conditions of their licenses are duly observed, and having regard to the statutable arrangements for "renewals" of licenses, the holders have fair grounds for concluding that they will not be disturbed, and vast sums have been invested and changed hands on the basis of such confidence. There has been an honourable understanding that holders would not be deprived except on proof of misconduct. In this country such an understanding cannot be ignored. It would be inconsistent with our national habits and sense of honourable dealing to say, that the business and income and investments of thousands of families shall be made to cease suddenly from no crime or misconduct on their part, and without any compensation. That public-houses and beer-houses have been multiplied to a grievous excess beyond the needs of many districts is palpable. Consequently, many of them will be rapidly and properly suppressed. Hitherto the question of compensation has been encompassed with difficulties. But in the Bill the method of compensation has been most happily conceived. By augmenting the duties on licenses the County Councils will oblige the landlords to subscribe, as it were, to a kind of insurance fund, out of which they or their successors may be compensated for suppression of business.

I have endeavoured to show that, in parting with the civil branch of the Sessions business, the magistrates will lose very little power, while the County will gain very much. The County Council will become a deliberative assembly, and the knowledge, skill, and experience of the members will have a fine field for the exercise of their faculties in the interest of the public. The Chairman will be a kind of local Prime Minister, and will have to dedicate his best energies and much of his time to the work. The more I examine the Bill, the more does it seem to me to be a marvel of legislative draughtsmanship. It is assailed by pessimists, publicans, total-abstainers, and jealous politicians; but resting, as it does, on a truly broad and popular basis, I predict that, subject to alterations in various details, the substance of the Bill will become Law.

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F. A. HYETT, Esq.,

DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE QUARTER SESSIONS.

I cannot join in the chorus of approval with which Mr. Ritchie's Bill has been hailed. Its most vital principle is of course the constitution of the County Councils. What warrant have the Government that these Councils, modelled as they propose, will work? They rely, it is said, on the success of the Corporation system. That system may have worked well in some towns, but that it has been on the whole successful, is at least open to question. Passing this, however, and assuming that our Corporations have been models of efficiency and purity, does it necessarily follow that a system, however well adapted for towns, is also adapted for large, and in places sparsely populated rural districts? Where Municipal government has been most efficient, the Corporations are composed chiefly of the most successful of the Professional and Trading Classes. If we could hope for such on our County Councils, all would be well. In some respects we should have a more capable body than our present Court of Quarter Sessions. Men who have been successful in managing their own affairs are obviously fitted to manage other people's. But men of this class, though they can spare two or three hours in the week for public affairs, cannot give up the whole of a day, once or twice in a month. And yet this will be required of the representatives of the outlying districts in many counties. Nor, with the exception of clergymen and doctors, are many of this class to be found residing outside our larger towns. Of these, the latter are too busy, and the former are (as the Bill now stands) disqualified for county service. A few successful solicitors, merchants, &c., may be returned for the County town, or for towns in its vicinity, but for the representatives of the rural districts we must look elsewhere. These last, and they will be the large majority of the Council, will have to be drawn either from the leisured classes (for the most part the magistracy), from the farmers, or from shopkeepers. Of these last, as their occupations require constant attention, only those will seek election who for the sake of conspicuousness are ready to neglect their own affairs. It is said on all sides that it is the duty of the magistrates to come forward, and that if they do they will be returned. Without questioning the first proposition, I demur to the second. Judging from School Board and Board of Guardians elections, I should say that the people consider, and not unnaturally, that they are better represented by one of their own class than by a gentleman. Not long ago, a member of a School Board for a very large district, a gentleman of exceptional culture and exceptional popularity, was for no local, or personal, or indeed any

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ostensible reason, unseated at the last election, and replaced by a member who could neither read nor write!

On the new County Councils, the Demagogue, the Village Politician, the "Ratepayers' Friend," the tradesman who is proud of notoriety, will find a place. That these will be an important if not a preponderating element must be expected. The Bill appears to have been studiously framed to induce their return. The "one man one vote," the one representative for one district, representation proportionate to population, all point in the same direction. Any alteration in any of these points would be an alteration for the better. As the Bill stands, he who promises most will win.

I will touch on two other points, less vital but of more practical importance, because the possibility of amendment in Committee is greater.

It is proposed to entrust the control of the Police to a Committee appointed jointly by Quarter Sessions and the County Council, and the management of the Lunatic Asylums entirely to the latter body.

It is expected that an attempt will be made by the advanced Radicals to place the Police solely under the County Councils. The objections to this are obvious. The Police are often called on to enforce unpopular Acts, and should not be under the control of a popular Assembly.

There are certain towns where the anti-vaccination party is sufficiently powerful to make its voice heard in the County Council. In such cases the Vaccination Acts will be administered with laxity. Again, the Licensed Victuallers are pretty sure to be largely represented in the new Councils. This will not tend to as thorough or impartial a supervision of public-houses as heretofore. A hint to a policeman that he has been over-zealous in his watch on a particular house will be readily taken when given by one whom the policeman recognizes as his employer. This is no mere conjecture as to what may happen. It has occurred not unfrequently in boroughs where the Police are under the control of the Municipality. In times too of popular excitement or tumult, I doubt if the County Council will be very ready to call out the Police force against those who are practically their masters.

It is to be hoped that the Government will resist any such attempt. Their own proposal is open, in a modified form, to the above objections. The Joint Committee will not work without friction in some counties; but I expect that in most the magistrates will be far more regular in their attendance, and will generally command a majority.

There is a tolerable consensus of opinion, that the best course would be to leave the control of the Police with the magistracy. As a matter of theory this should be so. The magistrates are the guardians of the public peace, and in minor criminal matters the administrators of justice. Their orders are executed by the Police, and it should

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logically follow that the Police should be their servants. Logic, however, has not much to do with practical statesmanship.

On our County Lunatic Asylums the Bill will probably have a deleterious influence. It has been unofficially stated that the Council for Gloucestershire is to consist of eighty members. If this be correct, and it may be taken as a criterion of the size of County Councils, it will be impossible to form a Committee of Visitors sufficiently numerous to exercise anything like the supervision hitherto exercised by Quarter Sessions. The Committee will certainly fail in quantity, and if my anticipations as to the characters of County Councils are realized, it will also fail in quality. At any rate there is nothing in the Bill to insure the contrary. Most of the Medical Superintendents of our own County Asylums are men of no ordinary ability and attainments. How will such men brook the control of those whom they feel to be educationally, intellectually, and socially their inferiors? Already I hear that the younger members of the Medical profession who had taken up Lunacy as their speciality, are beginning to turn over in their minds whether they had not better take up some other branch. If this is done to any extent, the quality of the class of our medical Superintendents must deteriorate, and the unfortunate inmates of our Asylums must suffer.

I would suggest that the functions of the present Visiting Committee be transferred to a Joint Committee, consisting of an equal number of County Councillors and Magistrates.

ANDREW JOHNSTON, Esq.,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR ESSEX.

In response to your invitation to select one subject for a few remarks, I call attention to that of management of main roads conferred on the County Councils by Clause 15; and this because I am at issue with many of my colleagues, who at a meeting of the Society of Chairmen which I was not able to attend, passed a resolution "that the duties of the Council should be confined to supervision and to the repayment of a proportion of the cost;" the Councillor appointed to draw up the report adding, "the task of arranging so vast an organization as that required for the care of the roads of a large county was held to be entirely beyond the probable power of a newly elected Council."

I admit that we are entirely in the dark as to what these Councils will be, and what they will be capable of, but why this particular duty should be so far beyond their powers, when no objection is taken to others quite as difficult, I don't see. It is quite clear that the greater

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part of their duties will have to be carried out through skilled and permanent officers, and in this case the "arranging a vast organization" which so terrifies my brother Chairmen will consist in appointing a good surveyor, and seeing that he does his work.

Why should a duty which has long been performed with perfect satisfaction by County Authorities in Scotland and Ireland be entirely beyond the powers of those in England? Are we to read between the lines, and assume the utter inferiority of the new bodies to those which have hitherto managed county business? I shall not quarrel with that, but is it not to condemn the whole Bill?

The system since 1878, by which the great arterial roads are maintained by small parishes who spend all the money, and only find the quarter of it, has been about as bad a one as could be imagined. With county management the inducement to extravagance will disappear, while there will be economy in the purchase of materials in large quantities, and uniformity of method. We shall not have one parish using MacAdam's gauge, and the next 3-inch granite, and the rich man in his carriage, or the poor man on his cycle, will not be made painfully aware of the parish boundary by the vehicle making a jump as it passes from the domain of one authority into that of another.

The second sub-Clause is open to objection, in that it appears to give Urban Authorities an absolute right to demand and receive from the county an annual sum equal to an average of its expenditure during the past three years, however extravagant that expenditure may have been; that it has been extravagant in some cases there can be little doubt. Spending money freely is always pleasant, and when one can have all the pleasure, and only one-fourth of the cost, why, go ahead!

I have no doubt that Ministers will consent to the introduction of words which will prevent such one-sided bargains between the Counties and Urban Authorities, as it seems to me the Clause as it stands would produce.

RUSSELL JAMES KERR, Esq.,

DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Whatever may be said as to the merits of the Local Government Bill now before the House of Commons, it must be admitted to be a bold attempt to grapple, in a liberal spirit, with a subject which has been talked about, postponed, avoided, or treated in a half-hearted manner by successive Governments of both political parties.

"Owing to the dissimilar conditions of town and country life, a Council elected and constituted in all respects as the Council of a Borough divided into Wards will not work well in counties."

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The above words are taken from the Report of the Committee appointed, by the Gloucestershire Quarter Sessions, to consider and report upon the Bill, and agreeing, as I do, with them, I think it is much to be regretted that the framers of the Bill did not strike out a new line for the establishment of County Government, rather than attempt to adapt the provisions of the Municipal Corporation Act, 1882, intended, as that Act was, to meet the requirements of large populations in comparatively small districts, to the wants of comparatively small populations spread over wide areas.

It is also much to be regretted that parochial organization has been entirely ignored. The parish is the oldest recognised division of the county, and for all practical purposes forms the most convenient unit of division for administrative purposes. It further has the advantage of requiring no rearrangement of boundaries.

It would be a matter of much convenience to the public generally if such portions of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1882, and of other Acts as are intended to apply to County and District Councils, should be embodied as a substantive part of the Bill, and not be enacted by reference as proposed.

The above specially applies to the question of qualification, which in all probability will give rise to much litigation if it be not determined by the Bill itself. As to the doubts which may arise upon the point, an examination of the case of *Flintham* v. *Roxburgh* (L. R. xvii. Q.B.D. 44) will show how easy it is to raise a discussion upon terms which at first sight appear to be convertible.

PHILIP O. PAPILLON, Esq.,

A CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR ESSEX.

The points which strike me as the most salient, are :—

1. That the control of the Police should remain in the hands of the Court of Quarter Sessions as at present. Rather than transfer it to a Composite Committee, as proposed by the Bill, I should prefer to hand it over to the Imperial Authority.

2. That the County Council's borrowing powers should be limited to (say) one-fourth of the annual rateable value of the county.

3. That the Government be pressed for an *early* declaration of the number of councillors, which they propose to allot to each county.

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P. P. PENNANT, Esq.,

DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR THE COUNTY OF FLINT.

In responding to your appeal, I will confine my remarks as much as possible to points where I do not join in with the general chorus.

Generally, I approve.

Police.—I believe the proposed arrangements in the Bill would work satisfactorily, provided the deliberations of the Standing Committee were carried on in private, and their decisions only were publicly reported to the Court of Quarter Sessions and the County Council. I consider that the character of their business would require this mode of treatment, which at the same time would prevent friction between the Court of Quarter Sessions and the County Council.

At present a minimum is practically fixed to the strength of the Police force by the Secretary of State. In case the strength of the force is less than about one constable to each 1500 of the population, the force is liable to be declared inefficient by the Government Inspector, whereby the Government grant would be forfeited. Under the Bill this check will not exist, but its absence ought to be provided against, as the efficiency of the Police of any county affects the neighbouring counties as well as itself.

Loans.—I would rigidly restrict the repayment of loans to thirty if not to twenty-five years, as the best security against extravagance.

Poor Law.—I entirely approve of leaving alone this important subject, until the Councils have got into good smooth working order.

W. H. WAKEFIELD, Esq.,

CHAIRMAN OF QUARTER SESSIONS FOR WESTMORELAND.

"Can't you let it alone?" one feels disposed to say, when a movement is made to disestablish an institution which is admitted, on all hands, to be working well administratively, and economically as regards finance. But the time is gone by for regrets and arguments. Well then, let us accept the situation and make the best of it, and that not grudgingly, but heartily. When Mr. Ritchie introduced this "great and comprehensive measure," he began with an apology for so doing, on the ground that the work was already well done, as now done, and that there was, as a matter of fact, no pressure for any change. But it must come as a matter of course; it is only a question of time—those who pay the piper must set the tune.

What is now proposed is nothing more or less than an extension to

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rural districts of what has long prevailed in urban. The geographical difficulties necessarily arising from loss of time in locomotion, existing at present more or less, doubtless will be increasingly felt under the new *régime.*

But having accepted the situation and resolved to make the best of it, what is the duty of those who have hitherto done the work? Clearly not to sulk in a corner, but to offer their services, such as they are, for the public benefit. Believing as I do that whilst the administrative work of the county won't be better done, it will certainly be more expensively done, surely it will be right that we should set ourselves in determined opposition to such anticipated additional expenditure. I may be wrong; I hope I am. A similar fear was very generally expressed when the Union Chargeability Act was passed. No harm resulted, but in that case there was no change of administration.

I should very much have liked to see the whole of the management of the Police left as at present. This department is so intimately associated with the administration of justice, that I firmly believe that it would have been to the public advantage not to have a divided authority as now proposed, and there are many in the House of Commons who, I trust, will have the courage of the opinions which I think they hold on this point, and speak out boldly what is in their minds. Doubtless an unwillingness to embarrass will tie many tongues and influence votes. There is a feeling that the Budget and the Local Government Bill must stand or fall together. I hold that it was not fair to make them thus interdependent.

I will say a word on the Licensing Clauses. I much regret the introduction of this question in the Bill, believing that the issues involved are more of a judicial than of an administrative character. Putting aside for the moment the views of our total-abstinence friends, there is no reason for interference here, on the ground of public expenditure. A recent decision of the Court of Queen's Bench does away with the vested interest argument, considered legally, but this vested interest will at once be created if the Bill, as it stands, becomes an Act. (I do not here express any opinion one way or another as to the equity of the above decision—Lord Coleridge did so in anticipation of it.) I believe that the country would be well content to leave things as they are, and let the licensing fees go into the Imperial Treasury.

One word more. I earnestly hope the magistrates throughout England will come forward and offer their services, and if elected, as doubtless many will be, on to the County Boards, they will do their best heartily and loyally to carry out the Act when it becomes the law of the land.

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Jack's Father.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "MAJOR AND MINOR," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IF I had expected (and perhaps hoped a little) that Colonel Morton's equanimity would be upset by the news of his son's engagement, and if curiosity had anything to do with my loitering about the club rather more than usual for a day or two after our Richmond expedition, I met with that disappointment which the malevolent no doubt deserve. For it was with all his accustomed jauntiness and complacency that the Colonel accosted me when he came tripping down the stairs one afternoon and found me studying the playbills in the hall.

"How are you, Maule? What splendid weather! Stupid business this about poor Jack, isn't it?"

"Don't you like Miss Maitland?" I asked innocently. "I am sorry for that. She struck me as being a young lady whom no one could object to receive as his daughter-in-law."

"Oh yes; nice little girl—blue eyes, bright smile, and all that. Not a superabundance of brains, perhaps, and—no money. I was in hopes, as I told you, that he might do better."

"I suppose," said I, "that he prefers blue eyes to a full purse. Some people do."

"Oh, it's natural enough," answered the Colonel, laughing good-humouredly; "only Jack is so reasonable and sensible that one never expected to hear of his falling in love like other youths. I'm rather sorry about it, I must own. I think long engagements are a mistake, as a rule."

"But is this to be a long engagement?" I inquired in some surprise.

"I fancy so from what Jack said. He is too prudent to marry until he sees his way clearly. But the fact of the matter

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is that I know very little about his circumstances, and he doesn't like being questioned. You see," added the Colonel, with a little burst of confidence, "I don't stand in quite the same relation to him as most fathers do to their sons. For a long time past he has received no allowance from me, so that he is in every sense his own master."

I could not help thinking that there was one sense in which Jack could scarcely be called his own master, and that his father was very well aware of it. As for the probability of a long engagement, which sounded ominous, I made so bold as to disregard Jack's antipathy to being questioned, and took the first opportunity of asking him whether his wedding-day was fixed yet.

"Not yet," he answered, with a slightly troubled look, which, however, vanished immediately. "There are a good many things to be considered and arrangements to be made, and we have plenty of time before us—all our lives." His grave face was lighted up by a smile as he added, "The dear old governor has taken it in the kindest possible way. He was very much surprised; but he didn't utter a single word of reproach or displeasure."

"What magnanimous forbearance!" I ejaculated before I could stop myself.

Jack turned round upon me as if he had been a bull-terrier and I had trodden on his tail. "Eh? What do you mean? It was forbearance, and very great forbearance, in my opinion. Of course this isn't what he likes or would have chosen. He had every right to say so—and he didn't say so."

Well, he said so to others, if he didn't say so to Jack; and Mrs. Marchmont, who did not disguise her disapproval of what she was pleased to call a ridiculously ill-assorted match, went about telling everybody that Colonel Morton was strongly opposed to it. She added that the poor young man had been entrapped in the most barefaced way, and that, for her part, she would hardly feel able to blame him if he should back out of it, as she was told that he had already shown some disposition to do.

I dare say Mrs. Marchmont's spiteful speeches did no great harm to anybody but herself, and I do believe that during the next few weeks Jack was as happy as the days were long. He could not, or would not, give up his daily hours of labour; but he had the brilliant inspiration of painting a likeness of his

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betrothed, and when he was not engaged upon this portrait, the two ladies would often sit in his studio and watch him while he worked. I found them there several times, and admired the patience and resignation of the elder, to whom, no doubt, these days were longer than they were happy. I think she would much rather have been buying Alice's *trousseau* than sitting there; but the time for buying Alice's *trousseau* did not seem to have yet arrived. Once she asked me whether I did not think Jack singularly reticent.

"In talking of—of matters of business," she said, "I sometimes find great difficulty in getting a direct or definite answer from him."

Notwithstanding the slight hesitation with which she made this speech, it was evident that she had rehearsed it beforehand and meant me to repeat it. However, I did not repeat it, not caring to meddle where I could do no good; and I doubt whether Mrs. Maitland had obtained the direct and definite reply that she desired when she and her daughter left London.

That melancholy event took place at the time when society at large was departing for those resorts to which society is accustomed to betake itself at the end of the season. My own movements being entirely independent of society and the season, I lingered on where I was, and was thus able to comfort Jack in his affliction. His affliction was not so heavy as it might have been; for it had been arranged that, as soon as he had completed certain arrears of work, he was to join Mrs. and Miss Maitland in the country.

"They tell me that I can get very good and cheap quarters at the village inn, and I shall be able to make some landscape studies," he explained; "so that I shan't be altogether wasting my time."

"And I presume," said I, "that on your return you will be in a position to tell me when your marriage is to come off." To which he replied, rather briefly, that he hoped so.

Yet when he came back, he had no such satisfactory announcement to make. It was then late in August, and I had removed myself and my belongings to a little cottage near Henley, whither, by my request, he ran down to dine and sleep and give an account of himself. He looked worried and harassed, I thought, though he assured me that he had spent a delightful holiday, and was more than ever convinced that he was the happiest man in England. Only, as no human being

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can enjoy absolute felicity, he had one trouble to remind him that he was mortal; and this he confided to me with a good deal of circumlocution while we were smoking our pipes after dinner. The long and the short of it was that he had been in the habit of bestowing something like four-fifths of his earnings upon his father, and that he did not see how this state of things could possibly be prolonged.

"Of course," said he, "I may in a few years' time be making more than I am making now, and my dear Alice would be willing enough to wait; but her mother thinks that I ought not to ask it of her, and perhaps she is right."

He looked rather piteously at me, and I answered with uncompromising severity, "Most certainly she is right."

"Well, but then I must write and put things plainly to the governor. He is shooting in Scotland now, so that I can't do it by word of mouth; and the truth is that I hate the idea of doing it at all. The governor, you know, is as ignorant of money matters as an infant; he always has been. And I'm sure he will be horrified if I tell him that what he has had from me has been anything more than a superfluity which I didn't now what to do with."

"My dear Jack," said I, maintaining a serious countenance, "you must do as you would be done by. If you had a son to whom you were devotedly attached, would you like him to deceive you? Would you think that he was treating you fairly if he supplied you with every needless luxury that you had a fancy for, at the expense of the girl whom he had promised to marry?"

"I don't think you quite understand the situation," said Jack, getting up and beginning to walk about the room. "You seem to forget that when the governor had money of his own, he didn't grudge me needless luxuries. The fact is that there has never been any question of an obligation between us—what was his was mine, and what is mine is his."

"But a time comes when that system has to be abandoned," I observed. "When Miss Maitland is yours, she won't be his, for instance."

Jack said that was nonsense; but before he went to bed I had made him promise that he would write to his father—or rather, he had agreed to do so; for I imagine that he had already made up his mind that it must be done. Indeed, the thing was obviously inevitable.

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About a week later I had to go up to London for the day, and I profited by the occasion to look in upon my young friend in Berners Street. He had had a reply from his father, he told me. Not perhaps what I should consider a satisfactory reply (this was said with a shade of defiance), but one which was entirely satisfactory to him, and which he hoped and believed would be equally so to Alice.

"You mean to show it to her, then?" said I. "I presume that he has requested you to postpone your marriage *sine die*."

"Not at all," answered Jack. "He says in so many words that if I thought fit to marry to-morrow, he would not feel entitled to dissuade me, and he writes in a tone of gratitude which I should think would satisfy even you."

Here Jack drew a letter from his pocket which, for a moment, I thought that he was going to hand to me for perusal, but apparently he thought better of that. It may have contained passages liable to misconstruction.

"What does he want you to do, then?" I asked.

"He thinks we might wait for a year. There are reasons which I needn't enter into—or rather, I may as well enter into them; there is nothing to be ashamed of in them. The governor has had heavy and unusual expenses this year, and if his receipts were to fall off all of a sudden, he would find himself awkwardly situated. Next year it will be different. As he very truly says, a man can only cut his coat according to his cloth, and I have never told him how much cloth he might count upon. So that, in fact, this postponement is my own doing."

"Well," said I, "of course, if you explain all this to Miss Maitland——"

"But I shall not," interrupted Jack. "I have never spoken and shall never speak to anybody about this, except to you. I have told you because you have always been such a good friend to me, and—and because I feel that I can trust you, Maule."

I thanked him, but suggested that a man ought surely to be able to trust the woman whom he proposes to make his wife.

"So I do," he declared: "but if I tell Alice I must also tell her mother, and I would rather not do that. I shall simply say that I find I can't get my affairs into order for another twelvemonth, but that by then I shall be perfectly able to state what my means and prospects are. I don't think Mrs. Maitland will call that unreasonable."

I thought it in the highest degree probable that Mrs. Maitland

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would call that just as unreasonable as I myself should have done in her place; but I did not think it necessary to say so. The little woman, I suspected, was very well able to fight her own battles.

It so chanced that I neither saw nor heard anything of Jack Morton again for more than two months. An old friend and brother artist of mine, who was anxious to see the far-famed tints of autumn on the American woods, persuaded me to accompany him on a brief visit to the United States, and although I wrote more than once to Jack from the other side of the Atlantic, I received no answer from him. His silence did not cause me much anxiety; for it was plain that sooner or later he would be compelled to choose between his father and his betrothed, and as for his being able to conceal his true position from Mrs. Maitland, I did not believe that that would be found practicable. The upshot of it would probably be that the Colonel would have to accept a fixed allowance, the payment of which would leave Jack and his wife quite enough to live upon comfortably.

It was therefore without any anticipation of evil that I made my way to Berners Street immediately after my return to London in November. But the moment that I saw Jack I knew that things had gone badly with him. He was standing at his easel, with his back towards me: his shoulders were bowed, his head was sunk, his whole attitude was that of a man of twice his age. And when he turned round to shake hands with me, I was shocked by his pallor, and the dull, heavy look of his eyes.

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "what have you been doing to yourself? Have you been ill?"

"Oh, no," he answered, straightening himself up, "I haven't been ill; but I have been in trouble since I saw you last. My engagement is broken off, that's all. I began half-a-dozen letters to you: but I found that it wasn't an easy thing to write about. Well, it's all over now, and the less said the better. Did you have a good time in America?"

But of course I would not consent to be put off in that way. At first he was very unwilling to let me hear more than the bare fact that he had been dismissed; but I got the whole story out of him by degrees, and I think it was perhaps a relief to him to tell it. Mrs. Maitland, it appeared, had been far from satisfied with the very meagre reasons which he had given for desiring to put off his marriage for a year. Nevertheless, being urged

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thereto by her daughter, she had finally made the required concession, and Jack had returned to his work full of gratitude to the good lady, which she certainly seemed to have deserved.

"It was just three weeks after that," he continued, "and I had been corresponding with Alice almost daily the whole time, when one morning I had a short letter from her, telling me that all was over between us. You can see it, if you like," he added, laughing rather bitterly; "it's the sort of letter that anybody might see."

"It is the sort of letter," I observed, after perusing it, "which has obviously been written under dictation."

It was, in fact, a carefully-worded little composition which breathed of Mrs. Maitland in every line. It began with "Dear Mr. Morton," and set forth that the writer, after full and anxious thought, had come to the conclusion, that the only course open to her was to claim her release from an engagement which had perhaps been too hastily entered into. It was not without sorrow that she had thus decided; but her decision must be regarded as irrevocable, and Mr. Morton would doubtless spare her the pain of stating at full length the considerations which had led her to it. These, indeed, he would probably be able to divine; but his lack of an assured income was the only one which she, for her part, should think it necessary to mention to her friends.

"Of course it was written under her mother's dictation," said Jack. "There could be no doubt about that; and I wrote twice to her, entreating her to be frank with me, and promising to be frank with her in return. As matters stood, I thought I was entitled to make that promise, and I meant to keep it. However she didn't reply; so then I wrote to Mrs. Maitland, who did reply—and in a way which was final. You can read her letter too, though that isn't a letter which anybody might read. I shall burn it as soon as you have seen it. I suppose," added Jack meditatively, "that I must have meant you to see it, or I should have burnt it long ago."

Mrs. Maitland's letter, so far as I can remember it, ran something on this wise:—

"DEAR MR. MORTON.—I had hoped that you would not force either my daughter or myself to be, as you express it, 'frank' with you; but since you persist in describing dear Alice's letter as inexplicable, and in demanding a fuller explanation of it than you have yet received, I must, I suppose, fill up blanks which I should greatly have preferred leaving to be filled up by you."

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Following this exordium came a long paragraph in which resignation and gratitude for the merciful interposition of Providence were expressed, while any feeling of rancour against one whose own conscience must be his judge was emphatically disclaimed.

"If," continued Mrs. Maitland, "what I am about to write should be the cause of a breach between you and your father (for which I should be truly sorry), you will, I hope, remember that I write only in compliance with your reiterated, and I may add, peremptory request. Colonel Morton, who has recently been on a visit to friends in this county, and who was so good as to call upon us while in our neighbourhood, was *most reluctant* to say a word to your discredit. He spoke of you with a kindness and leniency which paternal affection may perhaps have excused; but when I questioned him as to your financial position (about which, as you are aware, I had never been able to obtain more than the loosest and most general information from you), and when I asked him what he thought of the postponement of your marriage to my dear daughter, which you assured me was necessary, he could no longer, as an honourable man, conceal the truth from me. He told me, what I knew from other sources to be the case, that he had always disapproved of your engagement, his reason being that he feared your means would be found inadequate to the support of a wife. That you received large sums for many of your pictures was, he said, notorious; but unfortunately your income was, and must continue to be, subject to heavy claims, the nature of which he declined to specify. I appreciated his delicacy in this matter. I did not then, and do not now, wish to inquire into the nature of the claims alluded to; I will only say that if they had been avowable, you would hardly have kept them secret from us.

"It is not without hesitation that I refer to another subject, upon which Colonel Morton expressed himself with a levity which, I own, surprised me. I mean your attentions to a certain lady who possesses what is doubtless *to some minds* the powerful attraction of wealth. Whether it is or is not the case that, to quote your father's words, you will 'end by marrying her,' I am not concerned to inquire. Should such an event take place, I shall feel nothing but the sincerest pity for her. But it will be obvious to you that (all other considerations apart) I could not sanction the continuance of my daughter's engagement to a man who is likely to 'end by marrying' somebody else.

"I have only to add, in closing this correspondence, that my dear Alice is in all respects at one with me, and that she wishes you to understand how completely the feeling of regard which she once entertained for you has now been dispelled."

When I had reached the end of Mrs. Maitland's characteristic epistle, I stared in amazement at Jack, whose listless expression had never varied since my entrance.

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"Surely," I exclaimed, "you don't call a letter like this final! What was more easy than to refute such a pack of lies?"

"I see no object in using hard words," he replied coldly. "Mrs. Maitland hasn't been told any lies, that I am aware of. I can't help it if she chose to put the worst construction upon a perfectly true statement. As for my marrying Mrs. Marchmont, my father probably thinks that I shall: people often believe what they wish to believe. But Alice ought not to have believed it, and her having done so is quite a sufficient proof that she no longer cares for me."

"You have allowed judgment to go against you, by default, then?" I asked. He made a sign of assent.

This time, for once, I fairly lost my temper.

"Jack," said I, "you are the very best imitation of a criminal lunatic that I have ever met at large. I am not going to make myself Miss Maitland's champion: perhaps she should not have been so ready to give credence to insinuations which a stronger-minded woman would have insisted upon sifting. But you must remember that you had put her faith in you to a pretty severe test. And why, pray, are you sacrificing your happiness and, for aught I know, hers into the bargain? For nothing in the world but to screen an ungrateful, unnatural old reprobate, who looks upon you as a mere machine for providing him with funds!"

I thought that little compliment to his father would rouse him perhaps; but it didn't. He looked at me impassively and said:

"Well, is that all? Go on, if you like. I haven't a word to say in defence of myself—or anybody else."

I fully intended to go on, but at this juncture the flow of my eloquence was checked in what to me was a most unexpected manner; for now there came a loud rap at the door, and immediately afterwards who should walk in, brisk, smart, and smiling as ever, but Colonel Morton himself.

"Ah, Maule!" cried he; "delighted to see you back again. I can't tell you how much I've been wishing for your return, because I know you're the only man who can cheer this foolish fellow up." Here he laid his hand affectionately on his son's shoulder, and it seemed to me—though I could not swear to it—that Jack shivered ever so slightly under the touch.

"I've done my best," the Colonel went on; "but I'm no use. I suppose I can't take these things seriously enough. Dear me, it isn't such an awful calamity to be jilted! We old chaps know that, but we can't convince the youngsters that nobody ever broke his heart because a girl had changed her mind."

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The Colonel stuck his hands in his pockets and walked about the room, laughing softly.

"I beg your pardon, Jack," he resumed presently; "it's all very tragic, of course. But really, you know, poor little Miss Maitland hadn't much mind or much heart either. Had she now?"

"Probably not," answered Jack composedly.

Colonel Morton remained with us for, I should think, about a quarter of an hour. He lighted a cigar, and chatted easily and pleasantly upon a variety of topics, not seeming to notice that neither of us had anything to say to him in reply. He may have been the most impudent of cynics, or he may have imagined (for apparently there had been no quarrel between him and his son) that Jack was ignorant of his treachery. Or again, it is possible, I suppose, that he did not consider himself to have been guilty of any treachery at all. For my own part, I confess that I did not know what to make of him; and as soon as he had departed I said as much.

"You made an ungrateful and unnatural old reprobate of him just now," Jack observed.

There was not much doubt about his being that; but what was the good of abusing him? I never had the smallest influence over Jack, in spite of his friendship for me, and I thought the only service I could render him now would be to try and stimulate him to take some interest in his art; but I was not successful in my efforts. He listened apathetically, or didn't listen at all, to the lecture which I read him, and which in truth was only a repetition of many previous ones. As I walked away, I was reduced to comforting myself with a scrap of Colonel Morton's philosophy. After all, young men do get over love troubles with marvellous facility, and though the process of having one's eyes opened may be painful, it cannot but be salutary in the long run. Jack seemed to have already discovered that Miss Maitland was not worth much; perhaps he had made the further discovery that his father was worth even less. If so, fame and happiness might yet be in store for him.

Chapter IV.

Possibly so complete a shattering of all illusions would have enabled some men to make a fresh start in life, but unhappily this did not prove to be the case with Jack. All through the

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winter he was dull and morbid, going nowhere and avoiding his friends. He worked incessantly, but his heart was not in his work, and I was grieved to notice its steady deterioration. I dare say most people will misunderstand me when I say that I would rather have seen him take to drinking than paint such pictures as he now turned out. I could have cured him—or at least he could have cured himself—of that; but for the other malady there is no cure that I know of. To those who have broken the laws of morality, repentance and amendment are always possible (otherwise most of us would be in a sorry plight); but my experience is that, for some reason or other, this is not so with art. Artists who have once begun to go down the hill don't retrace their steps.

Shortly after Christmas Mrs. Marchmont returned to London, and was so good as to ask me to dinner, on which occasion I had the honour of meeting Colonel Morton. The Colonel was the bearer of an apology on behalf of his son.

"I'm sorry I promised for him," said he. "I thought I might safely do so; but it seems that he is declining all dinner invitations just now, and you know how obstinate he is."

"I know that he is extremely ill-bred," returned Mrs. Marchmont, who never took the trouble to conceal her annoyance.

The Colonel looked much distressed. If there was one thing upon which he prided himself it was his perfect courtesy, and that such an epithet as "ill-bred" should be applied to his son was almost as bad as a reproach levelled at himself. He put forth all his powers of being agreeable, which I must say were very great, and before long he succeeded in restoring the lady to good humour. But I suppose she must have given him to understand that she had not pardoned Jack, for on the following afternoon he appeared in Berners Street, and began taking his son seriously to task.

"It's too bad, Jack, it is indeed! Women will stand a great deal, but they won't stand being deliberately slighted; and you've made Mrs. Marchmont really angry this time, I can tell you."

"I don't in the least care whether she is angry or not," returned Jack shortly.

"But, my dear fellow, you ought to care. Some day or other, depend upon it, you will regret having quarrelled with your bread and butter."

Jack flung down his brushes with a sudden outburst of irritability. "I have told you again and again," he exclaimed,

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"that no earthly consideration would induce me to marry Mrs. Marchmont! Why can't you believe me?"

He looked so savage that his father was quite taken aback, and was also, I think, a little frightened. The Colonel soon left us, and when the door had closed behind him, Jack threw himself down upon the sofa beside me and groaned.

"I don't believe I can stand this much longer," said he. "Do you know, Maule, I sometimes think I must be going off my head. I can't control myself. I say things that I don't mean to say. You never heard me speak like that to my father before, did you?"

"No," I answered; "but I don't regard your speaking to him like that as any proof of insanity."

"Oh, you hate him, I know." He paused for a moment, and then added quietly, "So do I."

But before I could make any rejoinder to this startling announcement he had contradicted himself. "No, I don't. It isn't true—how could it be? But I hate the sight of his face. I can't even speak civilly to him when he comes here. You see, I must be mad, Maule."

I saw, at all events, that he ought to consult a doctor; and this I persuaded him to do with less difficulty than I had anticipated. There and then I took him off to the house of a certain great physician who is a friend of mine, and who, being by good luck at home, consented to give us five minutes of his valuable time. It was fully a quarter of an hour, however, before he joined me in the waiting-room, where I had been left, and told me that my friend was in a very critical condition.

"He fancies that his brain is giving way; but I have been able to reassure him upon that point. What is giving way, or rather has given way, is his nervous system; and if he doesn't mind what he is about, I fear he may become a permanent invalid. He must have complete rest and complete change. I have advised him to go abroad. Anywhere he likes—Italy, Egypt, Australia—I don't care where it is. Perhaps a sea voyage would be about the best thing of all."

"I'm afraid he won't be induced to go," I said.

"Yes, he will; he is frightened. I asked him which he preferred—to take a six months' holiday, or to be incapable of doing another stroke of work to his dying day. He didn't seem to relish the idea of being a burden upon his family. In fact, he told me that his family couldn't afford to support him, and that he would rather die at once than be helpless. Poor fellow!"

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The doctor looked sorry for a moment; but he had not much time for being sorry; so presently he bustled away, and I walked back to Berners Street with Jack, who seemed resigned to do as he was told, saying he supposed there was no help for it. He made up his mind to go to Rome, where he had friends.

"I have done a lot of work in the last few months," he said wearily. "There ought to be enough to keep us going until spring, or even summer, if need be."

There ought to have been money enough to keep him and his father in perfect comfort for a much longer period than that; but I suppose Colonel Morton was very expensive. I managed to hold my tongue, having learnt by that time that I should do no earthly good by saying what I thought. Besides, he was probably acquainted with my thoughts. I would fain have accompanied Jack to Italy, for I did not fancy the idea of his undertaking the journey alone; but many reasons made that impossible; and so, a few days later, I saw him off from the Charing Cross station, and was glad to notice that he already looked a shade less depressed. Colonel Morton was not there to take leave of his son. He told me afterwards that Jack had not mentioned the hour of his proposed departure to him.

"Jack is a queer fish in some ways," he remarked. "Likes making mysteries, you know. I often wonder how he comes to be my son."

"So do I," I relieved my feelings by replying. "Never in the whole course of my life have I met two men so utterly unlike one another." And I am very much afraid that the Colonel took that as a compliment.

I had two brief letters from Jack in the course of the next month, from neither of which was I able to find out whether the change of scene was doing him good or not. He made no allusion to his health, but said that he enjoyed leading an idle life, "which is more than I expected to do."

He had been absent about six weeks when, one morning, a verbal message reached me from Berners Street to the effect that Mr. Morton had returned, and would be glad if I could come to him at once. They were afraid the gentleman was very ill, the boy who brought this summons told me. Seemed sort of light-headed and wouldn't stop talking for a moment. They had got him to go to bed, and the doctor had been sent for.

I found the poor fellow in a high fever. He was sitting up in

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bed, and seemed to be unconscious of the presence of his landlady and another old woman, who were fussing round him and feebly beseeching him to lie down and rest. But he recognised me at once, and began to talk in a rather excited way, yet apparently with full knowledge of what he was saying.

"What a time you've been, Maule! But you're here at last, and that's all right, and now you'll go, like a good fellow, and get Alice, won't you? Her mother can't object, now that I'm going to die, you know; and I should like to say good-bye to her. That's what I came here for. Otherwise it would have been less trouble to die out there."

He spoke so connectedly that I thought I might get him to give some account of himself; but the moment that I put any question to him he rambled off into absolute incoherency. I heard afterwards that he had been taken ill at Rome with what was supposed to be an attack of Roman fever, and that, being persuaded that his life was in danger, he had managed to rise from his bed, give his friends the slip and start for England. How he accomplished the journey I have no idea.

Finding that it was useless either to interrogate or to attempt to soothe him, I sat down by the bedside while he went on talking. It was always the same thing over and over again. He was going to die; he wanted to say good-bye to Alice, and he wished me to fetch her. Fortunately, however, he did not seem determined to despatch me upon this errand forthwith.

The doctor, when he came, was not long in giving his verdict. It was a case of typhoid, and, he feared he must add, a very severe case. Certainly the patient's life was in great danger. His friends should be sent for. Probably they would wish to have a second opinion; and indeed he himself would prefer it, although in the present stage of the disease medical skill was not likely to be of much avail.

An hour later Colonel Morton arrived, in obedience to the urgent summons which I had despatched to him. He was a good deal agitated, and seemed quite thunderstruck when I told him bluntly that his son was in all probability dying. "You don't mean that, Maule!" he exclaimed, with a piteous look of appeal at me. "While there's life there's hope, you know. A great strong fellow like Jack, too! Oh, I can't believe it!"

I should not have thought that anything could make me feel sorry for Colonel Morton; yet one is sorry even for a murderer when he is hanged, and I don't know whether I would not

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rather be hanged than go through such a scene as awaited this unhappy father.

For no sooner did he show himself in Jack's bedroom than the sick man started up with a cry of rage. "Go away!" he shouted. "What do you come here for? Don't you know that I'm dying? I can't do you any more good, and you can't do me any more harm. Maule knows all about it—Maule knows that I have hated you ever since you told those lies about me. I didn't hate you for spoiling my career—I didn't even blame you—you can't say I did! Nobody can say that I ever complained, though it wasn't always a pleasant life to lead. How would you like to be called a miser? But I kept up the pretence well—I kept it up as long as I could. Now it's all over. Ah, that's the blessing of being mad—that one needn't pretend any longer!"

I drew Colonel Morton away; perhaps he was not sorry to be removed from that accusing presence. "Raving—quite raving," he murmured. "The poor lad doesn't know what he is saying."

I wrote to Mrs. Maitland that evening; but I did not (as I had at first thought of doing) tell her the whole truth about the circumstances which had led to her daughter's engagement being broken off. I doubted whether Jack, in his sober senses, would have wished me to do so; and indeed it was not necessary, for who could refuse the small favour asked by a dying man? And Jack was dying; the celebrated doctor who was called in could give us no hope. Worse symptoms set in, in the course of the afternoon, and the end might be very near, we were told.

On the following day Jack's delirium, which had been violent and unceasing all through the night, suddenly left him, and though his mind still wandered a good deal, he was quiet, and for a quarter of an hour or so at a time would talk quite sensibly. During these intervals he always asked for Alice, and I always replied that she was on her way to him—as indeed I believed she must be. Yet she did not come. Only by return of post came a letter from Mrs. Maitland, full of sympathy and sorrow, expressed in the very choicest language—sorrow which was increased, she said, by her inability to comply with my request. Mr. Morton might be sure that he had her daughter's full forgiveness; but to allow her dear Alice to see him again would, she felt, be to re-open old wounds which time had already in a great measure healed, and this she could not think it right to do.

Well, it did not greatly signify. Jack sank very rapidly, and

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though he kept muttering the girl's name, I doubt whether he had life enough left in him to wonder at her non-appearance. There was no need to tell him that her mother had declined to re-open old wounds.

Colonel Morton remained in the adjoining room until, seeing that the time was at hand when he ought to be present, I went and called him.

"Jack is quite unconscious," I said (for he looked as though he required some reassuring); "he won't know you."

But, oddly enough, the dying man did know his father. He opened his eyes and smiled, and gasped out, with laboured breath: "Dear old governor!—so glad you've come!"

Those were his last words. He died a few minutes afterwards; and Colonel Morton, completely overcome, sobbed:

"Ah, Maule, I've lost—I've lost—the support of my old age!"

Colonel Morton's many friends are doubtless glad to think that he has found another, and perhaps a more substantial support, in his declining years. Within six months of his son's death he married Mrs. Marchmont, feeling, I suppose, that the case was one which called for strong measures. Some people wondered at the lady's choice; but more, I think, wondered at the gentleman's. "For, after all," as a crony of his said to me only the other day, "Morton was very comfortably off; so that it couldn't have been her money that attracted him. And she has an awful temper, I'm told." He does not look quite as sprightly as of yore, nor is he so often seen at the club. On the other hand, he probably does not want for creature comforts.

As for Miss Maitland, she is Miss Maitland no longer, being happily, and, I should say, very suitably mated with a London clergyman who is not unlikely to be made a Bishop before long. I see her sometimes; but she does not see me, for the excellent reason that she always drops her eyelids when I approach, and is careful not to raise them again until I have had time to get quite a long way off. There are episodes in the lives of most of us of which we do not care to be reminded, and there are persons whom it seems best to forget. I take it that everybody who knew him, with the exception of myself, has succeeded in comfortably forgetting Jack Morton.

THE END.

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A High School Girl's Reply to Miss Kingsley.

MISS KINGSLEY, in an article published in the April number of this Magazine, set forth the programme of the "*Girls' Public Day School Company*," and gave some idea of its working results.

Those even among her readers who had been educated under the system might have doubted the humdrum reality of their past, in the enthusiasm kindled by her alluring description.

I was for eighteen months a pupil at a High School, and failed to notice the prominent advantages she speaks of, often, indeed, the very converse of her observations came nearer to my experiences; yet it is evident that Miss Kingsley speaks in all good faith and without conscious exaggeration. For my own part I believe the present plan of girls' education to be radically, fundamentally evil, and that the High Schools have merely perfected and developed the old mistaken system, instead of sweeping it away and starting afresh on a reformed and wiser basis.

"*Serious endeavours*," says the Company's report, "*are made to train the pupils for the practical business and duties of life.*" An excellent intention, which in the case of the school I knew of, was conspicuously unsuccessful. For it is the peculiar characteristic of the High School programme, that it so narrows the interests and minds of those who enter into it with any spirit, that they become genuine blue-stockings, and when launched into the world with their minds crammed, running over, with facts and figures, are as pitiably incapable of setting about the ordinary business of life as a nun escaped from a convent.

In pupil days, their crowning ambition is to win the scholarship or to be promoted to the sixth form, and so long as they have that object in view they are happy, indeed it is a pity that

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they cannot remain in the sixth form for ever, to be revered by the younger girls, favoured by the mistresses, and heroines to every one. For how can a woman commit dates to memory with any spirit, or plod through trigonometry, when competition, the one incentive to work which has no practical end, has been withdrawn? She may leave school with the firm intention of "keeping up" her studies, but Nature soon revolts against this aimless plodding, so gradually she leaves off lessons, and she knows of nothing to take their place. She has to set out in life all over again, and begins to learn the A. B. C. of existence and to gain a tardy experience of the ways of the world, to which she was formerly blinded by the absorbing intricacies of Greek grammar.

Let us go honestly into this matter—"*to fit them*," says the prospectus, "*for the duties and business of life.*"

What are the practical duties of life to the daughter of a tradesman or moderately poor gentleman? Is it her duty to preserve her health, and so to improve her temper and save the doctor's bills? If it is, the High School education does not conduce towards that end.

Is it her business to dress herself with taste and economy, and to render herself a pleasurable object to her friends, or to manage a house frugally and well, and so make life smoother for her husband or her family? Is it her business to be able to mend, to do needlework, to stand upright, to write legibly, to walk properly, to talk intelligently? If these things are necessary, she will have much to learn when she has finished her education at the High School, so much, that it is to be feared all those dates of the Acts of Parliament in the reign of the Lancastrian Kings, which are included in a *thorough* study of history, will be chased out of her head, and irreparably lost to her.

Miss Kingsley, after alluding to the wonderful commercial successes of the Company, asks herself whether it answers as well for the moral, physical, and intellectual training of girls.

Morally, High-School girls are neither better nor worse than other people; they are as various in disposition as the trees of a forest. The larch is still a larch, the chestnut a chestnut, no matter what soil it is reared on.

Where many girls are associated without intercourse with boys or grown women, hypocrisy and humbug are certain to be engendered; but this malignant moral growth is less observable

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at large public schools than at boarding schools, where all know one another intimately, and the mental atmosphere is so close, that a separate individual scarcely dares to think her own thoughts in the darkness of the night for fear of being discovered by her comrades and sent to Coventry.

As for physical training, at my particular school there was none, beyond fifteen minutes of mild calisthenics two days a week, and that mainly consisted of marching up and down—giggling.

On the other hand, almost every one of us was round-backed, many were short-sighted, and a large percentage suffered from sleeplessness, nervous complaints, headache, and want of appetite brought on by over-work. The round back was inevitable, it might have been included in the prospectus. A fifth-form girl was supposed to study six and a half hours; as a matter of fact she worked for seven or eight, beside drawing and extra classes, and the greater part of the time was spent in brushing an exercise-book with the point of her nose and making simultaneously black illegible strokes with her pen. Nothing but a spine bent inside out could pass through this trial without curving.

We reckoned on a contracted chest, but blindness was optional, one may say it was an extra. It depended chiefly on the progress made in German, and the amount of extra study done by gaslight at night in the struggle to keep up with a heavy pressure of work. Now a *thorough* education is a valuable thing, and so, no doubt, is a proficiency in the German language, provided you do not pay too dear for it; but girls whose health is only tolerable, or who are naturally short-sighted, would do well to bear in mind the fable of the dog, the bone and the shadow.

It may be considered a point of etiquette to remember yesterday's lesson till at least the day after to-morrow, but this was not compatible with the pace of our form; the geography recited at noon had to be ruthlessly scattered to the wind by 3, in order to make room for next day's Latin.

The immediate effects of overwork were only too little apparent; those generally succumbed who were "willing beasts," easily driven; often they were toiling to qualify as governesses, or they were preparing for the Oxford and Cambridge examinations, made slaves to the ambition of their parents, or the too tractable willingness of their dispositions. Some had the courage to resist the influence that was brought to bear on them, but only too often they had not. Consider how easily led is a

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young girl, how susceptible to influence. And only weigh the immense crushing power of public opinion, which overwhelms the boldest of us, and which to a girl is concentred in her school. She knows no other world; success with her is interpreted as marks; "doing right" means distending the memory with the largest possible quantity of names and dates; "doing wrong," on the other hand, implies the using of those natural gifts which her Maker has bestowed on her, and which if she squanders now will soon desert her. That happy imagination, those high spirits, pleased at trifles, wear off in gathering years like dust from a butterfly's wing. If she has these gifts, you may depend she was intended to use them, for it is the way on this planet that those beasts who carry legs are meant to walk, and those with wings to fly, and young children are intended to be happy and careless, and not to lie awake at night fighting propositions in the third book of Euclid.

Miss Kingsley is greatly in favour of the mixture of social classes. The intention may be a good one, but I doubt whether it is altogether successful. Our school broke up into cliques and layers. The better-class girls became overbearing, and, like most young people, snobbish in their hard-and-fast distinctions about trade. Notions were put into their heads that would otherwise never have dawned on them. Thrust into the society of unpolished girls, with whom they had not a topic in common, they saw the difference without the explanation, and became possessed with a reverence for caste.

The lower middle-class girls, on the other hand, who were in the majority, grew servile, and began to feel ashamed because their parents earned their bread in an honest, sensible fashion. Very empty-headed little somebodies were idolized for their social position; and, what was worse, merit in the lower ranks was snubbed and trampled on by its moral inferiors. Such a state of things is depraving to all parties. I think on the whole it is better, in the impressionable, hard judging, unreasoning season of girlhood, that classes should be kept separate, and that all should mix with their natural associates.

You may say, the system works excellently at boys' public schools. It does so: but boys are bolder than girls, more ready to take every one for what he is worth; they are frank, and less cliquish, and not slaves to appearances. Women have their peculiar virtues, but magnanimity and the courage of opinions are not among them. Then at the boys' schools, in consequence

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of the heavy fees, most of the pupils belong to the upper ranks of life, and those plebeians who come amongst them benefit by the contact. Whereas at the High Schools the select are veritably the few.

Referring to the outcry against over-work, Miss Kingsley explains that those girls who have been brought up in the school from childhood do not suffer from pressure, they "take to the system like young ducks to water." So might the treadmill also become comparatively easy if it were practised from the age of eight. Certainly after an apprenticeship to the work, one runs easier in harness, that is to say, as soon as the novelty of the studies has worn off they become mechanical,—matters of memory, rote and routine; the reasoning faculties cease to act, the strain is relaxed. Whether instruction or benefit accrues from the practice, is of course another question.

I have found that as schools go in these days (I have been to seven), one learns everything worth knowing in the first term. By the time you have "settled down," according to governess parlance, into the mechanical compliance they glory to reduce you to, you have sucked your educational orange almost dry, and nothing is left but the husk; columns of statistics and such-like poor rubbish.

If parents doubt this, let them exercise their minds to recall some of the lessons they learnt in childhood. What they cannot recollect, what they do not so much as remember trying to learn, we may conclude has not directly benefited them. They will probably find that it was the wrench of applying the mind to new subjects and new methods that helped to fix the facts firmly.

I could give many instances in my own case. The first lesson in Butter's spelling, beginning "fence, defence, fender," was acquired with arduous toil, and it remains in my head still. The same applied to the geographical dictionary, of which we had to repeat a page every Tuesday. In early days this meant a real effort, each place had to be hunted out in the atlas before it consented to remain in my memory; but after a few weeks I could glance at it, like the Butter's spelling, five minutes before class time, and repeat it fairly well; and forget it in an hour. That is "taking to the system like young ducks to water." We plodded through our geography from A to N; some of the A's made an impression that will never fade, Alaska, Antigua, Aspatria, Akyab; but from B to N my mind is a blank.

Now as regards the vexed subject of working overtime, the

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rules at our schools were as follows. Each pupil had a card, on which was printed a list of the separate lessons, and the time allowed for the preparation of each, and parents or guardians were requested to sign the card every Monday as a guarantee that their daughter had not exceeded.

Seeing that it was impossible to get through the work in anything like the time allowed, it had become customary to exceed, and say nothing about it. It would have been easy for several girls to unite and appeal to the head-mistress, but no one did so, in spite of the "singularly high code of honour" that prevailed. I fancy that the idle girls would have been ashamed to speak, for fear it should be thought they were shirking, and the "blues," who might really have obtained a hearing, much preferred the existing state of things, which enabled them to keep at the head of the class, by working all day and half the night.

We were obliged to cajole our parents somehow, and they came after a while to look upon the card as an empty form, and so, protesting, signed. It seems odd that not one girl out of a hundred and thirty had courage to stir in the matter, indeed in after life it is wonderful to reflect how our consciences, spirit and sense of justice were overwhelmed by public opinion.

School girls are slaves to Mrs. Grundy, she is the clay idol before whom they bow down and worship, and in her temple to claim the right of private judgment is profane.

The prospectus of the Company, in criticising the ordinary boarding-school curriculum, speaks of a "want of thoroughness, want of system, slovenliness, *inattention to rudiments*, want of organization."

At my High School, the rudiments were cultivated under the cold shadow of neglect, except Arithmetic, in which we were thoroughly grounded. From scribbling so fast and so much, our handwritings had grown slovenly, and our spelling was bad, unless it came by nature. This defect might have been cured by fifteen minutes' slow dictation daily, and it is indeed a pity that the doctrines of the syndicate were set aside in that most essential point, attention to rudiments. For after all, when we closed our school career and gave dates and declensions a month's notice to quit, the only tangible results we carried away, except the crooked backs, were our illegible scrawls, wherewith to torment friends and relatives thereafter.

The object lessons, science classes and natural history of which Miss Kingsley speaks, were not included in our pro-

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gramme. These were our subjects: French, German, arithmetic, analysis, geography, the historical plays of Shakspeare, literature, Latin, mathematics and history. Science completely ignored. No allusion to the universe, the sun, the stars. Of the myriads of beasts that walk, fly, swim, crawl on this planet, the darkest ignorance prevailed. Of the vegetables that grow, of the products of the earth, manufactures, great discoveries (wonderful as fairy tales, had we been allowed a moment's peace in which to read of them), of all this we heard nothing. Of the substance of the earth, of chemistry, of the atmosphere, the sea, the peoples of the globe, their appearances, religions, civilizations; nothing. Of the triumphs of architecture, sculpture, engineering, painting, industry, poetry, music, research; nothing.

Nothing but a *thorough* study of English history! Note the pleasing subjects which I have extracted from an old class note-book. The Spanish Succession, the trial of Warren Hastings, the Thirty Years' War Tanistry, Gavelkind and Brehon. Such was the thoroughness with which we were expected to study the statutes of a past age, yet the existing unrevoked Acts of Parliament which affect us to-day were ignored, and not one woman in a hundred, whether she be educated at a High School, or a low school, or any other school, has an understanding of the laws which affect her personally; of what is legal and what is not; of the claims she has over her executor, agent, trustee; nor does she know what to do when she is robbed, or whether she is robbed, or how to defend herself against robbery. And very often her mind is incapable of receiving or grasping the legal fact when it is offered to her, and she remains liable to be talked over by any man of her acquaintance.

On one page of the note-book a bad mark is entered for forgetting that William Pitt the younger was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne's Ministry. It was well for us that we were not expected to name the Chancellor then in power, or any other who had held office during the present reign, or we might have forfeited the week's marks at a blow.

If a girl did venture to discuss the events of the hour with any understanding, she was looked on by her mates as a tame lunatic. For it must be explained that a study of the nineteenth century was altogether omitted from our history lessons. It was usual to stop at Waterloo, and begin the Saxon Kings over again. Contemporary and ancient history we did not recognize. It would have been impossible to go into the chronicles of the

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world with that *thoroughness* which was the essential spirit of High School teaching, we should have been compelled to put up with a mere superficial survey; so, like David Copperfield's landlady, we waived our claim to operate on the fish, the joint, sweets and *entrées*, in order to give the attention *we could wish* to the potatoes.

It was a consequence of these necessary omissions that the sixth form suffered under the apprehension that Socrates lived contemporaneously with Mahomet, and St. Paul some time after, and that the fourth form, being asked the name of a single Greek poet, could not, with renewed prompting, call up so much as Homer; among a class of twenty-two.

If proofs of our ignorance were wanted, I could fill a volume, for our intellects were too cramped to grasp hints of knowledge from outside literature or conversation, even supposing we had had leisure to indulge in either. Our minds were drilled into a groove, and whatever was not delivered to us in the ordinary method, as one may say at the point of the bayonet, we allowed to escape us. The reasoning faculties had been sacrificed to the memory, and were now flickering and almost dying out. Great was the consternation of the fifth form on being requested to write an essay on some modern social subject, and to give their own views. They had not any views! No one had told them what views to have. Somewhat disappointed at the failure of her bold project, the teacher expounded her own opinions, and the class prepared an insipid transcription. The drone of the fifth form made her one successful appearance over that essay, arguing the subject in ten pages of copperplate handwriting. But one swallow does not make a summer, and she was shortly after plunged in fresh disgrace for writing messages in her exercise book.

Such desperately dull authors we learnt from! French standard books, dry as railway-station buns; Ross's History—the very type was forbidding; as for the man who wrote it, I bear him no malice, may Heaven forgive him! Then Mr. Mason edited a grammar, in order to show what a hideous garb knowledge might be forced to assume; and some evil fiend selected it "for the use of schools." The Saxon derivations in the footnotes were the choicest morsels, though I could recommend the letterpress. Either of those works might be used as narcotics, say as substitutes for hop pillows. They would sink a light canoe. A thief would not take them at a gift. I do not believe

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any one could have read them straight through, except the authors, and lived happily afterwards.

"The whole system of our school is intended to teach girls how little they know, how much there is to be learnt." "A smattering makes them conceited. . . ."

Some observation of human nature, I think, will show that the narrower a man's subject of study, the greater is his tendency to conceit. The man who has dipped a little way into everything, and turned up out-of-the-way subjects, of whose existence many people are unaware, begins to realize *how little he knows, how much there is to be learnt*, and being brought mentally into contact with the greatest thinkers in every department of knowledge, soon ceases to arrogate to himself any claims of scholarship; his mind is open wide to receive new ideas, generously, without prejudice, and to admit his own errors of judgment. Concentration and thoroughness bring their advantages, they lead the sure way to fame, success, and wealth, but I do not think they teach humility. The versatile man, on the other hand, commonly languishes in his profession; his heart is elsewhere; his thirst for knowledge brings him no worldly benefit beyond a lasting delight. So specialists are wont to be bumptious; from fixing their minds on one small speck, they begin to forget the surrounding landscape.

Ah! but how Miss Kingsley's words called up a longing to behold the "*sunny* face of a *bright young* mistress!" I would like to look once on such an object, and bear the remembrance of it to my grave.

"*Some successful mistresses know. . . . if a girl finds her mistress not up to the mark in daily life—slovenly, eccentric in dress—she loses confidence in her teaching, because she sees that in ordinary life the teacher has less knowledge of the world than the pupil's mother and sister.*"

It will mark a pleasing era in school reform when the "some" at the head of that paragraph may be exchanged for "all." There was a raging fashion among our teachers for the æsthetic, or High School sack. It was worn, like the Directoire costumes now in vogue, with a correct corresponding coiffure. From a face not always distinguished by unusual beauty, the locks of hair were strained away with an austerity which was courageous, if unbecoming, and any wisps of hair (emblems of a weak youthful leaning towards a fringe) that straggled over the forehead, were on the same principle streaked back to the crown of the head.

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The robe was simple as a Roman toga. It was merely a wide cylinder of woollen stuff, thrown over the head, tied with a cord or belt round the waist, and furnished with sleeves bulbous at the shoulders, and attenuated towards the waist. It was thought stylish to carve out the garment to a deep scoop round the neck, and finish it with broad lace drooping downwards; perhaps in order to assist the pupils in the anatomical study of the bones of the clavicle and sternum. A single rose on the left side finished this chaste and elegant costume, which was eagerly copied by the blues of the sixth form. Sad it was to reflect that to that form and to that costume so many promising young children would sooner or later come—indeed, several pretty little girls in the upper and lower second forms, who were much petted in my schooldays, are now going through the dreary programme—bowed backs, short sight, Cambridge examinations, headaches, coiffure, and all.

Three privileges, negative ones, the High School girls enjoyed; and for what we did receive we were truly thankful. Each pupil owned a separate desk, in which it was possible, if her instincts prompted her, to keep her belongings tidily. Further, these desks had chairs with backs affixed to them, such as girls who have sat or suffered long hours on forms in ordinary boarding schools, know best how to appreciate. The third and the greatest privilege we enjoyed was the opportunity of being idle if we pleased. It was possible (I have tested the fact by actual experiment) to pass a term at the High School without preparing one lesson. Little accidents would occur; the early morning text out of Corinthians offered difficulties; and more than once it had to be written out from memory with the whole chapter of context. But the possible penalty was much preferable to the certain trouble of learning it. As for the history, geography, and grammar classes, we had been ambling round the same old story since the age of eight upwards, we had learnt the map of Africa four times, and the Spanish Succession three, so it only was necessary to introduce a dash of local or class colouring to the answers, to give an appearance of correct study. Besides, the lesson books fetched a much better price afterwards at the second-hand shop if they were uncut and free from finger-marks. And there is a sense of security and repose for the girls that form the substantial base of a class, an independence of the chilling caprice of chance or failure, that those who scale the pinnacles and prance on the giddy peaks of

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fame can never hope to taste. If a chance shot, or a lucky guess at something outside the routine of lessons, should elevate one of the laziest to the top of the class, the pride of success will not compensate for the misgivings that follow when she finds herself slowly trickling downwards; and there is a comfortable glow of peace, like the feeling of home, when on arriving safely at the bottom again, she forswears ambitious altitudes for the future.

History, in our teacher's mind, was so inseparably connected with kings, dates, and genealogies, that she could not rest satisfied about our Scripture till we had got a table of the Jewish kings, with their approximate or imaginary dates, by heart. But some among us felt that their genius would be better employed by a critical study of contemporary fiction. So it came to pass that they were three times ordered to write out this list from memory, and that three times this injunction was forgotten, till in the fulness of time they carried heaven knows how many sheets of foolscap scribbled over with Jĕhoahaz, Jehoash, Shallum, Menahem, Pekahiah, Pekah, &c., to the presidential chair.

Every subject in the curriculum was compulsory. Girls with no head for mathematics were still dragged through the first four books of Euclid, and many arrived at the winning-post without a notion of what everything was about, having assiduously committed the propositions to memory, three for each lesson. That was no mean task, to learn by rote forty-eight problems and theorems as though they were so many poems, and to keep all the A's and B's and C's clear at examination times, except when they, by the merest accident, slipped a line and left out the pivot of the argument.

There is much to be urged in favour of compulsory Euclid, for the study has no ultimate aim, it is merely a process beneficial to the mind, a mental calisthenics, and it may be fairly argued that those who understand it least are most in need of it. This cannot be said of modern languages, which no one surely would willingly attack unless they meant to use them.

One girl begged to be allowed to leave off learning German. The head mistress met her with persuasions. She said she might some day wish to study Goethe in the original, and then she would look back to the High School teaching with gratitude. It did not perhaps occur to her that when her pupil did become possessed with the feverish longing she anticipated, it was still

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possible that an English version of that poet by one of the best German translators of the day, might be as adequate as the girl's own rendering, even after High School training. All the beauties of Goethe and Shakspeare in one, could not do away the fear and horror innate in some persons at coming face to face with a German verb. She explained that such a fine language repaid any study. Well, the violin is a fine instrument, though the difficulties of execution are great; why not compel every one to learn it? Some people have no ear for music; there are benighted individuals who have an abiding terror of the Teuton tongue. Certainly, if we survived in these days to the ripe ages of the antediluvian patriarchs, we might all study Turkish to do full justice to Mahomet, and Gaelic for the better mastering of Ossian; but life being short, and full of trouble, and German adjectives, as I have heard, subject to many declinations, under these circumstances, ignorance is bliss.

The rebel was forced to learn her German; that is, she was marched every day to the German class. You may lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink, and the usual admonition of nursery days when we refused food on the plea of satiety, "well, take it against you do," will not apply to mental nourishment. The class was the livelier for her presence; she made the diligent girls feel so superior when she handed three unintelligible incorrect sentences to the teacher's desk with the solemn comment, "My German exercise, Miss Blank," and reproof was received with the excuse: "I'm sorry I could not learn more this week, but my top storey is being enlarged to take in the long-syllabled words, and until the alterations are finished, business is suspended." Such a remark would cost two marks—cheap at the price.

I never could see the advantage of loading the human brain with multitudes of names and events which are much better kept in a book-case. The custom must have survived from B.C. 500, before the art of writing was discovered, when it was necessary to commit whole poems to memory and hand them down from father to son.

In modern times when there are such things as encyclopædias, the effort seems superfluous. It is true that by carrying thousands of dates and statistics about with you, some few of them are certain to be of service one day; but on the same principle a man might promenade the thoroughfares with a wardrobe on his back and a ladder tied round his neck.

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There was a charming little fable published once on a time in 'Aunt Judy's Magazine,' very likely it was written by Mrs. Gatty; it likened the human memory to a sack, capable of holding anything, provided it was not filled to bursting. It would retain with equal readiness rich materials or useless rubbish; and much was said of the persons who distended their sacks with the latter. The fable or parable form has a great fascination for children. This fancy haunted me, and often stung me with reproach at the thought of my patient sack, so greedy for jewels, that was only crammed with dust and dry sticks.

I had the misfortune when a child to exhibit some eagerness for learning, and this my parents endeavoured to gratify with the pilgrimage through the seven schools above mentioned. The result was idleness and failure, my parents were disappointed, and continue so to this day. Truly they had cause. Much good money was sunk among those boarding schools, and beyond a moderate proficiency on two musical instruments, I cannot think of a shred of benefit I carried away except "Alaska, Antigua," and "fence, defence, fender," above alluded to; a confirmed pulmonary weakness, purchased at school number one; and a deep pity for all human caterpillars that crawl their weary way along the public promenades, driven by a governess.

Sometimes I cried to think how golden time was flying by, utterly, hopelessly wasted, bringing me neither present pleasure nor future benefit; only the treadmill of school routine called aloud for its victims, so there was little time to indulge remorse. Charles Reade tells us of those prisoners who had suffered and fainted at their useless unproductive labour on the cranks, being transported with joy when they were employed at some rational industry. There are parents and governesses who seem to imagine that their children would know nothing unless they were incessantly taught. They forget that the mind has its hungers as well as the body. If the compulsory process were carried out over games and food, girls would soon come to dislike their play and meal times, and to look upon them all as tasks. If the food were ladled down their throats with a spoon, nice and nasty, fat and lean alike, and they were given rewards for eating much, and bad marks for loss of appetite, they would dislike their meals, as now they do their lessons; and when emancipated from nursery discipline, would live for a year on nothing but sweets from the confectioner's, just as girls of the present day subsist on novels from the circulating library.

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In that chapter of a great man's biography which treats of his early days, it is quite usual to find that he dispensed with schooling altogether, and was brought up under apparent disadvantages; such was the case with Dickens, Burns, and many more. And when on the other hand he did go to school, he probably quarrelled with his education. Wellington was moody and incorrigible, Thackeray always in disgrace, Byron wild, Darwin stupid, Buckland was regarded as an idiot. The list might be swelled to any extent, it would only be difficult to find exceptions.

Certainly the Great Duke spoke of the playground at Eton as the nursery for Waterloo, but he had not a good word for the class-room. It would be a farce to pretend that parents pay heavy fees at the public schools in order that their sons may study Latin verse. If they leave Eton true Englishmen and gentlemen, ignorance is cheap at the price; they can pick up what they want to know afterwards.

"Schools and colleges," says Louis Stevenson, speaking of one among the many geniuses who grew great without the hampering toils of lesson-book learning: "Schools and colleges, for one great man whom they complete, perhaps unmake a dozen." And admirers of Kingsley will remember how scornfully the old bookseller talked to Alton Locke about gentlemen's sons, who must needs be sent to the University to have learning rammed into them.

Provide a man with his tools, teach him to read and write, and then turn him loose in a library. If there is any decent stuff in him, he will do well enough without tutoring.

In looking back, with every wish to be fair and honest, over my own school days, I cannot find one, not one single benefit that I carry with me to compensate for those five squandered years. Philosophy, or to talk less pompously, perhaps, common sense, teaches that not an hour of one's life need pass without winning us something. I therefore conclude that those long years of slavery were designed to teach me the value of liberty; that I might feel it so fiercely as to preach it, and be ashamed to keep silence.

Liberty, dearest gift of heaven! Those prize it not who have it always; those who never tasted it are happily oblivious; those only love it desperately who once enjoyed it, and had it taken from them.

KATE FRIAR.

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Flittermice.

"And all the silent swirl
Of bats that seem to follow in the air
Some grand circumference of a shadowy dome
To which we are blind."—E. B. BROWNING.

HOW like you, reader, these silent swirlers of the summer night —flittermice, as they are called by the kindly simple folk of some parts of England? Are they pleasant to you, or repulsive? harbingers of good or ill? My feelings are of a mixed character. These quaint aside-thoughts of nature's have for me varied and contradictory associations in feeling. Shall I confess that, in the days gone by and in certain moods, bats have seemed to me like uncanny messengers from the mysterious under-world of goblins and of ghouls? Yes: and I confess that even now bats can be for me unconquerably uncanny—smile who will at the confession. And oddly enough, such is the power of the association of ideas, whenever I think of the little harpies in this connection there always rises before my mind's eye a vision of the opening cavern scene in "Der Freischutz." The dim light, the flashing gleams of red fire, the weird unearthly music, and the general sense of breathless and expectant dread, cluster round, and are in a sense symbolized by the great bats which now and again emerged from the dark recesses of the cavern.

Nor is it only in this way that bats were for me, in those earlier days of trustful acceptance of all things printed, objects of not wholly unpleasant horror. I had somehow and somewhere come across Captain Stedman's account of the huge and terrible vampire of South America. It was with a strange thrill that I more lately renewed my acquaintance with the story in the pleasant pages of the Rev. Mr. Bingley's 'Animal Biography.' Thus it runs: "I cannot here forbear relating," says the Captain, "a singular circumstance. On waking about four o'clock one

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morning in my hammock, I was extremely alarmed at finding myself weltering" (how I dwelt breathlessly on that word weltering!) "in congealed blood, and without feeling" (mark how the mystery deepens!) "any pain whatever. I started up, and rung for the surgeon, with a fire-brand in one hand, and all over besmeared with gore; to which, if added, my face pale, short hair, and tattered apparel, he might well ask the question :—

> "'Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
> Bring with thee airs of heav'n, or blasts from hell!'

The mystery, however, was that I had been bitten by the Vampire, or Spectre of Guiana. This is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle when they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die" (oh, cruel death!), "and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet where, while the creature continues fanning with its enormous wings" (oh, diabolical instinct!) "he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful; yet, through this orifice, he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging" (oh, fiendish animated pump!) "till he is scarcely able to fly; and the sufferer has often been known to sleep from time into eternity."

It is pleasant to turn from such scenes of blood and maybe death, to less painful associations connected with our little leathern-winged haunters of the summer twilight hours. For there are, for me at least, flittermouse-associations which are wholly pleasant. In this connection they suggest delightful evening strolls across scented fields, when the latest songsters make the summer air thrill with their joyous melody, and the soft-winged night-jar chur-r-r-r-r-rs his strange note from yonder lean pine. In this connection again they call to mind the return from some pleasant picnic when the boat drops slowly down the long reaches of the silver Thames, and the silence is only broken by the ripple of the wavelets on the stem, the distant plash of oars, or the plop of some sleek water-rat diving from the bank. Or yet again they recall my pretty cottage at the Cape, with its cool verandah clad with convolvulus and honeysuckle, the

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blossomed pear-trees and the bright plumbago-hedge, and, above, the stern buttresses of Table Mountain fading through the rapid twilight into the star-bespangled night. I thank thee, gentle flittermouse, for these so pleasant memories.

Have you ever caught and examined a flittermouse? In doing so, I warn you, beware of his teeth. He may not suck the life-blood from you; but he may give you an unpleasantly sharp nip. "Fierce little warmints is bats," said my father's gardener when, in the days gone by, he somewhat reluctantly aided me in capturing one in the greenhouse. I kept the little fellow for two or three days in a box in the loft over the stable, hoping to make a pet of him. But my efforts were ineffectual. I could not get him to eat though I presented him with the most tempting flies, beetles, slugs, worms and spiders. He drank water pretty freely from a camel's-hair brush; but always seemed in a state of prodigious excitement, his long ears and india-rubber-like wing-membranes being all atremble with nervousness or indignation, whenever I took him out. He shuffled along the floor with a curiously awkward jerky hand-over-hand motion, the fore part of the body being somewhat raised from the ground. What became of him I know not. On the fourth morning I found his box overturned and my bat missing. I blamed a great grey and yellow barn owl; but perhaps unjustly.

I well remember my disappointment at not being able to tame my little friend—for bats may be tamed. Mr. Bell in his 'British Quadrupeds' describes how one kept by Mr. Sowerby, when set at liberty in the parlour, would fly to the hand of any of the young people who held up a fly towards it, and, pitching on the hand, would take the fly without hesitation. If the insect was held between the lips, the bat would settle on its young patron's cheek and take the fly with the utmost gentleness; and when a humming noise was made in imitation of an insect, the gentle creature would eagerly search about the lips for the promised dainty.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, who made a pet of a poor little flittermouse a great ungainly boy was ill-treating, (more in ignorance than in malice, let us hope,) says that the little trembling thing became as tame as a mouse, grew to know her well, devoured any form of animal food, and lapped milk from her finger. She used to allow it to fly out at dusk and hawk for insects; and it never failed to return at the expiration of a couple of hours or so,

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hanging to the window-sill or the sash until its mistress gave it admission.

Another observer of bat life, quoted by Professor Burt Wilder, says that having caught a lively long-eared bat, he placed the little fellow in a wire-gauze cage, and inserted a few large flies. The captive was soon attracted by their buzz, and pricking up his ears (just as a donkey does*), he pounced upon his prey. But instead of taking it directly into his mouth, he covered it with his body, and beat it by the aid of its wings into a bag or pocket with which the creature is provided. This bag or pocket is formed by the membrane (called the interfemoral membrane) which stretches between the hind legs and includes the tail. Having thus bagged his prey, he tucked his head under his body, withdrew the poor fly from the pouch, and devoured it at leisure.

It is possible that insects are secured in this way when the bat is on the wing, for the same writer, although he had no opportunity of observing the action when the creature was in full flight, states that when an insect was caught a few inches from the side of the cage, the method of capture was the same. During flight the interfemoral membrane is not extended to a flat surface (and appears incapable of being so stretched), but always preserves a more or less concave form, highly calculated to serve the purposes of an efficient skim-net, wherewith to capture insects on the wing. The membrane of the pouch would seem, moreover, to be highly sensitive. Occasionally, says the same observer, when the bat was sleepy, sitting at the bottom of his cage, nodding his head, a poor, silly blue-bottle fly (no doubt of tender age and not versed in the natural history of the Vespertilionidæ) would walk with innocent confidence under and over the bat, passing nose, ears and eyes without danger. But the moment he touched the sensitive membrane of the bag, it closed upon him. And thence there was no retreat. The cruel, sharp teeth of the bat soon substituted for imprisonment, rapid death.

Dear old Gilbert White of Selborne, has in his eleventh letter some observations which I cannot refrain from quoting. "I was much entertained," he writes, "last summer with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey

* This little uncalled-for insult is the writer's, not mine.

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when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion, that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon, seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion, that bats when down upon a flat surface cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more despatch than I was aware of; but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner."

I daresay some of my readers will remember Æsop's fable of the battle between the beasts and the birds. As Mr. Dallas reminds us, the moral of the fable is tacked on to the conduct of the bat. Availing himself of the combination of wings and a furry mouse body, that astute animal hovered over the field of carnage, and joined by turns the ranks of those on whom the god of battles happened to smile, determined in any case magnanimously to throw in his lot with the victors. But as Mr. Dallas remarks, this finesse was unsuccessful; the traitor was scouted by both parties, and has ever since been compelled to make his appearance in public only at night.

Of those who read the fable there may perhaps be still a few who remain in doubt to which party the astute bat was traitor. In any case it may be worth while to point out one or two characters by which the bat is shown to be an unmistakable though strangely modified beast. He is no transitional link between the mammals and the birds, but belongs indubitably to the former group of animals. This is shown by his furry body (though the Collared bat of Malacca has but little to boast of in this respect), by his sharp teeth (though birds of old were not toothless), by the fact that the young are born and suckled, not hatched, and by the unanimous testimony of the whole internal anatomy. Skull and brain, breast-bone and hip, vertebral column and tail, lungs and digestive apparatus, all indicate that the bat is an utter though undeniably lowly beast. I use this word of course in its natural-history sense, and with no hint of the disparagement implied by the schoolboy who, on being asked to describe zoologically the cat, replied pithily, "A cat is an animal: our cat is a beast."

The wing, moreover, of the bat is quite different from the wing of any bird. It is a noteworthy fact, and wonderfully indicative

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of the resources of Nature, that within the back-boned class the problem of flight has been solved in three distinct ways :—nay four, if we may include the flight of fishes. But do flying fishes veritably fly ; or do they merely sail, borne along on outstretched fins by the powerful impetus with which they flash out of the blue water? Often and often in the tropics have I leaned from the bows of an ocean steamer and watched these creatures, frightened by the heavy plunging of the huge steam leviathan, dart from the water and, now and again just grazing the summit of a wave, sail in long curves for the space of thrice the vessel's length. For long I was undecided whether theirs was true flight or not ; nor am I quite convinced to this day. But I lean to the view that the apparent fluttering of the wings, which is very obvious when the fish skims and touches a wave crest, is an accompaniment of the vigorous tail-strokes which often leave their mark on the smooth surface of the water, and that the flickering of the wing-fins as they sail is a mechanical result of the rapid passage through the air. I am inclined therefore reluctantly to abandon my old belief in the flight of fishes, and to place it in the same category as the graceful sweep of the flying squirrel, the Ariel of Australia and the Colugo of the Indian Archipelago.

Of the flight of reptiles—not of the effete reptiles of to-day, but of dragons in the hey-day of their youth—there can be no doubt. In the secondary ages of geological history, when these strange forms were lords of sea and land, and when birds and mammals had not begun to dream of asserting their supremacy, the realms of air also were tenanted by numerous leathern-winged reptiles. These strange creatures throve and grew and multiplied, and were no doubt the terror of the smaller denizens of the land and sea over which they hovered. Some had long jaws armed with cruel teeth ; others in America would seem to have been toothless, and may have had their jaws ensheathed in horny beaks. The skull of one species is not less than a yard in length, and fragments of yet larger crania have been discovered. From twenty to twenty-five feet may have fallen within the wing-spread of these veritable "dragons of the prime."

The curious point about the wing, however, and the feature in which it differs from that of the bat, is that the wing-membrane was spread from the tip of the fourth finger (the length of this "little" finger sometimes equalling that of the whole body) to the ankle and thence to the tail-tip ; whereas in the bat the wing-

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membrane is spread on the four fingers of the hand, all of which are greatly elongated. As in the winged reptile, so too in the bat, the membrane reaches to the ankle and thence to the tip of the tail, a long spur from the ankle aiding in the support of the posterior interfemoral membrane before alluded to.

Quite different again is the wing of the bird. Here, as I need not stay to describe, the arm and shrunken hand bear those exquisite structures, the feathers, which are characteristic of birds, and of birds alone. Indeed the only obvious point of similarity between the membraned-hand of the bat and the feathered-hand of the bird is the comparative insignificance in each of the thumb. In the bird the thumb is very small, and carries a tuft of feathers called the bastard wing. In the bat the thumb is similar to the toes of the feet, and like them bears a sharp curved claw by which on occasion the creature can suspend itself, and which comes into use when it is shuffling along the ground.

There is a curious inverted position of the hind-limb, observable when the bat is thus shuffling along, which I will very briefly describe and then have done with these (I hope not wearisome) structural details. Unlike the monkey and the vast majority of the mammalian class in which the knee is directed forwards, the bat has its leg screwed round in such a way that the bend of the knee is in just the opposite direction. Our little flittermouse has its thigh so twisted upwards and backwards as to bring the hind-limb into the position exemplified by that of a grasshopper. It is this, in part, which gives the bat so curious and ungainly a gait; and it is seldom that these creatures are accurately drawn with the hind-leg in this seemingly awkward but to them natural position; a position which results to a large extent no doubt from the fact that the hind-limb is implicated in the organ of flight. And it is one of the great structural advantages of birds over bats and flying reptiles that the complete setting apart of the wings for flight has left the legs free to become admirable organs of progression on land. The position of the bat's leg may be, however, to some extent a result of the creature's habit of suspending itself by the claws of the feet, since it prevents his continually knocking his knees against the rock or stone surface on which he hangs suspended in this way head-downwards. Most of us I suppose have disturbed, in caves or old church towers, the poor little flittermice in their winter sleep. At such times breathing is almost suspended, the pulsations of the heart

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fall from two hundred beats in a minute to thirty, the blood is in a dark venous state, and the temperature of the body may fall to 40° Fahr., but slightly above that of the surrounding air. Here then is another point of difference between birds and bats. Birds who feel too acutely our winter climate, or who are pinched by a scarcity of insect food, take wing to more favoured climes. Bats do not migrate, but fall into the winter sleep of hibernation.

I well remember, now some fifteen years ago, starting at 7 A.M. in the cold crisp air of a January morning to drive in what they were pleased to call the "stage" from Cave City to the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. As an evolutionist I was forced to regard that "stage" as a somewhat degenerate descendant of a bathing-machine that had taken to terrestrial life. The roads were not good; and I could scarcely have believed, had I not myself undergone the painful experience, that a piece of apparatus so ponderous could have behaved in a manner so lively. Bruised and bewildered, we reached the Cave Hotel, and after some necessary rest and refreshment followed a good-humoured mulatto guide to the mouth of the great cavern. A drapery of icicles hung glittering in the bright cold sunshine before the entrance. Through the narrow passage by which we passed into the main cave a warm wind blew outwards, so that it was difficult to keep our lamps alight. The interior of the cavern safely gained, we looked around us. The walls of the great chamber were festooned with innumerable bats which are wont to hibernate in the comparatively warm and equable climate of the cave.

Those who may not have visited bats in their winter haunts, but who may have visited the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, will not have failed to observe the large fruit-eating bats hanging pendant, wrapped in the ample folds of their wings, behind their green curtain. It is not difficult to induce one to scramble down for a date or piece of fig, which he will carry up with him and devour, hanging by one leg and holding the fruit between the claws and opposable thumb of the other. These "flying-foxes" are larger than their insect-eating relatives, attaining a length of nearly a foot with an expanse of wings exceeding three feet. I have never had an opportunity of visiting the flying-fox in his native haunts—Southern Asia and the neighbouring islands. But those who have seen Pteropus at home do not seem to give him the highest character for amiability or respectability. Sir J. Emerson Tennent, in his 'Natural

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History of Ceylon,' says that when they return from their morning excursions they are constantly wrangling and contending angrily for the most shady and comfortable places in which to hang for the rest of the day. In the evening, too, as they return from the feeding-grounds they wrangle again over the food they have collected, biting each other snappishly, and tearing one another with their sharp curved claws, especially the long hook-like claw of the thumb with which they strike out viciously. Nor is this all. Strict vegetarians though they be, or pretend to be, these frugivorous bats are, according to Mr. Francis Day, exceedingly intemperate and disgracefuliy dissipated. They often, he assures us, and he is not the only witness against them, pass the night drinking the toddy from the chatties of the cocoa-nut trees, which results either in their returning home in the early morning in a state of extreme and riotous intoxication, or in being found the next day at the foot of the trees sleeping off the effects of their midnight carouse.

Let us return from these sad revellers of the night to the better-behaved flittermice of our more temperate latitudes.

There are several species of British bats. Some twenty in all, I believe, including occasional visitants. First we may place the long-eared bat, the great ears of which are fully three-quarters of the length of the head and body, while the earlet, representing the little rounded lobe in front of the orifice of the human ear, is nearly one-fourth of the creature's length. The Barbastelle has ears of more moderate size, but so arranged that they almost surround the little bead-like eyes. His short, blunt muzzle gives him the aspect of a most determined little bat. Perhaps the commonest species is the Pipistrelle, in which the outer margin of the ear instead of curving round the eye sweeps round so as nearly to meet the outer margin of the mouth. Another species, the Noctule, is quite a little giant among our flittermice, its head and body measuring nearly three inches in length! and the spread of its wings reaching to some fourteen inches. The head is broad; the eyes far apart. A female Noctule caught by Mr. Daniel gave birth to a little, hairless, blind batlet, which she received into the cup-like cavity of the interfemoral membrane, and tended with the utmost care, wrapping it in the mantle of her wings.

If these vespertilione bats are scarcely to be called beautiful in face and feature, the Horseshoe bats must be regarded as positively ugly. The face carries a curious nasal appendage or

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nose-leaf. This consists of a horse-shoe-shaped membranous expansion which sweeps round and includes the nostrils. From the ends of the horse-shoe there passes on to the forehead a tapering lance-shaped frontal leaf. In the middle is a central leaf, somewhat flattened from side to side, and projecting forwards. The whole gives to the face a most terrific and uncanny aspect, which is intensified in certain foreign species, such as the Mourning Horse-shoe bat of the East, and the Trident bat of Persia.

The occurrence of these membranous expansions of nose and ear is particularly interesting. For it would seem that the peculiar modification of the integument necessary to produce a wing-membrane has carried with it a tendency for the skin in other parts of the body to vary and to run into membranous expansions.

These membranous expansions—wings, ears, and nose-leaves—are peculiarly sensitive to touch. For it would seem to be partly by this sense, and partly, according to M. de Jurine, by the sense of hearing, that bats are able to thread their way through underground passages where scarcely a ray of light can enter. The Abbé Spallanzani's convincing but cruel experiments showed that bats artificially blinded (for the proverbial expression "as blind as a bat" involves a piece of gratuitous calumny) were able to fly freely and fearlessly in and out among various obstacles to their progress without striking against the walls of the room, or so much as touching with their wings the objects it contained. Nay more, they seemed to be anxious to give the paw of a cat or the hand of a man a wider berth than to any mere inanimate piece of furniture. And when one was allowed to fly down an underground passage in which there was a sharp bend, not only did it sweep round the curve without hesitation, but it detected a small cavity in the roof, and changed its course in order to hide itself in this retreat. It is said, moreover, that those species which bear nose-leaves show greater acuteness of perception than those which are not so adorned, and that many of them are known to frequent the darkest places of retreat, and to fly later than some of their less endowed fellows. Professor Flower has shown that the nose-leaves are developed in part from the integument round the nostrils and in part from the sensory region of the upper lip.

The dreaded Vampire of South America is one of these nose-leaved bats. It is a cruel-looking fellow, with long, sharp canine

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teeth. The length of the head and body is about six inches and the spread of its wings nearly two feet and a half. Cruel as it looks, however, it is in all probability innocent of the blood of man or of four-footed beast. Its food would seem to consist of insects and vegetable products. The maws of those examined by Mr. Bates contained only a pulp of fruits and seeds with a few remains of insects.

The true blood-sucker is a smaller bat, about four feet long and about fifteen inches in expanse of wing. Its teeth are curiously modified in relation to its mode of life. In the adult animal there are in the upper jaw two large prominent triangular incisor teeth, wonderfully sharp and trenchant. On either side of these the canines are also sharp and of a somewhat similar form. Behind these again are two sharp-edged pre-molars. Molar teeth there are none. It is with the sharp incisors that the bat makes its minute puncture of a wound. Some years ago when I was in Brazil I was shown, at Juiz da Fora, one of these Desmodonts which had been caught in the act of sucking the blood from the shoulder of a mule. The wound is, however, not generally a very serious one.

Once more let me return for just one moment to our harmless little English flittermice. The inebriate Flying Fox of the East and the wicked blood-sucking Desmodus of the West are but distant relations of our fitfully flitting friend of the long summer evenings. We must not hold our little insect-eating Leather-wings guilty of the unpardonable excesses of the one or the blood-thirsty savagery of the other. To insects they may appear, and not unjustly, cruel ogres; but let us rather regard them as part of the glad symbolism which accompanies Nature's beautiful awakening from the long sleep of winter.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

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The South-Western Railway.*

THE South-Western Railway forms a fit transition between the great northern and western trunk lines, and what, if we were to insist on an arboreal metaphor, might be called the shrubby lines to the south and east. In one sense, of course, every company has a main line. Even the Metropolitan has one, and it extends from Aldgate to Edgware Road. But the main line of the Brighton Company, for instance, is hidden amidst the labyrinth of branches, many of which start away from the very roots of the central stem, crossing and recrossing and interlacing in almost inextricable confusion; and the mere appearance of the map entirely fails to show that any one road is more important than the rest. Now, if it cannot be said that the original main line from London to Southampton, extended as it has been on to Dorchester and Portland, is an inconspicuous stem, still less that the branch to Exeter, Ilfracombe, Launceston, and Plymouth is any thing but a vigorous offshoot, for all that it is strictly true that the through traffic is by no means so important a part of the South-Western business as it is in the case of the northern lines. Compare an express to Birmingham with an express to Portsmouth, the largest town on the South-Western system, though Mr. Foxwell refuses to admit that such a thing as an express to Portsmouth exists at all. The Birmingham train drops perhaps half-a-dozen passengers at Northampton, and a few more at Coventry, possibly leaves behind at Rugby a carriage for Leamington; but the great bulk of the passengers go through all the way. Suppose, on the other hand, that a train earns an average of £30 on the 74 miles between London and Portsmouth. Not more than £8

* The author has to express his obligation, in more than one point relating to the ancient history of the line, to a book published some years since under the title of 'A Royal Road,' by Mr. Sam. Fay, one of the employés of the Company.

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or thereabouts of this will be through fares, the rest will be paid by passengers, who get in or alight, or both get in and alight at intermediate stations. While therefore the exacting demands of the British public, not unassisted, perhaps, in the case of Exeter and stations beyond by the competition of the Great Western, succeed in obtaining from the South-Western trains that can hold their own with the "Lightning" expresses of France and America, it would be vain to look here for speeds such as we have had to chronicle upon other systems in previous months.

The great bulk of the South-Western traffic being then local and residential—much of it of a suburban or semi-suburban character—it is in London itself and its neighbourhood that the special interest of the line centres. And what is more, compared to the passenger traffic, the goods traffic on the South-Western, as on all the southern lines, is a very secondary matter, that may without hesitation be passed over in silence in the following pages. The South-Western carries in a twelvemonth about thirty-five million passengers, as many are conveyed by the Midland, more than travel by the North-Eastern (each of which has nearly twice the mileage), and almost half as many again as use the Great Northern. But when we come to goods and minerals, the South-Western has about three million and a half tons, as against nine and a half credited to the Great Northern, twenty-five million to the Midland, and very nearly forty to that giant among the coal lines—the North-Eastern.

This state of things, however, is very different from that which was contemplated by the projectors of the original London and Southampton Railway. In the estimate officially put forward by the promoters, it was calculated that the passenger traffic would be worth £50,000 a year, while coal would bring in £40,000, goods and parcels to and from intermediate stations £21,000, and imported goods from Southampton £70,000, of which no less than £20,000 was to be contributed by the single item of "foreign fruits." Opponents of the line declared that even this modest estimate was absurdly too sanguine; one of them went so far as to assert that the railway would only be used for the conveyance of "parsons and prawns—the one from Winchester, the other from Southampton." They could hardly assert, however, that the Chairman's estimate of the rolling stock required—two engines for passengers and three for goods, at a cost of £500 apiece; or of land—84 acres for all the stations, goods yards, and warehouses—erred on the side of

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extravagance. As a matter of fact each engine cost £1500, and within four years of opening the line there were forty-nine of them in use; and the land cost £300,000 instead of £65,000. But the Company were hardly more out in their reckoning than a gentleman who had contracted to buy an estate at Wimbledon. After the contract of sale had been duly signed, Parliament consented to pass the South-Western Bill, which authorized a station at Wandsworth and a second at Wimbledon. On receipt of this fatal news, the purchaser appealed to the generosity of the vendor to forego a portion of the price, in consideration of the injury that must be done to the property; and, what is more, his request was granted.

The first terminus of the South-Western was at Nine Elms somewhat further west than the Vauxhall Station of to-day. The site of it was described at the time as "low and marshy, studded with windmills and pollard trees, and Dutch-like in appearance." Ten years later the line was extended to Waterloo, at a cost of £900,000. The original station is so embedded in the various extensions and additions that have accumulated round it, that it is not very easy to trace it to-day. But it may roughly be said to comprise what is now the main line station, though the platforms have been lengthened considerably in both directions. It was built on ground "formerly occupied by hay-stalls, cow-yards, dung-heaps and similar nuisances." "We have placed on the railway," said the Chairman at the annual meeting, "between Nine Elms and Waterloo, four distinct lines of rails, in order that we may have no trouble or inconvenience in future in the traffic; and also that, whatever may be the adventurous schemes of the age in future, whatever may be the probability of introducing lines south of London, we may not only have ample means of conducting our traffic, be it what it may, but of ability to let others come and hire, that we may benefit by their enterprise and industry on our property."

These brave words were spoken in 1848. It was not very long before the growth of the traffic compelled the erection of what is commonly known as the Windsor Station. The year 1879 saw the addition of the South Station, with two more platforms, Nos. 13 and 14. The South Station is known to the staff as "Cyprus," because it was opened just at the time when Lord Beaconsfield returned from Berlin, bringing "peace with honour." The relief, however, only sufficed for six years. In 1885, a new North Station, christened on a similar principle

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"Khartoum," and with platforms numbered from 15 to 19, was opened; and now, though it certainly cannot be said to be one of the most convenient, the South-Western Company can at least boast that they own the largest railway terminus in London. Such as it is, however, it is probable that Company and public will both have henceforward to make the best of it. To recast so huge a structure, with 100,000 passengers, and 700 trains in and out every day of the year, is a simple impossibility; a task that unless the population of London all take holiday for a twelvemonth, is hardly likely to be so much as attempted. As for the four lines of rails that to all time were to afford the most ample "means for conducting the traffic, be it what it may," they have long been recognized as completely insufficient. A third pair of rails, making six in all, is now on the eve of completion; but the Company, who have had to pay enormous sums for the property they have expropriated for their new widening, have had reason to wish, as one piece of land after another has been conveyed to them with the title-deeds reciting that it was sold to the present vendors or their predecessors by the Company itself less than forty years ago, that their Chairman had really been as farseeing as he fancied himself.

To obtain accurate figures of the growth of the traffic is not very easy, but the following, as far as they go, may be relied upon as accurate. Twenty-five years ago, the signalmen at Clapham Junction, when applying for an increase of pay, and when therefore they were not likely to understate their case, asserted that 325 South-Western trains passed through that station every twenty-four hours. On Derby Day, 1867, the number in and out of Waterloo was 480; but that included no less than 125 specials. In 1878, on an ordinary day in November there were 471 trains; in 1881 the number had increased to 556; seven years more has brought it to over 700. And the increase in the length and weight of each train has meanwhile at least kept pace with the increase of the numbers.

Waterloo, was not intended to be the Company's final goal. Had the financial crisis of 1848 not intervened, the South-Western would have been continued on into the City. Much of the land had already been purchased. The site on which stands Barclay and Perkins' brewery, the lineal successor of that which Dr. Johnson sold along with "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," was already in hand. The

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directors were in treaty for the acquisition of Southwark Bridge. But when the crash came, the whole scheme was hurriedly abandoned. Nor was this all. The projected line from Salisbury to Exeter, a Bill for which had been obtained as almost the sole result of a Parliamentary struggle that cost the shareholders the appalling sum of £400,000, was abandoned at the same time. The portion of the line from Salisbury to Yeovil was constructed some ten years after by a separate company, whose pluck and enterprise were rewarded with annual dividends of ten and twelve per cent., till the concern was finally reabsorbed into the South-Western not so many years ago.

One small piece of jetsam that was not swallowed up in the storm of 1848 deserves a word of mention to itself. The Bodmin and Wadebridge Railway obtained its Act when the Liverpool and Manchester was a promising two-year-old. It was opened for traffic in 1834, the year in which Parliament sanctioned the construction of the London and Birmingham, and the year before the promoters of "a line called the Great Western" succeeded in overcoming the resistance of the Lords to their new-fangled schemes. Like all its predecessors, it was intended for the conveyance not of passengers but of goods. Not in this case, however, cotton or coal, but sand from the estuary of the Camel to fertilize the rich pastures round Bodmin and Wenford. The Act, which extended over seventy-six folio pages, authorized the construction of a railway 14¾ miles in length, with a capital of £35,000; and remarkable to relate, the line actually was opened for traffic with £106 8*s.* 5*d.* of its capital still unspent. There are probably not many other railways in England that got to work at an original cost of only £2300 a mile. But then it must be admitted that the directors exercised a strict if not even a penurious economy. In the statement of expenditure submitted to a meeting of the shareholders in May 1834, when the line was on the eve of completion, there stands this item:—"Steam-engines, comprising engines, waggons, engine-house, forge, coal-sheds, weir and iron pipes for the supply of water to engine, tank, pumps, &c. £25 8*s.* 10*d.*" With an economy such as this, even the most exacting criticism must surely have been satisfied.

In 1845, when "the battle of the gauges" was raging, both the Great Western and the South-Western cast longing eyes upon this small Naboth's vineyard. It is true that by no possibility could the line, which ran north-west and south-east, ever

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form a portion of a through route. It is true too that neither Company had as yet approached within a hundred miles of Bodmin; but such considerations matter little to combatants when their blood is up. The Great Western offered to buy the Bodmin and Wadebridge, spite of the fact that it was paying no dividend, at a large advance on the cost of construction, provided only they got their Bill. The South-Western did not, in one sense, offer quite such liberal terms, but they undertook to purchase, whether or no; and with this latter offer the Bodmin directors closed. From that day to this the South-Western has owned this small line that has never had any connection with the rest of its system, and it is safe to say that it has had no special reason to congratulate itself on its purchase. The strangest part of the whole story perhaps is that it was not till a year or two back that Parliamentary sanction was obtained to the bargain concluded in 1845.

Recently the line from Wadebridge to Bodmin, whose archæological interest was quite disproportionate to its commercial importance, has been subjected to a process of modernization which has practically implied reconstruction. The branch to Wenford, however, has fortunately remained untouched, and on it may still be seen the original rails resting on "chairs," no larger than a man's hand and weighing 8 lbs. a piece, as against the 40 or 50 lbs. of a modern chair. The stone blocks to which, in lieu of sleepers, the chairs are fastened down by two long tenpenny nails, are of all sorts of shapes and sizes, though roughly they may be averaged at 2 feet across at the top, and a foot in thickness. But the rest of the line which, by the opening of a new branch from Bodmin Road on the main Cornwall line to Bodmin, has been brought at length into connection with the railway system of the country, and has been handed over to contractors to be brought up to modern requirements. The passenger service has ceased to run; the train which left Wadebridge on Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays, and returned from Bodmin on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, has been taken off; and the whole of the rolling stock, consisting of one first and second-class composite and two open third-class trucks of the *char-à-banc* description, stands idle in the carriage shed. To show the difference between the old and the new style, it may be mentioned that the width of the track to accommodate the single line of 4 feet 8½ gauge was originally 9 feet, and is now 17, and that, whereas the old stone blocks rested on the bare

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ground, and the wooden sleepers which were introduced at a later period rested directly on them, the new line runs on the top of a bed of ballast carefully packed and levelled, and less than 2 feet in thickness. Moreover, though the original Company built 15 miles for £35,000, it is understood that it has cost the Great Western about half as much again to construct the link, four miles in length, which stretches from Bodmin to Bodmin Road.

There is no need of the force of contrast to heighten the feeling of astonishment with which one watches the working of the traffic in and out of Waterloo Station. At the busy times of the day, say from 8 to 11 A.M., and from 2 to 6 P.M.; three trains arrive and depart every four minutes. Scattered about over the yard are several auxiliary signal-boxes, but the key to the whole situation is the "A" box, which stands astride of the "running lines," as they are termed in and out of the station. From this box the points and signals throughout the yard are worked by 209 different levers, which make in the course of the twelvemonth (so the men themselves have calculated) the satisfactory total of 4,848,700 movements, or an average of twenty-two movements for each train. To this box there are attached, not counting a swarm of boys who run messages and make entries in the train books, ten signalmen. Four are on duty from 7 A.M. to 2 P.M., four more from 2 to 10 P.M., while from 10 o'clock at night till 7 the next morning two men are sufficient to cope with the diminished traffic. But though the hours are short, the work is no sinecure. Probably the mental strain, the haunting sense of responsibility, that to an outsider seems so crushing, does not affect the signalmen very seriously. They have gradually been broken in to their task, and perform their functions in a cool matter-of-fact manner, concerned to remember that lever 49 must be pulled over before and not after lever 167, rather than to think what might be the possible consequences of an inversion of the order. Besides, thanks to the perfection to which block-signalling and inter-locking have been brought nowadays, though it is easy enough to delay a train, it needs considerable ingenuity to organize an accident. But the physical labour involved is considerable. To say that 900 to 1000 levers are worked per hour, means in other words that each man has to move a lever every fifteen seconds, and the pull is a heavy one even to a strong man. Any one standing in the box about 6 o'clock in the evening, and listening to the incessant ting-ting of the electric bells and the crash of the

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levers, as they are thrown hastily over and the catch springs back and locks them securely in their new position, can imagine that the men are thankful when the rush gradually begins to subside, and they can get a moment's rest to eat their suppers.

Perhaps the most remarkable point in connection with the system of signalling is to realize that the whole of it is the growth of little more than one generation. Indeed its more elaborate developments are only half that age. The inspector who now has charge of the whole working of the station at Waterloo was stationed at Clapham Junction twenty-five years ago. In those days the trains were all controlled by disc signals worked from a box on the platform itself, and unassisted by bell or message from the stations on either side. But there is one among the signalmen at Waterloo whose memory goes back to the dark ages when signals as yet were not, and when, in their absence, a journey was so perilous, that an ingenious projector urged that the engine ought always to be from a mile to a mile and a half in advance of the train, connected to it by a sufficiently strong rope. "In case of an accident," as he feelingly observes, "the engineer only would be imperilled."

Up under the roof of the main line platform at Waterloo, in a small box wedged tight against the gable end, where probably not one passenger in five thousand has ever noticed it, and appropriately named the "Crow's Nest," there sits for eight or nine hours of every day an old man named William Chadband. His work is light and simple; he is only required to supervise the admission of trains to the platform beneath him, and from his lips one afternoon the present writer learnt his history. He was born in 1817, and worked at the construction of the line before it was opened. In 1839 he went to Nine Elms, where his duty was to disconnect the engines from the tenders and turn them, as the turn-tables were not large enough to allow engine and tender to be placed on them at the same time. These old engines were so light, that he used to move them about by working what were then known as starting handles to and fro, in the same fashion in which an invalid propels his exercising chair by working the handles attached to cranks on the axle. Or if another time an engine could not start its load up the slope out of the yard—and an engine load was only 10 trucks as against 40 or 45 at present—he would hitch on two or three horses in front, and pull engine and train away out of the yard together. In those days there was no hard-and-fast line between

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the different branches of the service, and Chadband was sent for a time to work as a fireman. But engine-driving life was too risky, so he gave that up. In 1841 he left the South-Western service and went to Corbett's Lane, the junction between the Greenwich line and the Croydon line, about two miles below London Bridge. At this junction the signalling was managed by two flags; a red flag meant that the Croydon train was to come on and the Greenwich train to stop, while a green flag meant the opposite. But the system, though simple, had its disadvantages, one of which was that a Croydon down train might have been stopped just where a Greenwich up train would cut it in half, and after a short experience Chadband returned to the South-Western.

He was then employed for eight years at night-work in the Nine Elms goods yard. Of this his most vivid recollection relates to the terribly long hours that men used to work. One day he watched a train draw down into the yard. The driver's hand was on the regulator, the fireman was standing to the brake, but both men were fast asleep, and the train went through the wall and out into the road beyond. Another time Chadband himself dozed off for a moment as he was holding open the points for a train to pass, and only awoke to consciousness when the last wheel had passed and the switch ceased to vibrate in his hand. His next move was to Waterloo where he became yard foreman. There was at this time one signal put up outside the station-yard, which of course was worked by a man standing on the ground. This signal belonged to a long extinct pattern. It consisted of a round disc of metal balanced on its edge on a pole. One half of the disc was solid and painted red, the other half had the interior cut away, leaving only a thin rim of metal. The disc had a double motion. It could be turned round by a cord fastened in a groove round the edge, or it could be twisted as a sixpence is twisted when one spins it. The signal, therefore, could assume four positions. Turned edgeways to the driver's approaching, it meant that both lines were clear. Turned across the line, if the open portion was downwards, both lines were blocked. If the right-hand or the left-hand half of the disc was open, the corresponding line was clear, while the other was blocked. By a later development when signals of this pattern referred to a branch line, a second disc with a green ring upon it was placed underneath.

Every one has heard of the exceptional precautions when the

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Queen travels; how the goods working in the sidings adjoining the main line is suspended, and the points locked; how trains in the opposite direction are stopped; how level crossings are closed and guarded, and the whole line patrolled by an army of platelayers. Her Majesty a few years since, with her usual warm-hearted sympathy, expressed her desire that the same care should be taken of the safety of the meanest of her subjects as was taken of her own. Unfortunately, however, if the same superabundance of precaution were employed in the case of ordinary trains, half Her Majesty's subjects would have to stop at home, for the traffic could never be conducted at all. But in those days Her Majesty's wish was fully complied with, and instead of every arrangement down to the minutest detail being worked out days before hand in the traffic superintendent's office, and printed instructions being sent to every member of the staff, she came and went unannounced, exposed to the same risks as every one else.

And the risks were by no means nominal. Here is one experience. In days before the injector had been discovered—that marvellous contrivance by which a tiny jet of steam suffered to escape from the boiler rushes back again in a fraction of a second, dragging at its heels a supply of cold water, in defiance of an outward pressure from the boiler of 140 or 150 lbs. on each square inch of surface—an engine was fed with water by pumps fixed on to and driven by the wheels. But if the wheels stood still, the pumps could not act, and the water supply ran low. To meet this difficulty, there were placed in the engine-shed, at the end of the rails and level with them, what were known as friction-wheels. Over these the engine was placed, with its driving-wheels resting on the top of them. The wheels could then be driven round so as to work the pumps, the engine of course simply remaining stationary all the time. But if the friction-wheels were occupied, an engine often set off for a run down the line to Vauxhall, and filled its boiler that way. One day an engine had started on a preliminary canter down what was known as the "light" engine line, from the fact that it was almost entirely reserved for this purpose, and was due to return, when to his horror Chadband saw the 11.15 A.M. express—a still existing train—running out of the station on the same pair of metals. He rushed forward, dragged a red handkerchief from his pocket, and, waving it above his head, ran on to meet the approaching "light" engine. It was stopped just in time.

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Passengers who see railway servants with scarlet neckties probably seldom think of their possible use as emergency danger-signals. But not many weeks back a story, which no doubt has at least some foundation in fact, found its way into the English newspapers, telling how a platelayer, who came upon a solidly-built obstruction maliciously placed upon the line on which the Orient Express was due in a few minutes, saved the train by covering his lantern with a red handkerchief and holding it up to warn the driver.

As long ago as 1869, Captain Mangles, then Chairman of the Company, mentioned at the half-yearly meeting that Chadband was the oldest signalman in the South-Western service, and that he had never been responsible for loss of life or injury to a single passenger. Though well-nigh twenty more years have passed since then, he can still make the same boast to-day. One pleasant fact should be added to his story, and that is, that though he has come down to much lighter and less responsible work, he still draws his money at the same rate as when he was in charge of the yard as foreman.

And now let us endeavour very briefly and in the merest outline to sketch the gradual development by which the one signal on the ground at Waterloo, or the candle in the window of the hut at Darlington, has grown into the great "A" box with its 209 levers. It may be that we have not yet reached the end, and that some new failure will suggest some further possibilities of precaution, but at present the tendency is in the direction of simplification rather than greater complexity. The signals of the modern and now almost universal pattern had, when first introduced, three positions. Full up, they indicated "danger," "stop;" halfway down, "caution," "go slowly;" right down, "all clear." After a train had passed, the signal was kept for three minutes at danger, then for seven minutes more at caution, and then after ten minutes it was dropped altogether. But with the advent of the block system and the electric telegraph, the intermediate caution-signal disappeared. A line worked on the block system, which is at present in force all over the country except in a few out-of-the-way corners, may be compared to a staircase, of which the stations are the landings, and the sections of line between them the separate flights of steps. No train may leave the bottom of the stair till the flight of steps and the landing beyond it is clear, and so on throughout the length of the line. There is therefore, as long at least as fallible mortals

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continue to carry out their instructions, no possibility of a train overtaking its predecessor, and the caution-signal is superfluous.

We need not concern ourselves with distant signals, distinguished from the rest by the fact that the arm ends in a fish-tail instead of being cut square. Their function is merely to act as a mechanical help to the driver's vision, and to tell him, when he is as yet half a mile off, in what position he will find the "home" signal. Still less need we regard refinements such as "starting" signals, "advance-starting" signals—whose use in a general way is evident from the name—or "fog-arms," whose business it is to say ditto to the home signal which on its lofty post, sometimes 70 feet in height, may be invisible in a fog. Let us imagine a train approaching a junction of two roads. It may be intended to go to the right or to the left. There is a signal for each road, and a lever to turn the "points" in one direction or the other. But signalmen are fallible, and a man might open the points leading to the left-hand road and drop the signal for the right-hand one. So points and signals are interlocked, in other words all three levers are brought close together, and by a mechanical arrangement it is made impossible to drop the left-hand signal as long as the points are open towards the right, and *vice versâ*. But then there is a risk. The points are perhaps not quite tight closed, and the flange of a wheel might force them open and throw the train off the line. So another lever is provided, which thrusts a tongue of solid steel through the rod which moves the points and bolts them securely in one position or the other. Till the bolt has gone home into its appointed hole, the signal remains immovable at danger. It is thanks to facing-point locks that English expresses drive at 60 miles an hour through junctions where French trains would be required to slack down to 15 or 20. But supposing the signalman should think fit to put up the signal, withdraw the bolt and then move the points, while a train is passing over them. It is said to have been an error of this kind that cost many lives in the great accident at Wigan some fifteen years since. But such an error can never be made again. Lying along the inside edge of the rails, close beside the points, is a long flat bar of iron. Each time the points are moved, this bar must be raised above the level of the rail. As long as a train is passing, the flanges of the wheels of course render this impossible, as a signalman who would lift it would have at the same time to lift the weight of the train. One refinement more.

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The rod which moves the points may break, and the signalman be unaware of it. He might push the lever over, then drop his signal, and yet the points might have not shifted. To meet this remote possibility of danger, a system known as ground-locking has been introduced, by which the wires from the box to the signal pass through a hole in the stretcher-bar that connects the points of the two rails in such a way that the signal can only be dropped when the points themselves have actually shifted.

And here our tale of precautions would be complete, were it only a single-line junction. But lines are usually double, and it is evident that, if a train going on to the right-hand branch were allowed to approach the junction at the same moment as a train was coming off the left-hand branch, a collision must ensue. It is necessary therefore that these two signals should be interlocked, so that, though the signalman may invite either train to come on, and may choose which of the two shall come first, he cannot, if he would, call them both on together. When we come to a maze of junctions such as exists outside Waterloo, where the trains from seventeen platforms converge on to four lines, these interlocking arrangements become most complicated, and in many cases before one signal can be dropped, it may be necessary to pull over and lock well-nigh a dozen levers, which might drop signals or open points admitting on to the road that has been "made" for the outgoing or incoming train. So much for the signals and points that are close to the box under the eye of the signalman; but his distant signals may be round a corner or behind a hill. How is he to know that they are all right? To meet this very real difficulty, electricity is called in. A circuit is carried up the signal post, so that a miniature signal-arm before the signalman's eyes in the box repeats the position of the outdoor signal. But it is useless to put a signal to danger at night, if the lamp is out. Again electricity comes to the man's aid. Over the signal-lamp is a tongue of metal that as long as it is hot remains bent, owing to the unequal contraction of the brass and steel of which it is composed. If the light goes out, the tongue as it grows cold straightens itself, and closing the circuit, sets a bell ringing in the signal box, at the same moment as a small indicator, bearing the words "light out," drops down in a conspicuous place.

So much for a signal-box, as far as its control of its own section of line is concerned. But each box is in constant communication with its neighbours on either side. For this

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purpose the humblest roadside box has its four block-telegraph instruments—one in each direction for the up and the down line respectively—and speaking-telegraphs as well. In addition, at a great junction or terminus, there will be telephones, discs labelled "light engine," "empties," "express," "local," &c., that the signalman may know exactly what is coming, and electric gongs and bells of assorted sizes, each belonging to its respective code.

Among the "might have beens" of history there are few on which speculation is more interesting than the question what form railway working would have taken, if electricity had not been developed alongside of the development of the capacities of steam. Certainly there is not a main line in England that without electricity could have conducted its traffic on one pair of rails.

And there is perhaps no line in England that has a more difficult traffic to manage than falls at times to the lot of the South-Western. One of its earliest experiences, just half a century since, in the last days of May 1838, was of the Derby day that occurred a week after the opening of the line. The Company had advertised their intention of running eight trains to Kingston, and to their astonishment early in the morning a crowd of 5000 persons assembled at Nine Elms. Several trains were despatched, but the crowd increased faster than the trains could carry them off, and at length the mob broke the doors from their hinges, and forcing their way into the station, took possession of a "special" that had been chartered by a private party. In the end the police had to be sent for, and at twelve o'clock a notice in the booking-office window announced that no more trains would be run that day. Since then the Company has had to learn to deal with larger crowds than 5000 without assistance; but no longer ago than the Boat-race day in 1887, it was taken by storm in a somewhat similar manner by a sudden influx of sightseers, who had found it impossible to book by the Underground, and came on in a body to Waterloo. But the worst that happened on this occasion was that a good many passengers travelled without paying their fare. Still, as the Company had succeeded that morning in despatching 15 specials, conveying 11,337 people, in 56 minutes, it cannot fairly be said that the staff were paralysed. This year the comparatively early hour for which the race was fixed implied for the Company the loss of the fares of 20,000 passengers.

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To despatch a train every four minutes may be taken to be the utmost that is possible on any ordinary line. When each section of the line all the way down from the terminus has a train in it, the limit of speed must be the time during which a train can cover the length of the longest section. And that can hardly be brought below four minutes. A few weeks back, however, by a special effort after Sandown races, 20 trains were got into Waterloo up the main line in the 62 minutes between 5.59 and 7.1 P.M. We spoke a month or two back of the Doncaster race traffic, and the trains that ran every minute and a quarter. But it is one thing to despatch trains from a centre to every point in the compass, and quite another to send them one after the other to a single station down a single line, such as that from Waterloo to Sandown or Kempton Park. The heaviest day's traffic that Waterloo ever knew was on the occasion of the Jubilee Review last July, when 72 specials, between London and Aldershot, added to the ordinary traffic of a Saturday afternoon in the height of summer, brought up the total number of trains to 783 as the record of the day.

Military traffic is at all times a not unimportant item in the South-Western receipts. The line into Portsmouth, the joint property of the South-Western and the Brighton Companies, is the only railroad in Great Britain that passes through a fortified *enceinte*, and in the trooping season there is a brisk interchange of regiments between Portsmouth and Aldershot. To Plymouth, too, the South-Western has this advantage over the Great Western, that it can forward troops from all parts of England without change of carriage. There is one point worth notice as illustrating a difficulty and expense in working special traffic of this kind that is not always appreciated. From Aldershot to Portsmouth is only some 52 miles, a distance that is covered in about an hour and a half. But the train that takes the troops will need to come down empty from London, and then return empty all the way from Portsmouth, thus occupying practically the whole day and running 150 miles, though the Company only gets paid for 50. At present the South-Western is engaged in the construction of a new railway from Fareham to Netley, a line which has been much pressed upon the Company by the War Office, as affording direct access to Portsmouth from the West, and which therefore may be considered the nearest English approach to a railway built for strategical purposes.

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Less than twenty years have elapsed since the railway system of the country was first extended into Bournemouth, by a cross-country single line from Ringwood, full of curves and gradients that limited the maximum permissible speed to the very moderate figure of 25 miles an hour. In 1875, the purchase of the Somerset and Dorset line by the South-Western and Midland Companies jointly, made Bournemouth more accessible to the inhabitants of the great towns of the North than any other watering-place on the southern coast. Two express services daily between Hampshire and Yorkshire without change of carriage are a unique feature of English railway enterprise, deserving not only of record but of emulation. The opening in the last few weeks of a new line which, at a cost of £700,000, shortens the route to London by some eight miles, may be taken as a measure of the importance of Bournemouth to the South-Western Company to-day. And the fact that the saving of eight miles in distance renders possible a saving of something like three-quarters of an hour in time may afford an apt illustration of the difference in the way in which the new and the old lines have been constructed.

The South-Western is the only one among the great companies that has its works in London. The reason of this no doubt has been that hitherto it has confined itself mainly to repairs and bought what new engines were from time to time required. Latterly, however, it has determined to follow the example of every other leading line and build for itself. Accordingly the carriage shops are shortly to be removed to Bishopstoke to make additional room. So at least it is understood, but there are those who are still incredulous. Indeed, the author was informed at Nine Elms that there was an *employé* there, who, when he came up to London to the Company's service thirty-five years ago, was warned not to make any permanent arrangements in town, as the works were going to be removed to the country very shortly. Meanwhile, however, Nine Elms is turning out some work of which any line might be proud. A few years back, both in engine and rolling stock, the South-Western had undoubtedly fallen below the mark. The carriages were old and small and inconvenient, and the engines, which had been in the van of progress a generation earlier, were mere pigmies by the side of the giants of the present time. No traveller on the line can have failed to notice the improvement that has been made recently. New engines of

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Mr. Adams's design, one of which obtained a gold medal at the Newcastle Exhibition last summer, have been put on by scores, and their immense increase of strength enables the trains to do what they seldom did a year or two back—keep time. So great is the change that has taken place, that it is reported that, whereas a short time back on an average 50 per cent. of the stock were under repair at any given moment, to-day the proportion has fallen to 30 per cent. The carriages, too, have not been neglected. Though there is still much stock running that could not be described as "replete with every modern convenience," the new carriages that run to Bournemouth and Exeter leave nothing to be desired. Practically the whole of the stock is fitted with continuous automatic brakes, and a considerable part of it is lighted with gas.

On one other point the Company merits a word of praise. Alone among the southern companies, it has adopted without exception or reservation the policy of third class by all trains. Nor is there any reason to think it has suffered by its liberality. Few companies have had a more evenly prosperous commercial history. For nearly twenty years the dividend has varied between the narrow limits of 5 and 6 per cent. And latterly there have been considerable signs of an intention to allow the public a larger share of the Company's prosperity.

W. M. ACWORTH.

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A Lady's Winter Holiday in Ireland.

PART III.

FROM Cork I went to Millstreet, a village of 1300 people and thirty-three liquor-shops, long famous as a centre of outrages, and as being the residence of Canon Griffin, a priest of remarkable intellect and force of character, whose persistent and unqualified antagonism to certain methods pursued by the National League, now, from a Church point of view, abundantly justified by the action of the Holy See, led to what in his case may be termed "partial boycotting." Millstreet also possesses another noteworthy character, "Jerry Hegarty," famous as a "landgrabber," whose multiplied offences against the "unwritten law" have not only been visited with "complete boycotting," but with the repeated attempt at that, "by which alone" (according to Mr. Gladstone) "boycotting in the long run can be made thoroughly effective, *the murder which is not to be denounced.*" The last attempt was made only a few months ago, when he was shot at and wounded just outside the railway station.

Millstreet is not an inviting-looking place, though very prettily situated. The morning after my arrival was sunny and warm, and smiled on the pig fair which was held promiscuously all along the straggling street. A brisk business was done, and the shops and groggeries were crowded. I had heard some remarks made on my visit to Canon Griffin the evening before, and I did not care to ask the way to Mr. Hegarty's, but coming upon a shop, silent and empty in the midst of the crowd and hubbub, I recognized at once a boycotted business. Mr. H. was expecting me, and took me to his house. His story in brief was this. He is a merchant and farmer, a teetotaller, and a prosperous man. He was also a popular man. His business as

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a shopkeeper was worth £2000 a year. He has been boycotted since 1881 as a "landgrabber," and for "not going with the people and not joining the National League." He has several farms, 1400 acres of land in all. He has spent £10,000 on improvements, spends about £300 annually on lime and other manures, and has reclaimed much land. He employs sixty labourers, and pays about £30 per week in wages. When he was first boycotted, two men were set to watch his shop and take down the names of those entering it. His business is now completely ruined, and he only keeps his shop open to "fight it out," and for loyal labourers. By great efforts he succeeded in bringing to justice the ringleaders among the intimidators, and they were sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. After this conviction his windows were smashed. His children were hooted at and misused at school. He has had to send them away for education. Although shot at twice, he has refused police protection. He has been left "severely alone," and may walk up the street of the village, in which he was once the popular "leading man," without a recognition. He has been made a magistrate. As a large capitalist and a man of great pluck he has not succumbed to the boycotting, although he is a heavy loser, and is socially a *leper*. It must be remembered that the sentence on Mr. Hegarty has been carried out, in spite of the strong opposition and condemnation of the method pursued, of Canon Griffin, the parish priest.

Mr. H. has gone into the Land Court regarding some of his lands, the rent of which is nearly double the Poor Law valuation. He spoke of the opinion created by the National League as "the terror." Three neighbouring tenants, he said, wished to purchase their holdings under Lord Ashbourne's Act, but could not, they told him, "because of the people in town." "Few men in Ireland," he continued, "act regarding all things as they would feel free to act if no coercion existed." * Mr. H. complained of great hardships under the Crimes Act of 1887. Mr. Gladstone's Act, he said, gave compensation to families of murdered bread-winners. The new Act does not, and he believed that the present Government dared not make the proposal. People take advantage, he said, of the immunity

* Mr. Hegarty doubtless referred to the coercion practised by the National League; but there are *two coercions* in force, and if the second be included, so far as my observation goes, I cordially agree with him. Throughout the south and west of Ireland nearly every person who I spoke to looked carefully round over both shoulders before he replied.

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from arrest which "Moonlighters" enjoy, to mask and disguise themselves, in order to demand money with impunity.

I was told that a few days before my visit, a man having taken a road contract which another man regarded as his right, "Moonlighters" appeared, and fired up his stairs, the bullet wounding his little girl. The mother said, "you've shot my child," showing the limb from which the blood was running freely. The masked men who fired the shot denied it. Forty people were in the vicinity, but no evidence as to the act or the identity of the man who perpetrated it was to be obtained.

From this notorious district I went to Bantry, and the peaceful region, so far as outrages are concerned, which lies round Bantry Bay. Two days of a tremendous storm of wind and rain, resulting in serious floods, gave that lovely region a sublimity which it lacks under serener skies. Quiet as the district is, however, there is a good deal of boycotting within a few miles of Bantry in cases where "evicted farms" have been taken, and where the tenants live under police protection, and are indebted to the Cork Defence Union for many services, including the travelling forge which shoes their horses.

Mr. ——, an official of the Bantry branch of the National League, called on me, a good honest man, unless I am very much mistaken. He deplored the weakness of the League in Bantry, and the apathy of the people concerning its objects, the partial and spasmodic way in which boycotting is carried out, &c. He attributed this partly to the fact that the landlords of the neighbourhood have granted such large abatements on their rents as to enable the tenants to live, a significant statement. In reply to a question of mine, he said that it is decided at the committee of the local branch of the League who is to be boycotted, after which the boycotting notice is issued. He said that even under the mildest form of boycotting tenants cannot dispose of their produce, and that often boycotted butter, after being taken from market to market, is brought home unsold. "Any shopkeeper," he said, "who resisted a boycotting edict would be starved out; but," he added, "there is but little spirit about the League in Bantry. Were Home Rule carried," he added, "no people in the world would be so united and attached as the English and the Irish." This worthy man is a strong teetotaller. He said that Bantry "had suffered very much from drink," but that now 1300 people in the district have

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joined the League of the Holy Cross, and that there has been a great increase in comfort consequently.

For the three weeks which followed the storm, sunny, almost cloudless days, and cool, starry nights, showed the wilds of Kerry, Clare and Galway at their best, and a sunset of gold and vermilion glorified Killarney the evening of my arrival. Yet it is a shabby and forlorn town, much preyed upon by drink-shops, and by no means clean. The women there and in every part of Kerry wear good brown shawls over their heads, these shawls being usually bordered with a curious pattern in lighter shades of brown. I stayed four days at the Innisfallen Hotel, kept by Mr. Sheehan, a Nationalist M.P. The County Court was sitting, and I spent most of my time in hearing land cases.

This was a most "Irish" scene, a bare, damp court-house, stained and mildewed, with the area in front of the bench and witness-table perfectly packed with tenants, poor-looking, often ragged, flat-faced, wide-mouthed, unshaven and anxious-looking Irishmen, with a few women with shawls over their heads among them; a quiet docile crowd, and a number of policemen, clean, comely, and well fed. The small galleries were full of a rabble of bailiffs, process-servers, and idlers, and underneath were crowds of tenants with cases in court, leaning over the backs of the solicitors' benches, poking and whispering to various pale young men, Moriartys and Mahonys, who were conducting their cases for them. Land agents and solicitors for landlords, big and often rubicund, contrasting with the pale young men who were fighting for the tenants, and clerks, sat below the bench, and on it, Judge Curran, an earnest, anxious-looking man in wig and gown. This Judge has been much abused. In the two days which I spent in Court I saw that he is a warm-tempered and most kind-hearted man, with strong sympathies with just and liberal landlords, and with "the cause of law and order," and a most anxious desire to do justice and mercy to the tenants.

When the Court adjourned at noon some of the tenants paid their rents, receiving abatements, to an agent who was present. Nothing could be worse than his manner, and he spoke to them as if they were brutes. One of them asked for a receipt; the stamp was not forthcoming, and it was rudely refused. "Get away," roared the agent, as a carter roars at a sullen horse. The man didn't stir. The agent hit him then, giving him a violent shove, and roaring "Police." The policeman opposite never raised his eyes from his newspaper. The tenant was savage,

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but stood down. A man near me muttered, "There are dark nights yet;" but what impressed me the most painfully was the quietness with which the people bore with the agent's brutal manner. There were no cries of shame or blows struck. I believe I was the angriest person there.

When the Judge returned, a number of men "kissed the book," *i.e.* took the oath, in a form which cannot bind any but the most tender conscience. In Ireland the "witness box" consists of a much-elevated table, on which the witness sits on a chair to be badgered by opposing counsel. A very elderly landlord was sworn, and asked if he had given abatements. "So long as I was able," he replied. The Judge asked him how much he thought the tenants could give, and asked them how much they could pay, and his decision wiped out considerable sums in nearly every case, giving decree for making payments in instalments. Other cases were heard in which a "smart young man" secured considerable reductions for his clients, who were very obstreperous, pulling and poking him from behind, and all but losing their causes by their audible remarks, which were scarcely kept under by his comical asides, "Be quiet, Pat—ye spalpeens, ye're getting more than ye deserve—get out with you for a pack of fools. Hold yer tongues, I tell ye, ye're getting more than ye asked for."

In the two days spent in Court the two things which were most obvious were, the hopeless poverty of the larger number of the tenants, who were literally swamped by arrears, and the amount of unblushing "hard swearing." Since then a well-known Roman Catholic ecclesiastic said to me that regard for the sanctity of an oath was disappearing from among the people, and that three generations would not undo the general demoralization, and certainly among the dozens of witnesses hardly ten per cent. attempted to tell the truth, and not one showed any signs of embarrassment when the Judge sent him down for perjury.

"Now mind you swear hard. Blast the fool! to bungle an honest lie! Swear Mike, he'll stick at nothing," as an instruction to an agent, were among the ejaculations around me; "bungling an honest lie" being a folly which called forth the strongest objurgations.* In a case in which there was a good deal of cross-swearing, Judge Curran addressed a witness thus: "Now let me

* I was reminded of a popular priest, who in speaking to me of a certain M.P. said, "He's a stupid fellow, a perfect ass, he can't even tell a lie straight."

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speak to you on a matter of religion, as I have heard what you have just said under the gallery. Is it any use for you to take an oath and kiss the cross, and perjure yourself for a matter of 2*s.*, as you know you're about to do. You can do as you like, but I again put it to you as a matter of religion. This is what so many of the men of Kerry are doing." Nothing daunted, the witness flippantly kissed the book, and plunged into perjury so flagrant, that he was told to "stand down."

Twice only in two days was there a laugh, once when the Judge said, with a sceptical look to a plaintiff, "Have you £18 now?" and he replied, "I could lend your Lordship £50 this morning;" and again, when a man who had sublet a hovel was asked what assets his debtor had, and he answered, "one donkey, one or two pigs, and six children." The Judge said, "But you can't sell her children," at which there was a titter, but one grim-visaged man beside me said, "It's fast coming to that, they'll sell our children and us too."

As I was swept out of the court by the motley crowd of tenants, lawyers, policemen, and process-servers, several of the tenants, including the one who had been "assaulted" by the agent, came to me, saying, "You're English, bless you!—you saw *that;* that's how we're treated—worse than dogs. Wouldn't you prosecute that man for assault?" They followed me to the hotel, and asked me to make notes of their circumstances. They were full of concentrated rage and hate. They told me that they could not make much more than half the judicial rent, which, they said, was considerably in excess of the valuation. They were "half starved," they said, and their children "nearly naked." They worked early and late, and "all their lives were given to scraping together their rents." "It's the English democracy that's all our hope," they said. "The English are just, they'll see fair play. But it'll be too late soon." They asked me to take down the names of four men "who had fallen away from them." "What have they done?" I asked. "Faith, they've paid their rents with money sent from America. Can't you put their names in the newspapers, and bring public opinion down on them. If they pay with money from America, then the agents say we can all pay, and God Almighty knows we're not making half our rents and we're just starving. This is the worst year we've had, saving the praties." Two of these men were Poor Law Guardians.

The National League is "suppressed" at Killarney, but

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the Secretary and parties of members saunter innocently out of the town on Sunday afternoons, and meet at places among the hills previously agreed upon, with the enthusiasm which specially belongs to the hunted, and hurl defiance at those who declare that the League is dead in Kerry.

The train which took me to Tralee, brought from Dublin Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., on his way to his trial, and Mr. T. Healy, M.P., his counsel, to both of whom I was introduced. On a brilliant morning the populous country between Killarney and Tralee, with the vivid white of the farm-houses, looked cheerful, but I noticed police huts, "Protection Posts," every now and then, and on asking the reason, a fellow-passenger replied, "Well, there have been a good many accidents hereabouts," *accident* being a Kerry euphemism for "Moonlight" outrage and murder. At Tralee Station a crowd met Mr. Harrington, but the welcome was obviously repressed in its expression by the presence of a strong force of police. The town was crowded, and bodies of police were massed everywhere. A proclamation, there as elsewhere only safe from destruction on Government buildings, "prohibited and suppressed," any meetings of people in or near Tralee for three days, as calculated "to bring the administration of law into contempt, and to lead to a breach of the peace." Lines of armed police kept the court-house, and they were grouped on the steps, in the corridor, and at the doors leading into the Court, which practically was not open to the public, the larger galleries, for some reason known only to the resident magistrate, being absolutely closed. A striking feature of the trial was the presence inside the Court of a large number of armed police, crowding round the doorways and filling up the alleys between the seats, their spiked helmets, military bearing, swords and bayonets, suggesting a conquered country, rather than an integral part of the British Empire.

The offence alleged against Mr. Harrington, M.P., was that he was in partnership with his brother, Mr. E. Harrington, M.P., in the proprietorship of the *Kerry Sentinel* during a period in which it had committed the crime of publishing reports of suppressed branches of the National League. The defence was that Mr. T. Harrington had had no connection, immediate or remote, with the paper for five years. To prove this statement, Mr. E. Harrington, M.P., who had just "done" a month in jail for the same offence, was under examination for three hours, and was followed by his wife, a pale, pretty young creature, who in

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a short married life had seen her husband imprisoned first for six months, and then for one month. Mr. Downing, a solicitor, proved the preparation of the deed which assigned the *Kerry Sentinel* from the prisoner to his brother. With the exception of one point, which proved fatal to the defence, the non-responsibility of Mr. T. H. appeared clear to my non-legal intellect, and even that point was no stumbling-block to Mr. Williams and Mr. Abrahams, two Welsh M.P.'s, who were in Kerry as a Liberal deputation, and whose comments on the magisterial proceedings were of the most pungent and indignant nature. The passion imported into the conduct of the trial was remarkable. It was never forgotten on either side that it was less as part proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel* than as Secretary of the National League, "the Provisional Government of Ireland," that Mr. Harrington was standing his trial.

The Resident Magistrates, Mr. Roche, and Colonel Persse, whose courteous and fair conduct at the trial calls for no remark, retired when the arguments were over, and on re-appearing, delivered, with obvious anxiety and nervousness, a carefully worded decision, which carried with it, in consequence of Mr. H. declining "to give securities for good behaviour," a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment. Here a great hubbub arose. The prisoner addressed the Bench with much warmth and excitement. Mr. Roche jumped up, flushed and agitated, and when Mr. H. declared that he was "as well-conducted as either of the gentlemen on the Bench," ordered him to resume his seat several times over, an order not noticed, on which, Mr. Roche, much excited, ordered a police inspector across the table to compel obedience, when, happily, Mr. H.'s friends succeeded in quieting him, and in the midst of intense excitement an appeal was allowed. Mr. H. was liberated on bail, and up to this date the appeal has not been heard. Outside the Court, the crowd was densely packed, waiting for the result, and when Mr. Harrington came out with his brother and friends, there was an attempt at a cheer; but it was quickly suppressed by Mr. E. Harrington, who crossed the street, calling anxiously, "For God's sake, be quiet! Silence for my sake," being in great fear of a "bâton charge." A great number of people remained in front of the *Sentinel* office till Mr. Harrington left, but though the streets were thronged till late at night, everything passed off quietly.

The large, forlorn, gloomy, tattered hotel in which I lived in Tralee exaggerated the ordinary discomforts of country hotels

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in Ireland. Paint had gradually disappeared from the woodwork; paper, greasy and stained, hung off the walls; beds had come to be something like potato-sacks, tables were crazy, chairs rickety, curtains ragged, nothing could ever have been mended or decay ever arrested; holes in carpets tripped one up, water-jugs leaked, blind-cords were broken, castors had disappeared, all furniture stood on uneven legs. That "stitch in time" which "saves nine" has not been heard of there or elsewhere. In the Commercial room of this most unthrifty mansion, opinion was absolutely harmonious. The country was going to ruin—or rather is ruined; there was neither money nor trade, nothing could save it but Home Rule; and the heavy tramp of bodies of armed men below the window afforded a text for vehement onslaughts on Mr. Balfour, in language which exhausted the vocabulary of vituperation.

Rail to Killorglin and the Cahirciveen coach took me to the comfortable inn of Rossbegh, a desirable place, with a fine view of the Dingle Hills across a sea loch, the flat shores of which are crowded with hovels of men who are half-farmers, half-fishermen, and between both occupations can scarcely support their families. This is one of the "congested districts." The inland views on the Killorglin and Rossbegh road are magnificent, but the adjacent country is nearly all bog, at one time, judging from the roots, a dense forest. Much of it is still a peat moss, dotted over with stacks of peat; but a great deal has undergone rude reclamation, and where the turf has been pared away, has been trenched, and cultivated for potatoes and turnips. Taking a most uneasy car, I drove to Glenbegh, an estate on which more than thirty families were evicted twelve months ago.

A comfortable police barrack on the right, and a Roman Catholic church and Mr. Rowland Winn's melancholy-looking castle on the left, are prominent objects among the thatched and lime-washed cottages of the farmers. Better and neater thatch I have never seen. There has been no combination against rent on this estate, and, taking advantage of the glorious day, all fitting agricultural operations were being actively carried on. Further on is a deep, sunless hollow in the hills, all bog, fringed with hovels, and partially reclaimed, an extraordinary place for human habitation. Indeed, Glenbegh is the most remarkable evidence that I have seen of the earth-hunger of the Irish peasant, and of his resolute determination to make a living for himself out of Irish soil. To the right of this, the road ascends

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to a considerable height, and then by a long descent through the wild, deep, narrow Glenbegh, reaches Dingle Bay, on that heavenly afternoon a walled-in strip of gleaming opal, bordered on its farther side by the Dingle Hills, whose blue heights and violet depths completed the most picturesque view that I saw in Kerry. This proximity to the sea was, until lately, a source of wealth to the Glenbegh people, for the collecting and exporting of the sea-weed known as Carrageen moss brought into the glen from £350 to £500 annually. One man told me that in some years he had made as much as £8. Now there is no demand for it at all.

With the exception of some land near the stream and castle, most that I saw, if not bog, was stony mountain side of most remarkable sterility, on much of which the boulders were planted thicker than on any British hill-sides that I know, except on some of the worst slopes of the Cuchullins. Most of the grazing land, and every patch on which oats, potatoes, and turnips have been grown, represents (as in much of the west of Ireland) patient, severe, and indomitable industry. Stones have been laboriously removed, and the smaller ones used for dykes; inequalities have been levelled; steep hill-sides terraced and banked up; bog has been trenched and partially drained; land has been liberally or scantily manured; houses, sheds, byres, and piggeries have been built; hundreds of bog tree stumps and roots have been grubbed up, and an inferior but industrious cultivation has crept up the steep, bleak, poverty-stricken hill-sides to a height at which one would not have supposed even potatoes could grow. It is scarcely too much to say that nearly the whole rentable value has been created in Glenbegh and on similar properties by the industry and expenditure of one, two, and three generations of tenants, and this under disheartening circumstances of climate and tenure.

Close by the road, on the top of the hill from which the glorious view of the sea and glen is obtained, are the roofless, blackened, and melancholy skeletons of two farmhouses, which were partially destroyed, and their roofs set on fire with petroleum at the time of the evictions. Seeing my car stop, the evicted tenant, T. Diggin, a quiet, hopeless-mannered man, living in a house which was built to shelter some of the evicted tenants, came to speak to me and made the statement given below.

[His father, succeeded by his brother and himself, had held the land for fifty years. They had reclaimed some of the hill-side,

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and built the dykes. Some "beat them," for it was so steep that the rain washed the soil away. He had sixteen acres, carrying four cows, and turf rights. The valuation was £5 15*s.* The rent was £12, but the Land Court had reduced it to £8. The taxes were nearly £4. A cow yields about a firkin of butter in the year, but to produce this must be partially hand-fed. The sale of butter, a calf or two, and a pig or two, were what he had to depend on, in addition to the potatoes. He has eight useless children. In the good times he couldn't pay his rent without borrowing from banks, and going into debt at shops. He thought that he could make a living if he paid £5 a year for the farm. *He is now six years in arrear!*]

The next roadside house was a miserable hovel, worthy of the Hebrides, destitute of any "plenishings" but two stools and a big potato-pot, with a dark lean-to attached to it, in which the space not occupied by potatoes and bog-roots was taken up by two plank beds, on which "ten of a family" sleep—a splendid quiverful of healthy, rosy, comely, half-naked children, the inevitable baby bringing up the rear. This man, a yearly tenant, if a man is a tenant who has not paid any rent for four years, was born in the house, which his father built. He paid 25*s.* for the grazing of a cow, and 5*s.* taxes. He used to make from £6 to £8 annually, he said, by the sale of Carrageen moss.

In returning, I halted at a farm outside of which shelter had been given to two evicted families. The first shelter seemed to have been a piggery on a small scale. Its door, less than 4 feet high, was the medium for admitting light and air. The inside, with the exception of a corner 4 feet by 3 feet, was occupied with a plank bed, on which a woman of 80 and her brother slept. In this corner some peats emitted a stinging smoke. The octogenarian sat by them, rocking herself. There was room for just two other people sitting close. The next shelter was comparatively stately; possibly a cow-shed. A handsome young woman was nursing a superb baby, the youngest of six handsome children. Her husband took me to the farm from which he had been evicted—a neat house, with three good rooms. *He had not paid rent for five years!* For three years before he fell into arrear a brother in America had helped him liberally with the rent.

(D. Suggree's statement. He had built his house without help; his father and grandfather had had the farm before him. He had drained and otherwise improved some of the land. The rent

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had been raised from £7 10*s.* to £9. The valuation is £5. The taxes average £2 5*s.* He must raise £11 5*s.* before he could make his living. The land carries three cows. In a good time he could make £14 in the year by the sale of three firkins of butter, one or two calves, and a pig.)

He was not sure, but thought he could make a living if he paid no more than half the old rent, "but," he added, "my very heart's broke."

These instances are taken at random from among a number of others. Very many of the non-evicted tenants are said to be in "about the same position"—deeply in arrears for their rent, and in debt to the shops, absolutely unable to pay a half year's rent on the present terms, even were the arrears wiped off, or to take advantage of the apparently liberal offer made to them by the trustee and agent. The people were not fierce or sullen, and made no complaints. "A rise in prices," they said, "would save them." I asked them what hope they had for the future, and the general reply was that their hope lay in fair rents and higher prices. One man asked me "when Mr. Gladstone would come in?" But they seemed to have little hope from anything, not much from Home Rule. "We're waiting—always waiting," was the burden of their speech. It is a peaceful region, and they all said that the police were very kind to them in many ways. Many of the tenants on the better lands had been able to pay their rents in whole or part, but hopeless poverty and absolute ruin have overtaken numbers of those who for many years have wrung a scanty living out of the soil. Many of them said, "If God Almighty hadn't sent us such a crop of praties, some of us wouldn't have seen the year out." All ask, "What's to be the end of this? What's to become of us?" On this and on many similar properties, I am much inclined to think that if present prices of produce continue, it would be possible just to live, as labourers live, on the smaller holdings, paying taxes but no rent, and that on very many of the larger the tenants could live (according to their own calculations) if the old rents were reduced 50 per cent.—a dark prospect, which may have to be faced by the owners of poor land in the south and west of Ireland.

The evening was heavenly in its beauty. The Dingle Hills were translucent amethyst in the sunset, and their clefts cobalt-blue, and every cloudlet as it touched a hill top, or floated away from a reddened summit, burned in pure vermilion on a pale-green sky. The surrounding hills and moorland took on every

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hue of violet and purple; even the bogs were glorified, and the colouring lingered far on into the winter twilight, and after a starry night the enchantment was repeated in the sunrise of another heavenly day. Yet no magic of Nature could obliterate the stubborn fact of the unspeakable barrenness of most of the Winn estate, its stony hill-sides, and hardly less barren bogs, or throw light upon the question as to how 2500 people are to feed and clothe themselves, and pay rates and taxes and £1700 a year of rent out of their produce in these bad times, or indeed in any average times. Later, a number of respectable-looking men came to the inn to consult Father Quilter, the parish priest, about some disputed arrears of poor rates which they had received notice to pay. Some said they could pay, others that they could not, but all were prepared to do as the priest told them. They told me that they consulted him in every difficulty because he is "our only friend," and his "the only advice we can get without paying for it." Elsewhere, men have said to me, "If it were not for our priests, where should we be? Isn't it themselves which speaks for us to the landlords, and gets the best terms they can for us? Isn't it his reverence as tells the English gentlemen how we're ground?"

The next morning I went by the mail car to Killorglin with my landlord and a respectable-looking man, who was introduced to me as "Mr. ——, an evicted tenant, who was in jail as a suspect at Kilmainham, *in glorious company.*"

It was the pig and cattle fair, and Killorglin was no better than a great piggery. It is a dirty little town, beautifully situated. Greenish hovels of a very poor sort intrude among the better houses, and liquor-shops as usual abound. The Court-house, which has an ecclesiastical aspect, is on a hill above a big bend of the river, and has a superb view of McGillicuddy's Reeks, which, owing to their abrupt rise and certain favourable atmospheric conditions looked fully double their actual height. Brilliant sunshine, a cloudless sky, and a dreamy blue veil, which no one could have slandered by calling it a mist, enhanced the beauty of a very lovely landscape. The inside of the Court-house was cold and vault-like. It looked like the chancel of a church, with its lancet-windows to the east, its pointed roof and wooden rafters; its magistrate's bench simulating a reredos; its witness-table an altar; its wooden screen, which separates this arrangement from the rest, the altar-rails; and the vacant area, the choir. The walls are damp and

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discoloured; cobwebs, black with the dust of years, fill every corner; like much else in Ireland, it has seen better days.

It was empty when I went in, and a policeman showed me to a seat on the dais, where three benches at the sides of the witness-table accommodate solicitors, reporters, and prosecutors. I understood that the public were not to be admitted. After a time the magistrates' clerk came in, and asked me if I had "a case?" I did not take the hint, and was left unmolested. Next a sergeant of the R. I. C. mounted the dais. Then there was the steady tramp of well-drilled men, spiked helmets and bayonets gleamed in the sunlight, and a number of constables took possession of the open door, allowing only witnesses and a few privileged persons to enter, while a number were clustered about the dais. The cases which were to come on under the Crimes Act excited great local interest, helping, with the fair, to throng the town, and a great crowd remained patiently outside the door for the whole day, "a tantalised crowd," as the Crown Prosecutor called it, standing in the genial sunshine, while we were chilled in the gloom. The reporters mustered strong, the stipendiaries took their seats on the bench, and after some ordinary cases had been heard, the Court was constituted under the Crimes Act, and witnesses were called for the Crown in a case of "assault and intimidation," in which certain young men were accused of having used violence and intimidation towards one Patrick Connor, who had committed the crime of giving evidence in a Shebeen Case, "an act which he had a perfect legal right to do." The Crown officials had blundered.* It transpired that Patrick Connor, though he had been summoned as a witness, had never given evidence. The magistrate then intimated that the summons was informal, and dismissed the case.

The next case was the Queen against Patrick Moriarty and John Cournane, for having assaulted and beaten Edmund Connon for having carried on his cart a bog-ranger on the Winn estate, and an assistant of the Poor Law Collector, "an act which he had a legal right to do." It was a most trumpery case, and had it not been for a slight agrarian tinge, would either not have come up at all, or would have been disposed of in ten minutes as a drunken squabble among lads. But from the complexion attributed to

* I was often reminded of the witty remark of an Irish judge, to the effect that recent Irish history is the story of the "failure of the attempt of an honest and stupid people to govern a dishonest and clever people."

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it, it engaged the Bench, the Crown Prosecutor, the Court officials, a number of reporters, and an army of police nearly a day and a half, ending in the magistrate taking a lenient view of the case, and "taking into consideration that this is a very peaceable district indeed," sentencing the prisoners to fourteen days' imprisonment, which ensured them a triumphal departure for Tralee jail the following evening.

It was a most amusing trial. In the three prosecutions the Crown was at a great disadvantage, being represented by District-Inspector Oulton, a slight, military-looking young man, in a forage cap and much-braided uniform, with a low voice and gentlemanly manner, who contented himself with timidly asking witnesses a few direct questions, and was opposed by Mr. Horgan, of Tralee, a Nationalist solicitor, a big, florid, able man, by no means objectionable, with a tremendous voice, which must have been well heard outside the Court, who subjected each Crown witness to a merciless cross-examination, tearing his character to tatters, showing him guilty of the grossest perjury, and after each terrible sally, looking round the Court with a triumphant smile, as much as to say, "you see now!" He was most amusing, and several of the witnesses were such obvious rascals that I had no pity for them under his onslaughts. It was a truly Irish scene; a little honest truthfulness, much assumed stupidity, thorough knavery, barefaced perjury, mixed up together in a throng of Sheas, Moriartys, Quinlans, Corcorans, Sullivans, Donovans, and a host of genuine Hibernians, with a background of spiked helmets, and a few open-mouthed men and bonnetless women. I agreed with Mr. Horgan, that the case "did not call for the exercise of the powers of the Act of Parliament, under which the Court was being held." In his opinion "all the parties engaged in the row should have been brought up for fighting on the public road."

The next day was the cattle fair, and going to the fair-grounds I not only met with courtesy, but was addressed by many in kindly words, simply because I was English. Some of the men went with me round the fair, telling me the prices of cattle and asses, but there was no wit or fun, and nobody asked me to buy.

The trial that day attracted immense local interest, for not only were the three defendants three of the most respectable young men in Killorglin, one of them being a civil engineer, but they are energetic members of the local branch of the National League, and the prosecution was regarded as an attack upon it. There

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was a great crowd outside, and Father Lawlor and other parish priests and curates were present in Court. The charge against two was for assaulting and obstructing the police, and against the third for inciting to such obstruction.

The first witness placed on the table was an honest, mild-looking police-sergeant. His evidence, to cut a long story short, was that he was patrolling near a place known as the League Rooms, to see if a meeting would be held there, when Father Lawlor, the defendants, and other persons drove up on four cars, and went up to the room, where the defendants stood on each side of the door, and allowed none to enter but members. In a rush which took place, the defendants placed their hands on the sergeant, and were themselves nearly shut out. In reply to the Bench, the sergeant said, "I won't swear it was altogether to prevent me getting in. I won't swear they did it deliberately to keep me out." Mr. HORGAN: "Did you believe the British Constitution was in danger at the time?" The Bench suggested that this was irrelevant; and asked if the question was to go on the depositions. Mr. HORGAN: "Yes, sir; because I will show that this is one of the most extraordinary prosecutions I ever heard." (To witness) "Did you think the British Constitution was in danger?"—"No, I did not." "Did you believe the meeting was to terrify and alarm the people?"—"No." "Did you believe the meeting would endanger the public peace?"—"It never endangered the public peace here." "Tell me, now, what is your definition of an unlawful assembly?—"The Act of Parliament considers the National League an unlawful assembly, and of course I must go by that." Mr. HORGAN (holding up a book): "There is the Act of Parliament. Will you show me one word which says that the National League is illegal? You believe because a proclamation is sent out from Dublin Castle by persons who know nothing about law"—the magistrate, interrupting—"I don't think that is so." Mr. HORGAN: "They're not lawyers. What does Sir West Ridgway know about the law?"—WITNESS: "As long as I am a peace officer I must follow it." "You must follow the directions of the people in Dublin Castle?"—"I must do what they order me." During a prolonged cross-examination the sergeant was made to admit that a Young Men's Society, started by Father Lawlor, and which was productive of great good, held its meetings in that room; that the room was Father Lawlor's property and on the chapel grounds; that he didn't believe the young men intended to commit an assault on

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him; that he didn't consider their placing their hands upon him an assault; that no one that day could give better advice to the people than the priest; that the sounds inside the room were more like reading than speaking, and that the meeting was of a peaceable character!

Mr. Horgan looked round the Court triumphantly. Another constable mounted the table. The magistrate asked if he could only reiterate the evidence of the last witness? The Crown Prosecutor said, "He can only reiterate, and he can hardly say as much as the other man, too." The magistrate then said that he and his colleague "did not consider there was any case of obstruction made out against the defendants," and complimented Mr. Horgan on his efforts on their behalf. On the dismissal of this case the defendants and the priests left the Court, but though I was close behind them, I did not hear any cheering from the crowd which welcomed them, and it gave me the impression that the people were thoroughly cowed. Certainly in any other part of Britain this result of a case which had created so great an interest would have been greeted with wild enthusiasm, and the young men would have been borne shoulder-high through the streets.

Two things connected with this Crimes Act Court seem noteworthy: first, the injurious effect of frivolous and vexatious prosecutions; and second, the independence of the much-abused stipendiaries, in dismissing two out of three cases brought before them by the Crown.

That evening I paid an interesting but painful visit to Mrs. Curtin at the Castle Farm at Molahiffe, with its grim "Protection Post" and ghastly memories, and the next day went northwards to repeat many of the foregoing experiences.*

ISABELLA L. BIRD.

* I have fulfilled the promise made in the first paper, not to inflict my own opinions on the reader, but to content myself with reporting facts, or what were given to me as such. I must, however, be allowed to add that I do not believe that any Land Act, however liberal, can relieve or content the peasant farmers of Ireland, crushed and swamped as they are under a load of debt, unless it is accompanied by an Arrears Act, dealing with arrears which have accumulated under rents now legally adjudged unfair.—I. L. B.

THE END.

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A Counsel of Perfection.

BY LUCAS MALET.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," "MRS. LORIMER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"Oh! fool and blind! the leaf that grew,
The opening bud, the trees,
The face of man, he no wise knew,
Or careless turned from these
To delve, in folios rust and must,
The tomb he lived in, dry as dust."

IT was well for Miss Casteen, perhaps, that her mind was more addicted to dwelling upon the rights of others, than upon rights of her own. She possessed great ingenuity in framing excuses. And this amiable faculty she exercised freely in Antony Hammond's behalf as the days grew into weeks, and the weeks mounted up into one month, almost into two, without her hearing of or from him.

But the strain of maintaining an excusatory attitude of mind for a length of time is heavy. Like every other mental strain it is liable to give outward and visible signs of its existence either in lassitude or painful excitability. Miss Casteen's temperament was naturally well balanced. She did not suffer from excitability; but she did suffer from lassitude. She looked far from well. Mrs. Cunnington observed that she was "losing flesh"—a fact, which, having herself a patriotic predeliction for the British breakfast and dinner table, she put down to "their 'orrid messy foreign ways, all made-dishes and such flummery;" adding that in "those out-of-the-way places there was no knowing what nastinesses you didn't put into your inside wrapped up in nonsensical sauces."

Dr. Casteen, however, did not appear to note any physical

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falling away on his daughter's part; his absorption in his work —which Mrs. Denison qualified as "so beautiful"—having the, for himself, happy result of making him very unobservant of the well-being or ill-being of others, except in so far as it might disturb or hinder the prosecution of his own business.

However, all things come to an end, and Miss Casteen's state of probation offered no exception to the common law. It came to an end; but the way of its coming was a doubtfully restorative one.

For one bright October morning, when the grass under the hedgerows and under the northern wall of the churchyard was crisp with frost, while the mild sunshine gilded the few remaining leaves on the great elms and lay like a soft bloom along the horizontal branches of the cedars, among the morning's letters Lydia found a long and discursive one from Mrs. Denison. Lydia was a little ashamed of her own weakness; but the sight of Swiss stamp and the Swiss post-mark sent a quick tingling thrill through her, which caused her to carry the missive up to her own room and turn the key in the lock, before sitting down upon a spindle-legged chair by the dressing-table to read it.

Her hands shook a little as she unsealed the envelope and flattened out the rustling foreign paper.

The first sheet was filled with details regarding the writer's health, and the uncertainty of her plans; with lamentations over Runciman's want of method in packing, and her suspected inclination to flirt with Johnston, the valet, when neither master nor mistress were looking. Then followed these notable sentences:—

"I can't bear telling you, my sweetest Lydia," wrote Mrs. Denison, who had a habit of frequent and emphatic underscoring;—"but I do feel that you ought to know, because I could not help suspecting at one time—it may have been just a foolish little fancy of mine and you may be very angry with me—that you took rather an interest in Mr. Hammond. And he was so very much *aux petits soins;* of course I could not help seeing that. But we are afraid now that he is not quite, quite so nice as we always thought him. Of course some men have a reputation and then one knows what to expect; but I never heard anything of that sort about him. And so it really was quite a blow to us when we met him the other day as we were on our way here. The dear good Sultan was terribly

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annoyed about it all; and I really must say it was very barefaced and dreadful. He was going about quite openly with a very handsome, very smart person—I mean Mr. Hammond was, not Albert; he, poor dear, as usual was only going about with me, and, as you know, I certainly don't answer to that description—whom I admired very much in my stupid way; but that clever Sultan detected it all in a moment. Of course it was frightfully awkward, and we bowed ourselves out as soon as we could. Albert was in a dreadful fuss—he would have liked me not to speak at all, but I did not see how I could refuse to do that. He did not attempt to introduce her; in fact he did not account for her in any way, and that made it all so very clear. I believe—we met dear Lady Louisa again here at Montreux, and she says there are all sorts of stories about her—that she is the wife of some wretched old man in Holland or Belgium. Brussels is dreadfully bad, you know. Evidently, from what Lady Louisa says, it is not at all nice. I am thankful to say they have both gone now, though. I hope dear Dr. Casteen keeps well, and that you have settled down to your beautiful peaceful life again. I do so hope——"

But Lydia did not care to know what more Mrs. Denison hoped. She had read thus far in growing bewilderment. Ignorant as she was of many of the ways of this wicked world, it took her some minutes to arrive at the meaning of her correspondent's enigmatic communication. But, alas! she grasped it very thoroughly at last—grasped it with a sickening sense of shame, that made her recoil as from something nauseous, wholly repulsive and disgraceful. She threw the letter on to the dressing-table beside her, drawing her hands away, and wiping them one against the other as though to rub off some visible soil or stain. Then she sat motionless, stunned by the suddenness of the blow.

The pale fresh room around her was gay with the sunlight that spread across the white coverlet of the bed, and checked the dove-coloured carpet beyond with squares of brightness. The bullfinch this morning was in excellent spirits. He sidled up against the bars of his cage fixing one round eye on his mistress, his charming black tail all on one side, and indulged in little chirpings indicative of a lively desire for hemp-seed. The lower sash of the southern window was raised, and from the lawn, where the gardener was sweeping up the stray leaves, came the hushing sound of a broom. Down the cross lane, through

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the pastures yonder, some five or six men were riding to covert, their black hats and scarlet shoulders bob-bobbing above the long lines of the russet hedge-rows. All was still, redolent of that unostentatious comfort and reposeful security which seems to cling so agreeably about country houses in the English midlands upon a fair day.

But the homely charm of the scene was lost upon Lydia. Only one sound asserted itself in the midst of her numbing misery, and that was the sound of her father's slow halting footsteps as he paced along the path just below. Soon she would have to go downstairs to him, for a bundle of proofs had arrived along with the morning's letters, and he would expect her to report on the correctness of the printing and the number of pages sent. But Lydia told herself she could not go down just yet.

Perhaps Miss Casteen's feeling was over-strained. But the very smallness of her experience, the very isolation of her life had, so far, saved and sheltered her from acquaintance with many ugly facts, which the majority of women of her age and social standing learn to take, if sadly and unwillingly, yet practically very much for granted. Mrs. Denison's whole letter, both in its manner and in its substance, was a revelation to Lydia Casteen. To be told this wretched thing—of which, if true, it was a degradation even to think—in this light gossipy tone was revolting. The pain of believing Hammond faithless, was to her, in her strong innocence and rectitude, as nothing when compared to the pain of believing him sinful—for Lydia used such old and uncompromising terms in her own mind. Her personal offence, her personal sorrow, was merged in the far wider sorrow of regarding him as guilty; and of realizing that such guilt is, after all, common enough. And it was not only the present which the thought of this sin blackened. It poisoned the fair remembrance of all those pleasant hours which she had spent with him. It seemed to Lydia—in her narrow purity of conception—to give the lie to every kind word he had said, every brilliant or sympathetic expression of his. And the anguish of this, the anguish of being compelled to hold this man base, and, as she put it, wicked, seemed almost more than she could endure.

Dr. Casteen's footsteps, meanwhile, had reached the little gate under the cedars. The sound of them ceased for a brief space; then they began to travel slowly back again. As he passed under his daughter's open window, Dr. Casteen cleared

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his throat. He was growing slightly resentful of her absence. He did not relish being kept waiting. But he would neither call to, nor send for her. For he was one of those uncomfortably constituted persons who appear to suck no small subjective sweetness out of a sense of injury. He preferred all the fault to be on the other side. He would make no effort to mitigate the offence by a direct reminder. He would endure in silent and punctilious civility, reserving to himself the liberty of eventually expressing, by a few degrees of extra chilliness in manner, the annoyance which he was so perfectly justified—according to his own opinion—in feeling.

The sound of his returning steps, however, had roused Lydia from the stupor of her sorrow. It came to her with the compelling force of outward authority, reminding her that she did not belong to herself, that her private concerns, however absorbing, were but of secondary importance. Her father's needs, desires, interests, ranked before any of her own—ranked before them just as surely as, in a well-regulated mind, things sacred rank before things secular.

Lydia rose to her feet. In doing so she passed into the full glow of the sunlight. The soft warmth seemed like a kind and comforting hand laid on her. Her spirit revived in a quick movement of denial and of hope.

"It cannot be," she said half aloud. "It cannot be. It is all some horrible misconception. There is an explanation. If I only could see him, I would ask him. And I know he would tell me. He cannot be so ignoble. I will not condemn him on mere hearsay like this. If I could——"

But here the garden door, just below, creaked and then shut to with a hesitating bang. Lydia had overstayed the appointed time. Her father had gone indoors again. He would be very much displeased. And his daughter shrank from his silent cold-blooded intimations of displeasure, as some soft fine-skinned creature shrinks from harsh winter wind and snow.

She crumpled the letter hastily together, dropped it on the hearth, lighted a match, watched for a few seconds while the thin paper writhed and quivered in the flame—a word here and there starting momentarily into weird distinctness, quickly vanishing again into a crumbling dimness of livid ash. Then she went swiftly downstairs and into the study.

"Papa," she said, "I am afraid I have delayed you. I am very sorry to be late."

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Dr. Casteen was sitting in the large, leather-covered, easy chair—a reading-desk fixed to the right arm of it—with his back to the light. He raised his hand and motioned Lydia to take her usual place at the writing-table, loaded with a goodly array of manuscripts, note-books and proofs.

"I trust I am never unreasonable, my love," he said, in his careful way. "Can you kindly inform me whether the expected section has arrived in slip, as we anticipated, by this morning's post?"

"Yes, oh yes. It has come," Lydia answered.

Her voice had a singular inflection in it. She looked at her father, an almost desperate enquiry in her child-like eyes. For Lydia's need, just then, was great; and to satisfy it she was tempted to try a rather tremendous remedy. If she spoke to her father openly, if she told him all the story of her present grief, was it not just possible that he might be stirred and touched?—that his heart might beat in responsive sympathy, through all the mummy-cloths of deadening scholarship in which he had so long and carefully swathed it?—that he might hear and remember, at last, the forgotten language of human sorrow and human tenderness? — that he might counsel, comfort, strengthen her?

Dr. Casteen, meanwhile, was supremely unconscious both of his daughter's need, and of the alarming adventure she was tempted to undertake in his direction. He waited for a time after she had spoken, as though expecting some further information. Then he pulled the green shade lower on his forehead with a nervously impatient action.

"My dear Lydia," he began, "it is among the distressing consequences of physical infirmity that it reduces the sufferer to a condition of dependence. Of the humiliation of that condition few persons, I believe, could be more acutely sensible than myself. But the sting of such humiliation is increased fourfold in intensity, when those upon whose co-operation and assistance the sufferer had been obliged—perforce—to rely, begin to exhibit signs of chronic apathy and indifference. I have regretted to observe in you, my love, such signs since your return. I note an absence of all vital interest in the work in which we have now, for some years, been associated. This has caused me deep concern. I do not, though I hold that I should be justified in so doing, propose dilating upon the obligations that exist on the part of the child towards the parent."

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Dr. Casteen leaned forward in his chair—placing his thin hands on the arms of it; and picking nervously at the brass-headed nails that studded the joining of the woodwork and leather.

"I do not, as I say," he continued, "propose dilating upon these venerable, and I may add sacred, obligations. I merely desire to remind you of them. I leave the rest to your conscience."

Dr. Casteen let his spare figure drop back against the leather cushions again.

"Had it entered into the designs of Providence that my child should have been a son rather than a daughter, I should have been saved much disappointment; and I should, in all probability, have achieved a very much greater success," he said wearily.

Lydia rested her elbows on the writing-table, and covered her face with her hands.

"I have done my best," she said in a low voice.

"I have abstained from mentioning this subject to you sooner," he went on, "in part out of a fear—which I think you will respect—of causing you pain; in part out of reluctance of pressing any claim of mine upon you, however legitimate that claim might be. I do not forget the suspicion with which some of your friends have appeared to regard me. And it must ever be a matter of the deepest regret to me to have reason to blame you at all. But to-day the apathy and indifference, to which I have already alluded, appeared to culminate in a manner which would have rendered continued silence on my part an act of weakness merely."

His voice dropped at the end of the sentence as with a certain finality. He cleared his throat and then added :—

"Having done so, that is, having broken silence and told you my mind plainly—yet, as I trust, without undue rancour or resentment—we will, if you please, my love, dismiss this unhappy subject, and resume the interrupted course of our forenoon occupations. And, to avoid further delay in the prosecution of these occupations, I will ask you to favour me with a short account of that portion of printed matter to-day received when I return from my drive this afternoon."

Dr. Casteen, in the convenient obscurity of the green-silk shade and of his own egotism, was quite unaware of the effect of this address upon his daughter. He concluded it even in an inward movement of grim self-complacency; for it

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appeared to him that this allusion to the proofs and clearly expressed willingness to wait some hours for an account of their contents, had in it a ring of praiseworthy moderation and clemency. Picture then his amazement when Lydia, rising from her place at the writing-table, said, with a certain imperiousness of accent:—

"I am sorry, but I can do no work this morning. You must excuse me, papa. I can neither write nor read for you. I wish to be alone and to be quiet. I am not well."

Dr. Casteen moved impatiently in his chair.

"My love," he said, "you must pardon my observing that this indisposition is extremely sudden."

"Oh! no, it is not at all sudden, papa," she answered, smiling. "It has been coming on for some time. Only to-day it has culminated, I suppose, like the apathy for which you have just reproved me."

Miss Casteen went towards the door.

"I should advise your calling in Dr. Mason," her father remarked, with his usual measured utterance. "I regret that you are not well, my love; but I can hardly acquit you of a charge of slight inconsiderateness in not having acquainted me with the fact of your indisposition earlier. I could then have communicated with Mr. Morgan, requesting him to fill your place. By this means I should have avoided the waste of some valuable hours."

"Oh! the hours need not be wasted," Miss Casteen replied, in a very penetrating tone of voice. "They will afford us both time for reflection. That may prove profitable. I undoubtedly have much, and even you, dear papa, may still have something, to learn."

A spasm passed across Dr. Casteen's pale finely-chiselled face. He leaned forward again, and pushed the green shade up high on his narrow forehead. He had an imperative call to see, and know,—to understand this astounding revolution in his daughter's speech and manner. He turned angry, agitated, questioning looks upon the slim, maidenly figure in its plain black dress, standing there grave and calm, yet, as it seemed to him, full of an incomprehensible accusation and reproof, by the half-open door.

"Lydia," he cried, "what is the meaning of this? Of this unexpected and most unseemly exhibition of temper? Of this unpardonable levity?"

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Miss Casteen paused. And then—surely she had the right to do so?—she decided to tell him the truth, fairly and freely, just this once. It required all her courage and self-control, but she spoke quietly, without agitation and without violence.

"You are a great scholar," she said, "and no one honours your attainments, papa, more than I do. How should they? For no one knows, as I do, your untiring industry, your patience in research, your fine disregard of personal suffering and discomfort. Pray do not think I undervalue all this. Indeed, I do not. But your love of learning has warped your mind, somehow. You can read the thoughts and reconstruct the circumstances of people who lived hundreds of years ago; you can master the most crabbed Greek or basest monk-Latin; yet you fail to read the plain English of the thoughts, and feelings, and sorrows, and aspirations of those nearest to you. You are deaf alike to their suffering and rejoicing. Books are more, far more, to you than living men and women."

Lydia's voice deepened.

"You have cut yourself off from all common social relations. You have buried yourself alive; and you are trying to bury me too. Custom, habit, a fear I have of you—and a love that I have also—have always made me silent till now. I have been obliged to give way. But to-day I am strong, strong with the bitter strength of a private grief; and I refuse to let you wrap the grave-clothes any closer about me. Just for a few hours, just for one day, I demand to belong to myself, I ask you to set me free."

Her voice softened again, and the expression of her sweet face softened as well.

"It is not so very much to grant me, after all, dear papa," she said. "I only want one day to be miserable in at my leisure. To-morrow I will come back to you. I will be obedient—I will even be interested—the apathy that so troubles you shall have quite gone."

Lydia came close to her father's chair, and looked down at him, smiling.

"You may trust me; I have always kept my word. I shall keep it now."

And with that she passed out of the room, down the matted passage, and into the brighter light of the hall.

Rosencrantz, the *dachshund*, charmed at her unlooked-for appearance, made a rush at her, and pranced round her, erecting

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himself on his ridiculous little hind legs and scraping his crooked fore-paws all down the front of her gown. But Miss Casteen, for once, paid but slight attention to her faithful canine lover. For she saw that the front door was wide open, and that Emma, the parlour-maid, stood at it speaking to two gentlemen. One was Edgar Morgan, his large ears, what with suppressed agitation and the sharpness of the morning air, showing crimson beneath the wide brim of his clerical hat. The other—and as Lydia recognized him she turned faint and dizzy, while the strips of oil-cloth and polished black boards of the floor seemed to sway and sink away under her feet—the other was Antony Hammond.

CHAPTER XIII.

" How the world's made for each of us !
How all we perceive and know in it,
Tends to some moment's product thus,
When a soul declares itself—to wit,
By its fruit, the thing it does ! "

"Oh, good-morning, Miss Casteen," Edgar Morgan began as he came into the hall.

—Strangers are by no means as plentiful as blackberries at Bishop's Marston, and the young man was slightly flustered at finding himself in possession of a fine specimen of that rare and interesting description of fruit.—

"I met that gentleman walking up from the station," he continued, in a rather excited aside, "and he asked me the way here. Knowing that Dr. Casteen is always engaged in the morning, I thought I had better bring him myself. I thought, perhaps, I might be useful in—in showing him the church, or—something—thought in fact that I might be useful to you, Miss Casteen."

Hammond had come forward too. He stood smiling at Lydia in his old, easy, good-tempered, pleasant way, holding his hat in his hand.

"Yes, I had the good fortune to encounter Mr. Morgan," he said.—Hammond had a remarkable facility in acquainting himself with names, and, in this case, he did so the more readily that he had by no means forgotten the incident of Dr. Casteen's letter to Mr. Denison.—"And Mr. Morgan most amiably proceeded to act the part of good Samaritan, and to save me from any chance of falling among thieves by con-

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ducting me here with all possible despatch. *En route* he has supplied me with much interesting local information. I have every reason to be extremely obliged to Mr. Morgan."

Hammond spoke lightly; but, in point of fact, he was nervous. He felt abashed before this gentle woman, with her pale face and charming eyes. It struck him that she had changed somehow—that she had aged, not by the passing of time, but through the action of some acute and searching mental experience—since he had said farewell to her on the Interlaken station. He held out his hand to her now, with a movement of diffidence.

Miss Casteen did not take his hand. She carried her head erect. There was a certain austerity in her manner.

"We will talk together presently," she said. And then added, as by quick impulse:—"Thank God! you have come."

Hammond bowed slightly and moved aside. He was surprised, impressed, a little taken aback by this greeting. Both in its dignity and in its fervour, it appeared to him original. But then, as he reflected, Miss Casteen was distinctly original—that was one of her principal attractions.

Lydia meanwhile addressed herself to the young clergyman.

"You can be useful to me," she said, "most useful, if you will. I am tired to-day. I could not work with my father. I left him hurriedly just now, and I am afraid he was disappointed and a little vexed. Will you go and write for him for a time? It would be very kind."

Mr. Morgan glanced at Hammond, who stood pulling the *dachshund's* soft ears at the open door, thus ingratiating himself greatly with that bandy-legged little person.

"You know I would do anything in the world for you, Miss Casteen," he said, his good young face suddenly getting very red—"anything. And of course I'll go and write for Dr. Casteen if you wish it; but—but couldn't I take that gentleman—I didn't catch his name—off your hands first, somehow? If you are tired, you won't want the bother of entertaining him."

"I am glad to see Mr. Hammond. I do not think he will bother me, thanks," Lydia answered gently.

"Then—then," he insisted, "there's really nothing else I can do for you, Miss Casteen."

Lydia shook her head with a smile. "Nothing," she said—"nothing."

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As the curate walked ruefully away in the direction of the study, Miss Casteen went up to Antony Hammond. A sensation of faintness and dizziness still oppressed her. She was shaken by her late interview with her father, shaken, too, by this sudden meeting. She wanted to get out of the house into the frosty freshness of the autumn morning. She felt it would steady and strengthen her. And there was, moreover, an underlying touch of very excusable sentiment in her desire. Most of those past happy hours that she had spent with Antony Hammond had been, according to the pleasant Continental fashion, spent out of doors. Lydia wished that this hour, heavy though it was with possible sorrow, should be spent out of doors also.

"Let us come into the garden," she said. "I can talk to you better there."

The enforced restraint of her manner perplexed Hammond. He looked at her closely.

"You are ill, Miss Casteen," he said, "and it is cold, though it is so bright. You must not go out without something warmer on."

He glanced round the hall, and then fetched a heavy dark-blue cloth cloak, that hung among some other wraps on a rack near the dining-room door, and put it about her shoulders. He had often performed a small service of this kind for Madame Cyfveer during the last six weeks; but it was the first time he had ever done such a thing for Miss Casteen.—Lydia was, indeed, a rather independent person, not in the habit of asking assistance in such matters.—And, as he did it, he could not help being vividly aware of the deep dissimilarity between the two women; a dissimilarity which extended itself very noticeably even to their wearing apparel. Miss Casteen's cloak, smelling slightly of camphor, concealing the whole of her plain dress in its heavy folds, had almost the effect of a religious habit; and suggested a very marked contrast to the other lady's steel-coloured plush affair, redolent of *champaka*, with its rich fur, and pale flame-coloured satin linings. And Hammond, as he gathered the garment lightly about her, was vividly aware of something more; aware, namely, that Miss Casteen's attitude of mind towards him had changed. He had a sense that she stood at a distance from him, possibly above him; that she might come to judge him, and that gentle though she seemed, this woman's judgment might be severely just. He was a little afraid of her.

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Lydia had submitted to have the cloak put round her in silence; but as she turned the eastern corner of the house, and stepped into the sunshine, she said again—

"I am very thankful you have come."

"If I had not been a fool, and worse, Miss Casteen, I should have come long ago," he answered.

"Oh! I did not mean that," Lydia said, flushing slightly. "You were quite free to come or not as you pleased, as it suited you. You have not been back in England long, I know; so you could not, probably, have come sooner."

Then seeing that Hammond glanced at her in surprised enquiry, she added courteously—

"Don't misunderstand me. I do not mean that you would not have been welcome sooner. My friends are not so many that I am likely to undervalue the pleasure of seeing them. I only mean that you have no cause to blame yourself. You had other engagements. It was not convenient."

Lydia turned away her head.

"I have something to ask you," she went on, after a moment's hesitation; "and that is why I am so thankful you have come. You must forgive my asking it, even if it is painful to you."

She looked full at him again.

"I wish I could spare you," she said; "but it is kinder to pain you than to suspect you of something base, and you only can tell me the truth. I am sure you will tell it me. It is better that we should be quite honest with one another. If you have been falsely accused, I may be able to say so, to tell others, to prevent this dreadful slander spreading. Please—please remember that I have not condemned you unheard. Even when I first read Mrs. Denison's letter this morning——"

So far Hammond had listened to the sweet voice—half pleading with, half commanding him—without making out clearly to what all this tended. Now he understood well enough.

"Hang it all!" he cried fiercely. "The mischief-making, meddling fool of a woman, what has she told you? Why on earth couldn't she leave it alone for a day or two, and give me a chance?—No," he went on rapidly, as Lydia began to speak; "you need not enter into explanations, Miss Casteen. Don't defile your lips with it. I know the kind of thing she has said—the pretty graceful sort of story—delightful little paragraph for a society paper—that she has treated you to! She has informed

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you that I have been travelling about gaily with another man's wife; that she saw me herself——"

Lydia's face flamed for a moment; and then the colour died out, leaving her very white.

"Mrs. Denison did not make use of those words," she said.

"Oh, no; of course, she didn't," he answered. "It is considered bad taste to call a spade a spade in that way. But it is possible to convey a very complete idea of the spade without actually naming it. Mrs. Denison has considerable talent in that line."

They had reached the end of the path under the wide-branched cedars. Hammond stopped.

"After all, Miss Casteen," he said, "I have no right to be so very wrathful. The look of it all was tremendously against me. And no doubt Mrs. Denison thought she was only doing right by you in taking away my character. Fortunately, however, I can give you my word of honour that there is nothing wrong—you will pardon my putting it plainly—that there never has been anything wrong between that lady and myself. We were great friends—foolishly, perhaps, blameably great friends for years. And old habit is tyrannously strong. We have been friends, but never anything more."

Lydia drew a deep breath. In the strong gladness of her relief, she stretched out her hands to Antony Hammond.

"Thank God!" she said simply.

He took her outstretched hands in both his, and for a long silent moment the man and woman stood looking at each other. To Hammond there was something inexpressibly touching in Miss Casteen's attitude and expression just then.

"You believe me," he said, "simply because I tell you? Believe me without proof? And you forgive me?"

Lydia drew away her hands.

"Yes; I believe you," she said. "Does one not always very readily believe good news?—news that those whom we have a regard for are as worthy of regard as we had thought them, that they are innocent of evil-doing, of sin?"

"Ah! you are generous," Hammond cried. "How different men would be if there were a few more women like you!"

So far he had been borne along upon a stream of very genuine feeling, without any careful noting of signals or tide marks by the way. He had not been called on to act, and therefore had escaped his usual tendency to vacillation. Miss

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Casteen's manner had sobered him; she had imparted to him a little of her own gravity and seriousness. Then, too, he was grateful to her, not only for her ready trust in his assertion of innocence, but also for her abstinence from reproaching him with faithlessness to herself.

A great poet declares that "we needs must love the highest when we see it;" but he has omitted to add the unflattering postscript, that even while both seeing and loving it, either through defect of nature or instability of will, the ordinary mortal soon finds the highest a little exhausting, and, as a rule, takes very good care not to spend any great length of time in its near neighbourhood. Hammond had come down to Bishop's Marston supposing it more than probable he should propose to Miss Casteen. He had never had reason to be more conscious of her self-forgetting nobility of character, of her absolute immunity from pettiness and personal vanity, than now. He had just praised her with an enthusiasm that was perfectly sincere. Yet the very fulness of his recognition of her excellence made him hesitate and shy somewhat. Hammond was far from being what is called a bad man; but there was a certain grossness in his moral constitution, a certain indolence. He really could not face the prospect of continuous moral and spiritual exertion. And he felt that life with Miss Casteen would imply a considerable amount of such exertion. Hammond began to see visions of ethical bankruptcy again. He wondered if his better nature would be equal to the strain, and his thoughts, it must be owned, turned regretfully in the direction of Egyptian flesh-pots as represented by bachelorhood.

Lydia, meanwhile, had pushed open the little iron gate and moved on into the churchyard. Her mind was at rest. The sunshine had grown brighter, the day fairer. She experienced that delicious calm, that sense of glad repose, which follows on a cessation of long-continued physical pain. It did not matter very much where her footsteps led her. Everything, at this moment, in the light of her own thankfulness was pleasant to look upon. She stopped in the middle of the path, amid the crossing shadows cast by the boughs of the cedars, and gazed away over the quiet landscape.

"If I had been forced to believe the other, to believe you wicked," she said gently, more to herself, perhaps, than to him, "I think it would have broken my heart."

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There comes a time when even the most dilatory of lovers must declare himself. As Miss Casteen spoke, Hammond saw that he must bid farewell to bachelorhood. He could shilly-shally no longer. It was impossible to retreat; and he had the honesty to confess that he had no one to thank for this but himself. Moreover, Miss Casteen was very charming. She was exquisitely sweet and gracious. She was really quite a dear; and there was a great satisfaction in rescuing her from the claws of that invisible, intolerable, old father, too. Oh! it might have been worse! Hammond's self-assurance recovered from its temporary eclipse. He had the agreeable conviction that he was going to commit an extremely good action. He had quite regained his customary half-bantering, easy manner as he addressed Miss Casteen.

"Ah," he said, "you will ignore it then, that passing indiscretion of mine? You will pardon my wretched weakness, my apparent breach of faith? You will make my poor, dear little sister's heart dance for joy? I was sure that you had inexhaustible treasures of mercy. You will consent to let me keep the doors well open, after all? This world is not half a bad place from some points of view; and it will be my happiness to show you the very best ones. You may trust me, I think. I am a capital *cicerone*.—You will do me the inestimable kindness of consenting to be my wife, Miss Casteen?"

Hammond's dramatic sense was vigorous. It enabled him to put this last and all-important question very gracefully, tenderly even.

Lydia's expression changed. Hammond saw that she was agitated. Perhaps he had startled her a little; but he was in no doubt as to the purport of her eventual answer. He continued to look at her, smiling pleasantly.

"It's all right between us," he said. "I may take that for granted. I may congratulate myself on my own very good fortune, mayn't I, Miss Casteen?"

Poor Lydia! For an instant she hesitated. Then she broke out into speech, half piteous, half reproachful.

"Ah! why, why," she cried, "do you ask me that? I was so happy. You had come, I had seen you, and I knew that which I feared about you was not true. The past was given back to me unstained, all the dearer because I had suffered a momentary terror about it. It was enough, I was content. And now you make me go through the weary, weary struggle again!

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For I have only one answer to give you, and it hurts me to give it."

She turned away, put up both hands, clutching the edges of the heavy cloak high up and dragging it together across her chest.

"The conditions would be too hard for one or other of us. It can't be," she said. "It can never be."

Hammond was fairly taken off his legs, as the saying is. He stared at Miss Casteen. Standing there, the sombre trees above her, the crooked moss-grown grave-stones and rank discoloured churchyard grasses at her feet, wrapped in the folds of her long sad-coloured cloak, she seemed to him a very sufficiently pathetic figure. She faced the light, and, as Hammond stood a little behind her, he saw her delicate profile and gracefully shaped head clear cut, as a cameo, against the dark, low-sweeping cedar boughs. He observed that there were a number of fine lines crossing her forehead, and marking the corner of her eye and mouth. He fancied they had multiplied and graven themselves deeper in the smooth pale skin since he had seen her last. Miss Casteen's youth, like the year, had reached its autumn. There was nothing but winter ahead.

Hammond was overcome with strong pity for her.

"Miss Casteen," he said presently, "I cannot accept your answer without making another effort to change the tenor of it. You and I are of fit age to decide our future for ourselves. You talk of a struggle—and that gives me the right to say this to you.—You tell me it cannot be; but there is nothing to prevent it, if you choose that it shall be."

"Perhaps, then, it would be best to answer simply that I do not choose," Lydia replied.

She had regained her self-control. She spoke gravely, sadly, but quite calmly—coldly, almost.

Hammond was nettled. He found himself so thoroughly out of his reckoning. His self-congratulation on the commission of a virtuous action had been so entirely uncalled for, it seemed! He was free, after all, to return to the flesh-pots; but the flesh-pots looked less engaging, just now, and Miss Casteen very much more so. He twirled the silver string of his eye-glass round his finger with a lively sensation of inward disgust.

"Oh! of course, the whole matter is transparently comprehensible on one supposition, and that a very obvious one. I have been guilty of the superbly conceited folly of mistaking

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the nature of the kindness you have been good enough to show me. You told me early in our acquaintance that you were ignorant—the word is yours, not mine—of certain states of mind common to most of us weak creatures. You have remained in that happy state of ignorance."

Hammond laughed a little.

"What an exquisite idiot I have been, all along!" he said. "You have been wise enough never to care for me a single rap."

Miss Casteen turned upon him proudly.

"I have cared for you," she said. "I do care. I shall never cease to care; and you know it."

Then she moved away, and sat down on the square tomb at the foot of the cedars. She threw back the heavy cloak, and let her hands drop, palm upward, on the rough sandstone slab on either side of her with a gesture of utter weariness. She was tired of the long contention, worn with the strain of her own emotions,—love, sorrow, unyielding force of will.

Hammond, meanwhile, was driven, whether he would or no, into a very healthy condition of self-contempt. The part he had played, was playing, in the heart-drama of this woman's existence was not by any means a creditable one. He came and stood near her.

"Miss Casteen," he said, "I would give a very great deal to be allowed to prove that I, too, can care. It is a little unreasonable, surely, to tell a man what you have just told me, and at the same time to order him to go about his business? There is a lot of coarse common stuff in me, God knows! but there is, also, I hope, a little good. If you would listen to me, I think the good might increase. If you won't listen——"

Hammond laughed again rather bitterly.

"Oh! well," he went on, "you know there are always plenty of women ready enough, with the finest smiles imaginable, to drag one down into the mud."

As he spoke, Hammond seated himself on the corner of the square tomb. He laid his hand on Miss Casteen's upturned one.

"Look here," he said, "are you going to doom me to go down into the mud?"

Her fingers closed on his strongly. She swayed a little towards him, and as she looked at him her eyes filled.

"Oh! our lives are too far apart," she said, "they have been so different. I could not make you happy."

She was very lovable and lovely. Hammond felt he

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had been a fool, perhaps a beast. He was brimful of good intentions at the moment, to the vast enlargement, probably, of the pavement of hell.

"I think you may very safely leave me to judge of that," he answered, smiling.

But now—shall we say?—Providence elected to interfere, in the outward and visible form of a contingent of Threadgold, the sexton's long family. School was over, and the children were on their way to fetch some soup, promised by Miss Casteen, from the Rectory. First came a small boy carrying a tin can; next, two little maidens with very round cheeks, the bigger lugging the lesser along by the hand. They stared wide-eyed at Miss Casteen and a strange gentleman sitting side by side on Job Underhill's tomb,—upon which it was their habit to play many edifying games with fallen cedar-cones,—were a good deal awed at the sight, bobbed a wondering courtesy and passed on through the iron gate.

But the rear of the procession was brought up by an elder child, bearing, with much prim self-importance, the latest hope of the Threadgold family, enveloped in an old palm-patterned cashmere shawl. She courtesied, too, and then lingered, staring half-wistfully, half-reproachfully at Miss Casteen. For that lady had the reputation of being a very appreciative friend of the baby's, and had never yet failed to bestow some notice upon him. So, to little Sarah Threadgold, it seemed a veritable shaking of all the foundations of social order—such as a meeting and parting of crowned heads with a cut direct, liable to plunge the whole of Europe in war—that she should ignore the presence of the distinguished infant now.

Hammond, meanwhile, had risen to his feet. As a rule he was really quite fond of children; but towards these children—under the circumstances—it must be granted, he felt far from benevolently.

Sarah Threadgold, anxious for the maintenance of social equilibrium, drew nearer.

"Please, Miss, wouldn't you wish to see 'im?" she enquired. "'E's four months old to-day."

Lydia, thus admonished, bent down and drew back the folds of the old shawl from the sleeping baby's face.

The "increase" had dispensed with much of his unlovely redness of complexion, with many of his superfluous wrinkles and puckerings during his four months' experience of light, of food,

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and of comfortable mother's love. Like so many of us—like Miss Casteen herself, indeed,—it was the fate of this small mortal to have to expend its powers in growing young, before it turned that disagreeable, disappointing corner and returned to its first estate of age.

Moved by an impulse she could hardly have explained—an impulse to secure her own safety by placing something weak, helpless, wholly dependent on her mercy between herself and the man she loved—Miss Casteen took the baby from the child.

"There, Sarah," she said gently, "run on with the others and fetch the soup. I will nurse him till you come back. He is a heavy burden for your poor little arms."

Then holding the small creature close, softly rocking it to and fro, she looked up very calmly and sweetly at Antony Hammond.

"I love you," she said; "but I dare not do evil that good may come. I cannot leave my father; least of all may I think of leaving him to-day, for I spoke to him with cruel truthfulness this morning. He is old, lonely—his health is failing. As time goes on he will need me more and more. You are young, strong, clever, popular—you can do without me very well."

Lydia rose to her feet, glanced at the square, white, spacious Rectory house, and out over the wide still landscape kissed by the mellow autumn sunshine.

"You called this a prison once," she went on; "but you must own that it is a very pleasant prison. Do not be sorry for me. Do not blame yourself for anything that has taken place between us. On the whole for me the joy will have outweighed the pain."

Her lips trembled a little.

"God bless you, Mr. Hammond!" she said—"good-bye!"

And with that she turned away quickly and walked up the churchyard path, pressing the baby tenderly against her bosom, while her tears dropped rather fast upon its old palm-patterned cashmere shawl.

Hammond let the iron gate swing to behind him with a queer sensation. Was it regret? Was it relief?—His power of analysis was highly cultivated, yet he really could not tell.

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Chapter XIV.

"L'art de vivre c'est de se faire une raison, de souscrire aux compromis, de se prêter aux fictions."

The sustaining and vivifying effect of all strong action is considerable. And the effect lasts on after the action itself has been consummated, just as the force of its final toppling plunge carries the wave, hissing and creaming, far up the shore, after it has broken. This prolongation of force is a decidedly merciful arrangement, since, in human affairs, it strengthens the actor against the first, and otherwise very disheartening, shock of his return to the commonplaces of ordinary existence.

It was so in the case of Miss Casteen. For when she went, some half hour later, into her father's study, she was still upheld by the power of her late emotion, still penetrated by that sense of mental and spiritual exaltation that comes of having—for however brief a space—lived fully, without reserve or restriction, lived at the utmost stretch of the nature. Perhaps Lydia's attitude, in the generosity of its resignation, was open to a charge of slight exaggeration; but then, in point of fact, is not exaggeration, in some form or other, precisely that indispensable string of bladders by means of which we, most of us, just manage to keep our poor foolish heads above water? Who ever yet met with a fellow-mortal moving invariably in the white light of uncompromising veracity? Who does not find it necessary, if life is to be conducted with any satisfactory measure of grace and dignity, to idealize a little, both in respect of himself and his circumstances —happy, only, if such idealization be the natural outcome of a generous poetic temperament, and not the voluntary self-deception and self-conscious antic of a poor and worldly one?

It may be asserted, I think, most distinctly, that Miss Casteen's idealization of her present not very cheerful prospects and surroundings was wholly unself-conscious and genuine. She was indifferent to the heavy air of the library impregnated by the clinging odour of ranges of leather-bound volumes, undaunted by the piles of note-books and papers covering the writing-table. She came straight up to her father, and stood beside the easy chair in which he sat—for once unemployed, his arms lying along the two arms of it, and his long thin

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fingers picking nervously, absently, at the row of brass-headed nails with which the joining of leather and woodwork was studded.

"I asked you to give me to-day, dear papa," she said, "to be miserable in at my leisure. The day is not nearly done yet; but I have come back, and I am no longer miserable."

Dr. Casteen moved uneasily in his chair. The green shade was still pushed up high on his forehead. He raised his head, and gazed questioningly at his daughter, an expression very like fear in his face.

"I have come back to ask you to forgive me," Lydia went on. "I spoke very bitterly to you this morning. I see it was wrong of me. I was impatient and rebellious. I said many things which, whether in part true or not, I certainly had no right to say. But forgive me, for I am very sorry. Those bad feelings have passed away—I hope never to come back. A new——"

But Doctor Casteen interrupted her in a strange, tremulous, yet half-angry voice——

"Ah! it is true, then, it is true! You intend to leave me! You have come to tell me so, Lydia."

Miss Casteen paused before answering. Both her father's tone and the substance of his speech were startling to her.

"No," she said, presently, "you need not fear that. There is not—indeed, I believe there never has been any question of my leaving you."

"Then I have been misled," Dr. Casteen remarked coldly, sinking back and clasping his hands. "I have been agitated by facts stated, and still more deeply so by impressions conveyed to me, by Mr. Morgan; agitated to the point of being compelled, by consequent sensations of bodily weakness, to relinquish my daily afternoon drive. If I rightly apprehend your meaning, my love, this agitation has been uncalled for."

He waited a moment; and then, as Lydia did not speak, he continued—

"I never, I trust, transgress even the letter of an engagement once entered into with you or any other person. I have therefore abstained for intruding upon you, or from asking an explanation of those facts communicated to me by Mr. Morgan. But this abstinence has caused me some hours of acute suffering; for I perceive that I no longer enjoy your confidence. You have formed acquaintances of whom I know nothing. Nor do you inform me of the arrival of the persons with whom the said

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acquaintances have been formed. I am not consulted. I am left in ignorance."

Suddenly Dr. Casteen broke off, and looked up, the expression of fear again present in his face.

"Lydia, I repeat it, and I implore you to use no equivocation in answering me. Remember the nature of your reply is all important to my peace of mind as bearing upon the prospect of my protracted labours, upon my work, my great work—do you, I ask, intend to leave me?"

Lydia threw back her head with a movement of somewhat pathetic triumph.

"No; distinctly, I shall not leave you," she said. "It is quite true that Mr. Hammond came here to-day. I could not tell you beforehand, for I had no idea that he was coming. I met him first while I was abroad. He is a friend of Mr. Denison's."

Lydia grew very pale; her lips were thin and set.

"He came here to-day to ask me to be his wife. But he has gone. I sent him away."

Suddenly her courage gave way. The force of the wave was spent; and it rushed back sea-ward, losing itself in the large, simple tenderness and healthy passion of the woman's heart.

Lydia knelt down on the floor and bowed her head on the arm of the chair, while her whole frame was shaken with sobs.

"But I loved him," she cried. "Ah! how I loved him! And he will never, never come back."

Dr. Casteen, amazed, confounded, shrank away from her, pressing his spare person against the leather-covered chair-cushions. There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of Lydia's bitter weeping. Then Dr. Casteen said, slowly and hoarsely, as though speaking more to himself than to her:—

"I loved once—I loved your mother, when we were young and poor."

He sighed a little.

"I had written no books then," he said; "but we talked about the books I should write—we looked forward. We were very happy. It seems a long, long while ago."

Through all the passionate vehemence of her sorrow, her father's words and tone touched Miss Casteen nearly, reviving within her a yearning and a hope far older than any connected with Antony Hammond. For in Lydia the compelling force of those natural and primary human relations—not of our

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own choosing, but born into the world with us whether we will or no—was deep and strong.

She raised her head, a sudden radiance in her tear-stained face—raised it to find the old man's eyes fixed steadily, searchingly upon her.

"If you loved him, Lydia," he asked, "why did you send him away?"

Miss Casteen's lips parted in a very beautiful smile.

"Because I love you also—I loved you first," she said; "and because, of the two, you need me most."

Dr. Casteen continued to look at her searchingly for some seconds. Then, with a quick sigh, he dropped back in his chair and laid his hand tremulously upon her shoulder.

"I thank you," he said. "I fear I have been dull of comprehension, heretofore; but now I thank you very truly and gratefully, my dear daughter."

And upon this gracious speech and action let us ring down the curtain with all possible celerity.

Antony Hammond flourishes, though he has never re-visited Marston Episcopi, or renewed his friendship with Miss Casteen. Last year he published a third volume of poems; but, excepting one—entitled "Love in Autumn,"—which contains some graceful and pathetic passages, these verses are certainly inferior to their predecessors. One of his critics, indeed, has described them as, "wretchedly thin, and distractingly ingenious; a collection of purposeless metrical gymnastics, absolutely lacking in freshness and spontaneity."

Hammond spent last winter in Rome, and became, I understand, extremely popular with the Anglo-American Colony in the Eternal City. Need it be added that he fell in love many times, and wrote a large number of pleasantly enthusiastic letters to his little sister, now the wife of the muscular School Inspector?—We are happy to say he has dropped the prefix of Assistant.—But she did not receive these epistles in a wholly sympathetic spirit. She has never quite regained her faith in her brother, never quite forgiven him the disappointment he caused her regarding Lydia Casteen.

In questions of love, as in other matters, there is, undoubtedly, great safety in numbers. Hammond will remain a bachelor; but, in justice to him, it must be added that he has held no further communication with that highly-civilized lady, Madame Cyfveer.

Mrs. Denison, meanwhile, remains *intriguée*. She has never

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succeeded in ascertaining the rights and wrongs of that little affair between Hammond and Miss Casteen. She has made many attempts to discuss the subject with her husband; but Mr. Denison confines his share of the conversation to wrigglings so portentous, that out of pure vexation his wife soon lets the matter drop. It is further observable that when Mr. Denison is down at Layton, his place in Midlandshire, he avoids rather than seeks the society of Miss Casteen, though he continues to speak of her in terms of profound admiration and respect.

Mr. Morgan has not told his love; will not tell it, for he knows it to be hopeless. And then, too, his feeling towards his rector's daughter has changed its character somewhat. There has come to be an element of awe in it. Not that Miss Casteen is less sweet and gracious than of old; but to Mr. Morgan it seems that there is a certain loftiness in her sweetness. She is very gentle; but he feels that from him, somehow, she is very far away. He still, however, ardently desires to be of service to her. To such lengths, indeed, does this desire carry him, that only the other day he refused a very nice little living in the south of the county, offered him by the Rector of Slowby. While Dr. Casteen lives, no new figure will join the black procession of curates. Edgar Morgan will continue to reason with the parishioners of Bishop's Marston, according to the best of his ability, of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come.

And of Lydia herself? Of her there is small matter to tell. Her life flows on smoothly enough in its old, well-worn channel.

Sometimes—but only sometimes, for she reckons it an indulgence not often to be allowed herself—when Dr. Casteen is out for his hour's drive with Mr. Morgan in attendance, Lydia will pass through the little iron gate into the churchyard, sit down upon Job Underhill's box-like tomb under the wide-spreading cedars and let her left hand lie, palm upward, on the lichen-encrusted stone. No other hand comes to clasp it; but the contact of her tender flesh with the rough slab gives Lydia an extraordinary sensation—an exquisite pleasure which is, also, exquisite pain.

For it recalls every scene, every hour of that brief, sunny, summer holiday. It means to her all that she ever knew, it dimly shadows forth to her that far greater all she never has known or will know, of the mystery of love between man and woman. All the rapture of her few moments of passion, all the anguish of her barren womanhood, comes over her with strange potency

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there; and the heart of this slim upright maiden-lady, with the clear child-like eyes and charming hair, is full of unutterable tenderness, of an ideal romance that will never grow old or pass away.

And, at the risk of appearing to join the ranks of those very irritating optimists who—chiefly, as one uncharitably fancies at times, to save themselves the ache of any real carrying of the sorrows of this perhaps very saddest of all possible worlds—are bent on continually assuring us that all clouds have silver linings, and that good invariably springs out of evil, and that special providences are as common as sloes in the hedge,—at the risk, I say, of seeming to consort with these desolatingly encouraging persons, I must own, that for Miss Casteen it is, probably, better so.

There is a wonderful compensation in the unfulfilment of prophecy, if people would only believe it. For in the fulfilment is, almost always, something crooked and thwarting, causing it to fall very short of the fair promise. To Lydia Casteen there can be no chance of such disappointment. The unfulfilled life of her dead love is safe from all spoiling and defilement, just as the unfulfilled life of a dead infant is safe from all sin and misfortune. And, in face of the dire shipwreck we so often see made by the most excellently assorted pairs of lovers, it is but with a mitigated pity that I can regard Miss Casteen, as—at the sound of returning wheels—she rises, gathering the folds of the heavy blue cloak about her shoulders, and goes along the gravel path round the eastern side of the house to the front door, there, with a gentle greeting on both sides, to help Dr. Casteen out of the small-hooded carriage, while the erect-tailed little *dachshund* trots sedulously along by her side.

THE END.

Next month the first instalment will be published of a new Novel by the Author of 'THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND,' *entitled* "THE REPROACH OF ANNESLEY." —ED.

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Our Library List.

THE BRITISH ARMY, by the Author of 'GREATER BRITAIN' (1 vol. 12*s*. *Chapman & Hall*), is an elaborate arraignment of our efficiency as a military power. In the event of our being called upon to face a European foe single-handed, Sir Charles Dilke maintains that we should find ourselves unable to defend our Colonies, to protect our trade, or even, possibly, to repel invasion. The indictment is skilfully drawn, though personal animus is occasionally apparent. Our possession of the requisite men and money is not gainsaid, but the organization of our forces is asserted to be wofully deficient. Whether the measures here advocated, including the virtual separation of the Indian and Home-service armies, the strengthening of the horse-artillery and the partial fortification of London, are those best adapted to secure the end which all desire, none save a few experts are competent to decide. Meanwhile the present volume is interesting and suggestive.

ESSAYS BY THE LATE C. M. INGLEBY, Edited by his Son (1 vol. 7*s*. 6*d*. *Trubner & Co.*), is a reprint from various magazines of scholarly and pleasantly written papers on philosophic and literary subjects. The place of honour, as might be expected from the author of 'The Still Lion,' is accorded to Shakspeare. Incidentally dismissing as absurd the Baconian craze, not so acute, happily, then as now, Dr. Ingleby maintains that much of the mighty dramatist's works consisted in a recasting of old materials, a poetic alchemy transmuting dross into fine gold. Of the remaining Essays the most elaborate is one on the Ideality of the Rainbow; others treat of Francis Bacon as a philosopher, of Coleridge as poet and divine, of Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Buckle. In an article on the Romantic in History the author expresses a very low opinion of Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' and in "A voice for the mute creation," denounces vivisection. Dr. Ingleby was one of those who think for themselves, and he sets forth his conclusions with a leisurely independence that imparts a certain air of distinction, and engages the good will if not the assent of the reader. In its degree one may say of the volume what Montaigne said of his Essays—"*C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, Lecteur.*"

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MEMORIALS OF THE HON. ION KEITH-FALCONER. By REV. R. SINKER. (1 vol. *Deighton Bell.*) This is the record of a life which was singularly complete in spite of its brevity, for it was the perfect expression of a character of rare beauty. Though he was only thirty when he died, Ion Keith-Falconer had made his mark in many ways. From his boyhood he "heaped up his moments with life," and to whatever he put his hand he brought a strong purpose and radiant vigour. After he went to Cambridge he made the Semitic languages his chief study, and a reputed knowledge of Arabic, which in his case was also genuine, caused him to be appointed Lord Almoner's Professor of that tongue at Cambridge the year before he died. In rare combination with his love of learning was his ardent missionary zeal, and much of his time was devoted to evangelistic work among the poor in Barnwell, the well-known suburb of Cambridge, and in Mile End with Mr. Charrington. His strong sense of responsibility led him to think that his linguistic gifts ought to be made use of in the cause of the Gospel, and in 1886 he offered himself to the Free Church of Scotland as a missionary to South Arabia. His own letters give an interesting account of his labours at Shaikh Othman, a town near Aden, where after five months of heroic work he died.

A CLOUD ON ST. ANGELO. By CYRIL BENNETT. (2 vols. 21*s.* *T. Fisher Unwin.*) The Cloud on St. Angelo is a thunder-cloud, which passing over the mountain of that name near Naples, seemed to Helen Rivette to be a sign of "some catastrophe destined to burst upon her." Though her father happens to be killed in the storm, and the family is left nearly destitute, the catastrophe is a handsome young man, who, attracted by Helen's beauty, finds her a situation as classical teacher in the High School of the town near his father's estate. With a strong sense of noble and disinterested conduct, he makes Helen happy by asking her to marry him, and the Cloud does not seem to have had any meaning after all, till another pretty girl appears on the scene and immediately fascinates the future Sir Evelyn, whose flabby character is conscientiously described throughout. A letter read by accident reveals the fact to Helen, and in spite of her despair at the shattering of her idol, the end of the book is not as melancholy as seemed inevitable.

CHRIS. By W. E. NORRIS. (2 vols. *Macmillan.*) There is no great depth in the stream of Mr. Norris's fiction, but the surface sparkles none the less brightly beneath the light craft launched thereon. In spite of poor dog Peter's murder, in spite of the critical aspect of affairs when Chris seeks refuge in Paris from her misery at Maida Vale, by a strange coincidence meeting her three admirers and her guardian there quite unexpectedly on the same afternoon, or again when the same young lady stands with a glittering blade, ready to despatch a lover who turns burglar—we cannot regard the story as tragical. It is

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a pleasant, good-humoured picture of ladies and gentlemen, the monotony of whose lives is broken by a series of events not perhaps impossible, but decidedly uncommon, and for this reason fraught with refreshment and entertainment to an indulgent reader.

JOYCE. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. (3 vols. *Macmillan.*) A young village schoolmistress in Scotland, engaged to be married to a young village schoolmaster, turns out to be the daughter of Colonel Hayward. After the discovery, father and stepmother remove her from the care of the peasants who had brought her up, to their home on the banks of the Thames. The mystery of the girl's sudden appearance in a family supposed by the neighbours to be childless, the difficulty of accustoming herself to the usages of society, and the relentless "pecking" of ill-natured garrulous gossips, combine to make Joyce's new life sufficiently uncomfortable. Worst of all are the continued attentions of Andrew Halliday the schoolmaster, whom she had always admired rather than loved, and now loathes. Halliday endeavours to hold Joyce to her engagement, and thus thwart a marriage with Captain Norman Bellendean, the man of her heart; while Lady Bellendean is also anxious to secure a more eligible daughter-in-law than the ex-schoolmistress. Finally, Joyce succumbs to her fate, and refuses Norman: she then literally runs away from the difficulties of the situation, no one knows whither, and all ends unhappily and unsatisfactorily. The weakness of the conclusion is in marked contrast to the skill and vigour with which the climax is reached.

THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. (1 vol. 1*s.* *Field & Tuer.*) Had not Mr. Besant already appropriated 'The World went very well then' as a title, it should have been assigned to this little volume, which presupposes the arrival of the millennium, so far as British interests are concerned, by the year 1901. The author presents his ideas in the shape of a series of imaginary reports upon their respective departments by the principal Ministers of State, from the perusal of which we discover the condition of the world in general, and the British Empire in particular, at the date assigned. European disarmament, the creation of an autonomous Poland, with various other changes in the map of Europe, the institution of an Australian confederation, of an Imperial penny postage, and the consummation of numerous domestic reforms, are among the fancies with which the reader is indulged. There is no attempt to grapple with practical difficulties; but the book is amusing in its assumption of fact and parody of official style, and may perhaps be useful if the contemplation of a best of all possible worlds inspires the spectator with a resolve to work for its realization.

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JUNE, 1888.

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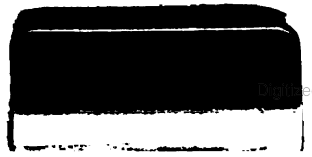

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